

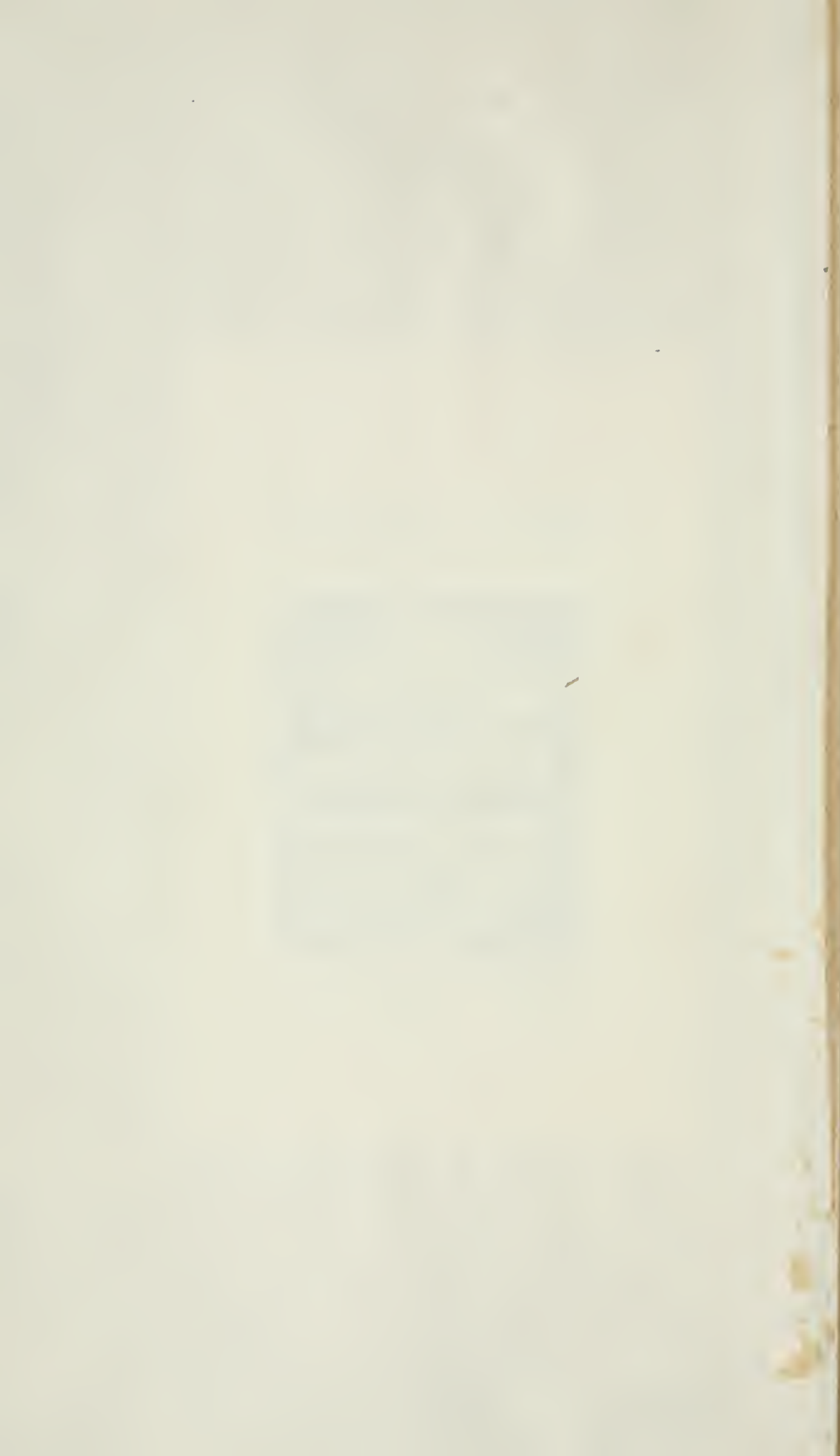


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HISTORICAL
AND
TRADITIONAL TALES
IN PROSE AND VERSE,
CONNECTED WITH
THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.
Original and Select.

—————000000—————

“To learn it we have tradition; namely, that so we believe,
because both we from our predecessors, and they from theirs, have
so received.”—HOOKER.

—————000000—————

KIRKCUDBRIGHT:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JOHN NICHOLSON.

MDCCCXLIII.



touched ; either because not altogether appropriate to the character of that work, or because they were too long to be inserted entire and did not admit of abridgment without greatly impairing their value.

Under these circumstances, faithful to the impulse which prompted him to originate a history of his native district, he again solicits the patronage of the public to a collection of those pieces amongst with several original compositions ; being assured they will form a not unacceptable volume ;—and which, while it may be considered a pendant to the History, is nevertheless complete in itself.

The title which he has given to the work may perhaps be objected to as not sufficiently descriptive of the contents. On perusal however he is satisfied the reader will find it correct enough in the main, and greatly preferable to the loose and general term of Miscellany, which has been suggested to him.—Every tale in the collection is founded on incidents which happened, or traditions which are current in that part of the south of Scotland, which constituted the Lordship of Galloway in its most flourishing days, or written by individuals connected with the district ; and the locality of the scenes, as

stated on the title-page, has accordingly been made commensurate with the ancient boundaries.

From the foregoing observations it will be gathered, that the Editor's great object was to contribute to the illustration of Galloway in those particulars which are generally overlooked, or but slightly treated of in history—to exhibit our ancestors, not on days of state parade or on fields of strife, but in the privacy of their homes and their various social relations. The peasant, the farmer, and the laird will be found, each breathing his characteristic notions and prejudices, and living amongst the quaint customs of a by-gone race. Nor has the less moral portion of society been neglected in the portraiture. Offenders of every shade of guilt, from the hardened assassin to the scarcely criminal smuggler, are here presented, if not with the vigour of genius, at least with fidelity and truth. Thus are the various aspects of human life displayed before the reader—from the lord of broad lands living amongst the hereditary retainers of his house in rude magnificence and plentiful hospitality, beloved by his dependents and respected by his foes—to the miserable outcast, sheltering in some solitary hut, and preying upon the few wan-

derers whom chance or necessity leads by his dreary abode.

As this work is intended for circulation among all classes of readers, every endeavour has been used by the Editor to render it popular. The historian and the poet, the traveller and the antiquary, will all find their tastes have been consulted, and their gratification liberally provided for. A few pieces of a devotional cast have also been inserted, as well to give his purchasers entertainment suitable for the Sabbath, as from a deference to the generally religious character of his countrymen. And in order to enable every one to supply himself with a copy, he has published it at the lowest possible price.

In conclusion the Editor begs to add, that should he meet with that encouragement which he trusts his exertions merit, he may at some future time give a companion volume to the one now humbly submitted to the public, having a considerable stock of matter still on hand.

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HISTORICAL
AND
TRADITIONAL TALES.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL TALES

A TRUE RELATION

*of an Apparition. Expressions, and Actings of a Spirit which infested the house of Andrew Markie, in Ringcroft of Strachling in the Parish of Rerwick, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in Scotland, 1797, by Mr Alexander Telfair, Minister of that Parish; and attested by many other persons, who were also eye and ear witnesses.**

Eph. vi. 11. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil—verse 12. for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers &c.—James iv. 7. Resist the Devil and he will flee from you.

All that we have been able to learn with certainty respecting Mr Alexander Telfair, the writer of the following narrative, previous to his being minister of the parish of Rerwick, is from the following curious extract from the diary of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Bart.

* In the first year of its appearance, this pamphlet went through two editions in Scotland, and one in London,

“Item, William Forest and George Johnstone entered to my service at Whitsunday last, 1687; the one to carry the boys and be butler, the other George Johnstone, to serve my son; and they have offered themselves to my good will for half an year’s trial of their services.—Item, Mr Alexander Telfair entered at the same time to serve as Chaplain, and he is to have yearly an hundred merks.”

There is still a tradition told by old people, that about the time of the Revolution, Mr Alexander Telfair had come, somewhere from the high country to the foot of the water of Urr, to get a passage to the English side. Being detained by contrary winds, or otherwise disappointed of a passage, he took up his residence at Auchencairn, where he began to collect the inhabitants together, exhorting, preaching, and praying in a kiln; and his ministrations pleased them very much. At this time the Curate of Rerwick being very obnoxious to the Parishioners. they gathered in a mass, went to the Manse, and ordered the Curate, to leave it and make room for Mr Telfair, in twenty-four hours warning. This he was obliged to do, and Mr Telfair accordingly took possession; and it is believed that he had no other ordination to the ministry. Some years after we find by the Synod Books of Galloway that a Committee was appointed to enquire into Mr Telfair’s qualifications; and the Committee’s report being favourable, he continued to be a useful and respected minister of that parish, till his demise in 1731.

THE WRITER TO THE READER.

I assure you it is contrary to my genius, (all circumstances being considered,) to appear in print to the view of the world, yet these motives have prevailed with me to publish the following relation, (beside the satisfying of some Reverend bretheren in the ministry, and several worthy Christians :)— as 1st. The conviction and conutation of that prevailing spirit of atheism and infidelity in our time, denying both in opinion and practice, the existence of Spirits, either of God or Devils : and consequently a Heaven and Hell ; and imputing the voices, apparitions, and actings of good or evil Spirits, to the melancholic disturbance or distempers of the brains and fancies of those who pretend to hear, see, or feel them. 2d. To give occasion to all who read this, to bless the Lord, who hath sent a stronger (even Christ Jesus,) than the strong man to bind him, and spoil him of his goods, and to destroy the works of the Devil ; and even by these things whereby Satan thinks to propagate his kingdom of darkness, to discover, weaken, and bring it down. 3d. To induce all persons, particularly masters of families, to private and family prayer, lest the neglect of it provoke the Lord, not only to pour out his wrath upon them otherwise, but to let Satan loose to haunt their persons, and families with audible voices, apparitions, and hurt to their persons and goods. 4th. That ministers and congregations, where the gospel is in any measure in purity and power, may be upon their

guara to wrestle, according to the word of God, against these principalities and powers and spiritual wickednesses, who still seek to mar the success and fruit of the gospel, sometimes by force, and sometimes by fraud, sometimes secretly and sometimes openly, (tunc tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet;) and for these ends learn to know his wiles, and put on the whole armour of God, that they may be able to debate with him. And 5th. That all who are by the goodness of God free from these audible voices, apparitions, or hurts from Satan, may learn to ascribe praise and glory to God, who leads them not into temptation, but delivers them from evil; and that this true and attested account of Satan's methods in this place may carry the foresaid ends, is the earnest prayer of a weak labourer in the work of the gospel in that place, and your servant for Christ's sake.

ALEXANDER TELFAIR.

EDINBURGH, }
DECEMBER 21ST, 1695. }

A TRUE RELATION
OF AN
APPARITION, &c.

WHEREAS many are desirous to know the truth of the matter, as to the evil Spirit and its actings, that troubled the family of Andrew Mackie, in Ring-Croft of Stocking, &c., and are liable to be mis-informed, and do find by the reports that come to my own ears of that matter: therefore that satisfaction may be given, and such mistakes cuerd or prevented, I the minister of the said parish, (who was present several times, and was witness to many of its actings, and have heard an account of the whole of its methods and actings from the persons present, towards whom, and before whom it did act,) have given the ensuing and short account of the whole matter, which I can attest to be the very truth as to that affair; and before I come to the relation itself, I premise these things with respect to what might have been the occasion and rise of that spirit's appearing and acting.

1. The said Andrew Mackie being a mason to his employment, 'tis given out that when he took the mason word, he devoted

his first child to the Devil ; but I am credibly informed he never took the same, and knows not what that word is. He is outwardly moral ; there is nothing known to his life and conversation, but honest, civil, and harmless, beyond many of his neighbours : that delight in the company of the best ; and when he was under the trouble of that evil spriti did pray to the great satisfaction of many. As for his wife and children, none have imputed any thing to them as the rise of it, nor is there any ground for ought I know for any to do so

2. Whereas it is given out that a woman, *sub mala fama*, did leave some clothes in that house in the custody of the said Andrew Mackie, and died before they were given up to her, and he and his wife should have kept some of them back from her friends. I did seriously pose both him and his wife upon the matter ; they declared they knew not what things were left, being bound up in a sack, but did deliver entirely to her friends all they received from the woman, which I am apt to believe.

3. Whereas one Macknaught, who sometime before possessed the house, did not thrive in his own person or goods. — It seems he had sent his son to a witch-wife who lived then at the Routing Bridge in the parish of Irongray, to enquire what might be the cause of the decay of his person and goods. The youth, meting with some foreign soldiers, went abroad to Flanders, and did not

return with an answer. Some yeras after, there was one John Redick, in this parish, wno having had occasion to go abroad, met with the said young Macknaught in Flanders, and they knowing ether, Macknaught enquired after his father and other friends ; and finding the said John Redick was to go home, desired him to go to his father, or whoever dwelt in the Ring-Croft, and desire them to raise the door threshold, and search till they found a tooth, and burn it, for none who dwelt in that house would thrive till that was done. The said John Redick coming home, and finding the old man, Macknaught, dead and his wife out of that place did never mention the matter, nor further mind it till this trouble was in Andrew Mackie's family, then he spoke of it, and told the matter to myself Betwixt Macknaught's death, and Andrew Mackie's possession of this house, there was one Thomas Telfair who possessed it some yeras ; what way he heard the report of what the witch-wife had said to Macknaught's son I cannot tell ; but he searched the door threshold, and found something like a tooth, did compare it with the tooth of a man, horse, nolt, and sheep (as he said to me, but could not say which it did resemble; only it did resemble a tooth. He did cast it into the fire, where it burnt like a candle or so much tallow ; yet he never knew any trouble about that house by night, or by day, before or after, during his possession. These

things premised being suspected to have been the occasion of the troubles, and there being no more known as to them. than what is now declared, I do think the matter still unknown, what may have given a rise thereto, but leaving this, I subjoin the matter as follows :

In the month of February, 1695, the said Andrew Mackie had some young beasts, which in the night-time were still loosed and their bindings broken, he taking it to be the unrulyness of the beasts, did make stronger and stronger bindings, of withes and other things, but still all were broken. At last he suspected it to be some other thing, where upon he removed them out of that place ; and the first night thereafter, one of them was bound with a hair-tedder to the back of the house, so strait that the feet of the beast only touched the ground, but could move no way else, yet it sustained no hurt. Another night, when the family were all sleeping, there was the full of a back creel of peats set together in the midst of the house floor, and put fire in them ; the smoke, wakened the family, otherwise the house had been burnt ; yet nothing all the time was either seen or heard.

Upon the 7th of March, there were stones thrown in the house in all the places of it ; but it could not be discovered from whence they came, what, or who threw them. After this manner it continued till the Sabbath,

now and then throwing both in the night and day, but was busiest throwing in the night time.

Upon Saturday the family being all without, the children coming in saw something which they thought to be a body sitting by the fireside, with a blanket or (cloth) about it, whereat they were afraid. The youngest being a boy about nine or ten years of age, did chide the rest saying, why are you feared, let us saine (or bless) ourselves, and then there is no ground to fear it. He perceived the blanket to be his, and saining (or blessing) himself, ran and pulled the blanket from it saying, "be what it will, it hath nothing to do with my blanket;" and then they found it to be a fourfooted stool set upon the end, and the blanket cast over it.

Upon the Sabbath, being the 11th of March, the crook and pot-cleps were taken away, and were a wanting four days, and were found at last on a loft, where they had been sought several times before. This is attested by Charles Macklellan of Colline, and John Cairns in Hardhills. It was observed that the stones which hit any person had not half their natural weight; and the throwing was more frequent on the Sabbath, than at other times, and especially in time of prayer, above all other times, it was busiest then, throwing most at the person praying.—The said Andrew Mackie told the matter to me upon Sabbath after Sermon. Upon the

Tuesday thereafter I went to the house, did stay a considerable time with them and prayed twice, and there was no trouble. Then I came out with a resolution to leave the house, and as I was standing, speaking to some men at the barn end, I saw two little stones drop down on the croft at a little distance from me, and then immediately some crying out of the house, that it was become as ill as ever within ; whereupon I went into the house again, and as I was at prayer it threw several stones at me, but they did no hurt, being very small ; and after there was no more trouble till the 18th day of March, and then it began as before, and threw more frequently greater stones, whose strokes were sorer where they hit, and thus it continued to the 21st. Then I went to the house, and stayed a great part of the night, but was greatly troubled ; stones and several other things were thrown at me, I was struck several times on the sides and shoulders very sharply with a great staff, so that those who were present heard the noise of the strokes. That night it tore off the bedside, and rapped upon the chests and boards as one calling for access. This is attested by Charles Mackellan of Colline, William Mackminn, and John Tait, in Torr. That night as I was once at prayer, leaning on a bedside, I felt something pressing on my arm ; I casting my eyes thither, perceived a little white hand and arm from the elbow down, but presently

it evanished. It is to be observed, that, notwithstanding of all that was felt and heard, from the first to the last of this matter, there was never any thing seen, except that hand I saw ; and a friend of the said Andrew Mackie's, said, he saw as it were a young boy about the age of fourteen years, with gray clothes, and a bonnet on his head, but presently disappeared, as also what the three children saw sitting at the fireside.

Upon the 22d the trouble still increased, both against the family and against the neighbours who came to visit them by throwing stones, and beating them with staves ; so that some were forced to leave the house before their inclination. This is attested by Charles Macklellan in Colline, and Andrew Tait in Torr. Some it would have met as they came to the house, and stoned with stones about the yards, and in like manner stoned as they went from the house, of whom Thomas Telfair in Stocking was one. It made a little wound on the said Andrew Mackie's brow ; did thrust several times at his shoulder, he not regarding, at last it gripped him so by the hair, that he thought something like nails of fingers scratched his skin. It dragged severals up and down the house by the cloathes. This is attested by Andrew Tait. It gripped one Keige, miller in Auchencairn so by his side that he entreated his neighbours to help, and cried it would rive the side from him. That night

it lifted the cloathes off the children as they were sleeping in bed, and beat them on the hips as if it had been with one's hand, so that all that were in the house heard it.—The door bar and other things would go through the house as if a person had been carrying them in their hand, yet nothing seen doing it. This is attested by John Telfair in Auchinleck, and others. It rattled on the chests and bed-sides with a staff, and made a great noise; and thus it continued by throwing stones, striking with staves and rattling in the house, till the 2d of April.—At night it cryed wisht, wisht, at every sentence in the close of prayer; and it whistled so distinctly, that the dog barked and ran to the door, as if one had been calling to hound him.

Aprile 3d, it whistled several times and cryed wisht, wisht. This is attested by Andrew Tait. Upon the 4th of April, Charles Macklellan of Coline, landlord, with the said Andrew Mackie, went to a certain number of ministers met at Buittle, and gave them an account of the matter, whereupon these ministers made public prayers for the family, and two of their number, viz:—Mr Andrew Ewart minister of Kells, and Mr John Murdo minister of Crossmichael, came to the house, and spent that night in fasting and praying, but it was very cruel against them, especially by throwing great stones, some of them about half a stone.

weight. It wounded Mr Andrew Ewart twice in the head, to the effusion of his blood, it pulled off his wig in time of prayer, and when he was holding out his napkin betwixt his hands, it cast a stone in the napkin, and therewith threw it from him. It gave Mr John Murdo several sore strokes, yet the wounds and bruises received did soon cure. There were none in the house that night escaped from its fury and cruelty.— That night it threw a fiery peat amongst the people, but it did no hurt, it only disturbed them in time of prayer. And also in the dawning as they rose from prayer, the stones poured down on all who were in the house to their hurt. This is attested by Mr Andrew Ewart, Mr John Murdo, Charles Macklellan, and John Tait.

Upon the 5th of April it set some thatch straw on fire which was in the barn yard, at night the house being very throng with neighbours, the stones were still thrown down among them. As the said Andrew Mackie and his wife went out to bring in some peats to the fire, when she came to the door she found a broad stone to shake under her foot, which she never knew to be loose before, she resolved with herself to see what was beneath it in the morning thereafter.

Upon the 6th of April when the house was quiet, she went to the stone and there found seven small bones with blood, and some flesh, all closed in a piece of old suddled paper;

the blood was fresh and bright. The sight whereof troubled her, and being afraid laid all down again and ran to Colline's house, being a quarter of a mile distant ; but in that time it was worse then ever before, by throwing stones and fire balls in and about the house, but the fire as it lighted did evanish.— In that time it threw a hot stone into the bed betwixt the children, which burnt through the bed cloaths ; and after it was taken out by the man's eldest son, and had layen on the floor more than an hour and a half, the said Charles Macklellan of Colline, could not hold it in his hand for heat, this is attested by Charles Macklellan. It thrust a staff through the wall of the house above the children in the bed, shook it over them and groaned.— When Colline came to the house, he went to prayer before he offered to lift the bones, all the time he was at prayer it was most cruel, but as soon as he took up the bones the trouble ceased. (This is attested by Charles Macklellan.) He sent them presently to me, upon sight whereof I went immediately to the house. While I was at prayer, it threw great stones which hit me, but did no hurt, then there was no more trouble that night.

The 7th of April being Sabbath, it began again and threw stones, and wounded William Macminn, a black-smith on the head, it cast a plough-sock at him and also a trough stone upwards of three stone weight, which did fall upon his back, yet he was not hurt thereby.—

Attested by William Macminn. It set the house twice on fire, yet there was no hurt done, in respect some neighbours were in the house who helped to quench it. At night in the twilight as John Mackie, the said Andrew Mackie's eldest son was coming home, near to the house, there was an extraordinary light fell about him and went before him to the house with a swift motion, that night it continued after its wonted manner.

April 8th in the morning as Andrew Mackie went down the close, he found a letter both written and sealed with blood. It was directed on the back thus "3 years thou shall have to repent a nett it well," and within was written, "Wo be to thee Scotland Repent and tak warning for the doors of haven ar all Redy bart against thee, I am sent for a warning to thee to flee to God yet troublt shall this man be for twenty days repent repent repent Scotland or else thou shall." In the middle of the day, the persons alive who lived in that house since it was built, being about twenty eight years, were conveyned by appointment of the civil magistrate before Colline, myself and others, and did all touch the bones, in respect there was some suspicion of secret murder committed in the place, but nothing was found to discover the same.

Upon the 9th of April the Letter and bones were sent to the ministers, who were all occasionally met at Kirkcudbright, they appointed five of their number, viz:—Mr John

Murdo, Mr James Monteith, Mr John Macmillan, Mr Samuel Spalding, and Mr William Falconer, with me to go to the house, and spend so much time as we were able in fasting and prayer.

Upon the 10th of April we went to the house, and no sooner did I begin to open my mouth, but it threw stones at me, and all within the house, but still worst at him who was at duty. It came often with such force upon the house, that it made all the house to shake, it broke a hole through the timber, and thatch of the house, and powred in great stones, one whereof, more than a quarter weight, fell upon Mr Monteith's back, yet he was not hurt. It threw another with great force at him when he was praying, bigger than a man's fist, which hit him on the breast, yet he was neither hurt nor moved thereby. It was thought fit, that one of our number, with another person should go by turns, and stand under the hole in the outside, so there was no more trouble from that place; but the barn being joined to the end of the house, it brake down the barn door and mid wall and threw stones up the house, but did no great hurt. It gripped and handled the legs of some, as with a man's hand, it hoised up the feet of others while standing on the ground, thus it did to William Lennox of Millhouse, myself and others. In this manner it continued till ten o'clock at night, but after that there was no more trouble while

we were about the house. This is attested by Messrs James Monteith, John Murdo, Samuel Spalding, Wm Falconer, William Lennox and John Tait. The 11th, 12th, and 13th, it was worse than ever it was before, for not one that came into the house did escape heavy strokes. There was one Andrew Tait in Torr, as he was coming to stay with the family all night, by the way his dog caught a thulmart, when he came in he cast it by in the house, thereafter there were other three young men who came in also, and when they were all at prayer, the evil spirit beat them with the dead thulmart, and threw it before them. The three who knew it not to be in the house were greatly affrighted, especially one Samuel Thomson, a chapman, whom it also gripped by the side and back, and thrust as if it had been an hand beneath his clothes and into his pockets, he was so affrighted that he took sickness immediately. This is attested by Andrew Tait.

The 14th being the Sabbath, it set some straw on fire that was in the barn yard, and threw stones till ten o'clock at night; it threw an dike spade at the said Andrew Mackie, with the mouth toward him, but he received no hurt; while an meal-sive was tossed up and down the house, the said Andrew Mackie takes hold of it, and as it were with difficulty gets the grip keepled, at last all within the rim is torn out. Thereafter it threw a handful of the sive rolled togeth-

er at Thomas Robertson in Airds, who was witness to this, yet in all its actings there was never any thing seen, but what I mentioned before.

Upon the 15th of April, William Anderson, a drover, and James Paterson, his son-in-law, came to the house with Colline in the evening. Colline going home a while within night, the said Andrew Mackie sent his sons to convey him; as they returned they were cruelly stoned, and the stones rolled amongst their legs, like to break them.—Shortly after they came in, it wounded William Anderson on the head, to the great effusion of his blood. In time of prayer it whistled, groaned, and cried, whisht, whisht. This is attested by John Cairns.

The 16th, it continued whisting, groaning, whisling, and throwing stones in time of prayer; it cried bo, bo, and kick, cuck, and shook men back and forward, and hoised them up as if to lift them of their knees. This is attested by Andrew Tait.

The whole family went from the house, and left five honest neighbours to wait on the same all night; but there was no hurt done to them, nor the family where they were, nor to those neighbours who stayed in the said Andrew Mackie's house, only the cattle were cast over other to the hazard of killing them, as they were bound to the stakes, and some of them were loosed. This is attested by John Cairns.

Upon the 18th they returned to their house again, and there was no hurt to them or their cattle that night, except in a little house, where there were some sheep, it coupled them together in pairs by the neck with straw ropes, made of an bottle of straw, which it took of an loft in the stable, and carried to the sheep house, which is three or four pair of butts (arrow shots) distant, and it made more ropes than it needed for binding the sheep, which it left beside the straw in the sheep house. This is attested by Andrew Tait.

Upon the 19th it fired the straw in the barn, but Andrew Mackie put it out, (being there threshing) without doing any hurt.—

It shot staves through the wall at him, but did no hurt.

The 20th, it continued throwing stones whisling and whisting, with all its former words. When it hit any person, and said, take you that till you get more, that person was sure immediately of another, but when it said, take you that, the person got no more for a while. This is attested by John Tait.

The 21st, 22d, and 23d, it continued casting stones, beating with staves, and throwing peat mud in the faces of all in the house, especially in time of prayer, with all its former tricks.

The 24th being a day of humiliation appointed to be kept in the parish for that cause, all

that day from morning till night, it continued in a most fearful manner without intermission, throwing stones with such cruelty, and force, that all in the house feared, lest they should be killed.

The 25th, it threw stones all night but did no great hurt.

The 26th, it threw stones in the evening, and knocked several times on a chest, as one to have access ; and began to speak, and call those that were sitting in the house witches and rooks and said it would take them to hell. The people then in the house said among themselves if it had any to speak to it now, it would speak. In the meantime Andrew Mackie was sleeping. They wakened him, and then he hearing it say, "Thou shalt be troubled till Tuesday," asked, "Who gave thee a commission?" To whom it answered, "God gave me a commission and I am sent to warn the land to repent, for a judgement is to come, if the land do not quickly repent, and commanded him to reveal it upon his peril ; and if the land did not repent, it said it would go to its father, and get a commission to return with a hundred worse than itself, and would trouble every particular family in the land." Andrew Mackie said to those that were with him, "If I should tell this, I would not be believed." Then it said "Fetch betters ; fetch the minister of the parish, and two honest men upon Tuesday's night, and I shall declare before them what I have to say."

Then it said, "Praise me, and I will whistle to you ; worship me and I will trouble you no more." Then Andrew Mackie said, "The Lord who delivered the three children out of the fiery furnace, deliver me, and mine this night from the temptations of Satan." Then it replied, "You might as well have said, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego." In the meantime, while Andrew Mackie was speaking, there was one James Telfair in Buittle, who was adding a word, to whom it said, "You are basely bred, meddling in other men's discourse, wherein you are not concerned," It likewise said, "Remove your goods for I will burn the house." He answered, "The Lord stop Satan's fury and hinder him of his designs." Then it said "I will do it, or you shall guide well." All this is attested by John Tait in Torr and several others who cannot subscribe.

Upon the 27th it set fire to the house seven times.

The 28 being the Sabbath, from sun-rising till sun-setting, it still set the house on fire, as it was quenched in one part, instantly it was fired in another, and in the evening, when it could not get its designs fulfilled in burning the house, it pulled down the end of the house, all the stone work thereof, so that they could not abide in it any longer, but went and kindled their fire in the stable.

Upon the Sabbath night, it pulled one of the children out of the bed, gripping him as

he thought, by the craig and shoulders ; and took up a block of a tree as great as a plough-head, and held above the children saying "If I had a commission I would brain them," Thus it expressed itself, in the hearing of all who were in the house. Attested by William Macminn, and John Crosby.

The 29th being Monday, it continued setting fire to the house, the said Andrew Mackie finding the house so frequently set on fire and being weary quenching it, he went and put out all the fire that was about the house, and poured water upon the hearth ; yet after it fired the house several times, when there was no fire within a quarter of a mile of the house. This is attested by Charles Macklellan, and John Cairnes. In the midst of the day, as Andrew Mackie was threshing in the barn, it whispered in the wall and then cried, "Andrew, Andrew," but he gave no answer to it. Then with an austere angry voice as it were, it said, "Speak ;" yet he gave no answer. Then it said "Be not troubled, you shall have no more trouble, except some casting of stones upon Tuesday to fulfill the promise" and said, "Take away your straw." I went to the house about 11 o'clock, it fired the house once after I went there. I stayed all night till betwixt three and four on Tuesday's morning, during which time there was no trouble about the house, except two little stones dropped down at the fire-side, as we were sitting down at our first entry. A little

after I went away it began to throw stones as formerly. This is attested by Charles Macklellan, and John Tait.

Upon Tuesday's night being the 30th of April, Charles Macklellan of Colline, with several neighbours, were in the barn. As he was at prayer, he observed a black thing in the corner of the barn, and it did encrease as if it would fill the whole house. He could nor discern it to have any form, but as if it had been a black cloud; it was affrightning to them all, and then it threw bear-chaff, and other mud upon their faces; and after did gripp severals that were in the house by the middle of the body, by the arms and other parts of their bodies so strait, that some said for five days thereafter, that they thought they felt these gripes. After an hour or two of the night was thus past, there was no more trouble. This is attested by Charles Macklellan, Thomas Macminn, Andrew Paline, John Cairnes, and John Tait.

Upon Wednesday's night, being the 1st of May, it fired a little sheep house, the sheep were got out safe, but the sheep house was wholly burnt. Since there has not been any trouble about the house by night nor by day. Now all things aforesaid, being of undoubted verity therefore I conclude with that of the Apostle, 1 Peter v. 8. 9. "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist steadfast in the faith."

This Relation is attested, as to what they particularly saw, heard, and felt, by

Mr Andrew Ewart, minister of Kells.

— James Monteith do. of Borgue.

— John Murdo do. of Crossmichael.

— Samuel Spalding do. of Parton.

— William Falconer do of Kelton,

Charles Macklellan of Colline.

William Lennox of Millhouse.

Andrew Tait in Torr.

John Tait in Torr.

John Cairns in Hardhills,

William Macminn.

John Crosby,

Thomas Macminn.

Andrew Paline. &c.

FINIS.

MAGGY O' THE MOSS.

Amang yon hills, where winding Orr
 Flows gently to the Solway shore ;
 Whare moats and camps may still be seen ;
 Whare trystes and tournaments ha'e been ;
 There stood a cottage, call'd the Bent,
 Whare lived a couple weel content.
 A cheerfu' body was the dame,
 Wha never travell'd far frae hame ;
 Or fash'd wi' ither folk's affairs,
 Or stories told of them or theirs ;
 But minded what was most becomin'—
 Her wark, like ony decent woman.
 For pigs and poultry she could rear
 As well as any other near ;
 Could nurse her weans, and weave their hose,
 Could mend their claes, and mak' their brose ;
 With rock, few matched her at the spinnin' ;—
 As white as snaw she bleach'd her linen :
 Could read her bible too indeed—
 Yea, had three-fourths o't in her head,
 And said her prayers ilk day did come—
 'They're seldom said I fear by some !
 She never did attempt to claim
 A right to manage a' at hame,
 But did her earthly Lord obey,
 As far's she thought consistent lay ;
 Who was a man of honest fame,
 And old 'Herd Simon' was his name.

His wife and weans were a his riches ;
 His greatest dread were ghaists and witches ;
 For in their power he put great faith,
 And muckle did he dread them baith !
 But Simon's forte lay in his speaking
 Whare glasses rung, and punch was reeking ;

For mountain dew could mak' him preach
 Wi' sae much eloquence o' speech,
 Bout earth, and seas, and heavenly signs,
 And knotty doctrines, and divines,—
 That all who heard him, were surpris'd
 How he such learning realiz'd ;
 And swore he had been at some college,
 And learn'd a deal o' wit and knowledge !

But, tho' he lik'd the mountain dew,
 He ne'er like some got roaring fu' ;
 'Twas little of it Simon bought,—
 Yet, when he got a glass for nought,—
 Sim' aye kend what he was about,
 He ne'er was ask'd to drink it out !

Nor was he very much to blame—
 He got but little o't at hame :
 He lik'd his wife, and ilka bairn,
 He gave her all that he could earn ;
 For she could lay that little out,
 With great economy, no doubt :
 Thus he did earn, and she did pay,
 And I may venture for to say,
 A happier pairne'er jogged through life
 Than honest Simon and his wife.

Scarce to the east, a good bow-shot
 Off Simon's stood another cot ;
 Where liv'd an ancient withered dame,
 And auld witch Maggy was her name
 For she by Cloutie had been hir'd,
 And sae that awfu' name acquir'd !
 Her ghastly looks and visage queer,
 Were proofs to a' the neibours near :
 Her crooked back, and wrinkled brow,
 'Twa fiery een seem'd in a lowe,
 Which had, perhaps,—be't to their praise—
 Bewitched some youth in former days :

Her curious muttering to hersel',
 And whare she cam' frae nane could tell;
 Her odd like manner, and her claes,
 Made a-la-mode of former days;
 A vulgar tongue, and rather free,
 Made Meg what she was said to be !

Ah ! poverty, alas ! alas !
 What ills attend thy humble class !
 How braid thy shouthers ought to be,
 For ah ! there's muckle laid on thee !
 Had Maggy been deck'd up wi' lace,
 For a' these wrinkles on her face—
 Had she in warldly wealth been rich,
 Meg never had been termed a witch !
 But nae doubt Nick did constant wait,
 And tempted Maggy wi' the bait ;
 He offered plenty every day,
 Sae Meg became an easy prey.
 Cauld-hearted want, my curse light on ye !
 To spoil God's works the best and bonny,
 To drive an honest wife to error,
 Then live to be a country's terror !

And here my story onward leads,
 To tell o' mair o' Maggy's deeds ;
 For she was fear'd by poor, and rich,
 And noted far to be a witch ;
 Yet, in her calling nane abus'd her ;
 What e're she ask'd for, nane refus'd her :
 But every Farmer strove to please
 The hag, wi' milk, and meal, and cheese ;—
 And nane considered it a loss
 To serve auld Maggy o' the Moss.

Yet, aft wad Maggy play a trick,
 To prove her colleague-ship wi' Nick ;
 For they, wha Meg's petitions spurn'd,
 Their carts, and carriages o'erturn'd ;

Their horse went mad, and ran like stags,
 Till some got broken arms, and legs;
 The best kye in the byre gaed yell;
 Some died, some could na raise themsel':
 In short—each beast the Farmer had
 Died,—sicken'd,—rotted,—or, went mad!

And aft had Maggy raised the wun',
 And muckle mischief had she done;
 When storms blew loud at dead of night,
 High in the air she took her flight:
 Of raging storms, she led the van,
 And like a shade swept o'er the lan';
 Whyles skimming o'er some mountain's brow—
 Leaving the vallies far below:
 Whyles circling, like a bird o' prey—
 Flying through ether far away;
 Now driving close o'er earth she scuds;—
 Next moment, darting through the cluds,
 Now shaking corn in certain spots,
 Now tirling kirks, and country cots;
 Now plunging in the depths of ocean,
 And setting all in dire commotion;
 Now sinking ships was her employment;—
 The mae she drowned the mair enjoyment!

And aft had Meg, as neibours tell,
 To shape of hare transformed hersel';
 When, in that form wa'd aft ta'en place
 Many a noble weel run chace:
 Nae grey-hound e'er was Maggy's master;
 Nae hound ran fast, but Meg ran faster:
 Nae collie ever kept near till her;
 Nae sportsman yet was fit to kill her:
 For Maggy wad ha'e ran sae wanton
 Thro' hedge and ditch, through field and plantin';
 O'er hill, and dale, sae fast she'd scud,
 Wi' flatten'd ears and cocked fud.

(To be continued.)

GRÆME, THE OUTLAW OF GALLOWAY.

The dreadful scenes of lawless outrage, of which the Scottish and English borders were the unhappy theatre in ancient times, have been often the theme of the historian. These deadly feuds (which often arose from the slightest causes) raged from the time of Stephen to the union of the two crowns in the person of King James. The people of the English borders, in common with those of Scotland, were in those days nothing less than clans of lawless banditti who were engaged in predatory excursions. The tract which they occupied extended about fifty miles in length and six in breadth, and was called the 'debateable land,' both nations laying claim to it, though in fact it belonged to neither, as their utmost efforts were ineffectual for the subjection of its inhabitants, whose dexterity in the art of thieving was such, that they could twist a cow's horn, or mark a horse, so that its owner could not know either again.— In this state of things, as may be supposed, the occupations of peaceful life were little attended to. Agriculture was suffered to languish, and every art but the art of war, was esteemed mean and dishonorable. The events of the two last centuries have materially altered the aspect of human life. Since the union of Scotland and England, those scenes of contention and barbarism, which rendered existence and property equally precarious, have been gradually disappearing,

and the social and enchanting harmony of rural life now prevail, where before that happy event scarcely a sound was heard but the 'warder's tread, the pibroch's maddening clang,' or the agonized screams of the widow and the fatherless, whose kind protector lay weltering in his blood, while the flames were devouring their little cottage.

However it was not with the English borderers alone that the Scotch clans were always at war. Deadly quarrels often arose among themselves, which were not quelled during a lapse of centuries; and the noise of these contentions often reached the ear of royalty itself. It was only on occasions of general warfare between the monarchs of the contending nations of England and Scotland, that these ancient feuds were laid aside,—when the chieftain of each opposing clan forgetting their former deadly enmity, joined the common cause against their hostile foe. But even at that period, and on the eve of battle, some fancied insult would again add fuel to the half-smothered flame, their former animosities would again break forth, and bloodshed and murder reigned triumphant.

In the expeditions and inroads which these opposing clans made on each other's domains, they were often assisted by the freebooters of the forests, who, for trifling rewards, lent their assistance, and by their blood-thirsty deeds and daring courage often turned the tide of fortune in favour of those by whom they were engaged. These freebooters, acquiring fresh

numbers, became in process of time very strong and powerful, and would themselves make dreadful incursions into the lands of the neighbouring lairds, from which they generally derived considerable booty :—the vengeance of these bandits, wherever they met with opposition, was sure and certain, and woe to the man on whom that vengeance fell ! The local history of Scotland presents many dreadful pictures of their horrid cruelties. From an ancient record, we extract the following account of the barbarous revenge of a ruffian named Græme, who was a freebooter of that country, and of whom many acts of bloody cruelty, too gross to be mentioned, are on record.

In an excursion this outlaw once made to plunder the lands of Gordon of Muirfad, he met with a notable defeat ; for the old laird, aware of his intentions, had collected a body of his friends and dependents together ; and these being placed in ambush, Græme was taken completely by surprise, a number of his gang killed, and himself seriously wounded. Stung with rage and shame at being thus foiled, where he did not expect even resistance, he vowed a deadly vengeance : nor was it long protracted ; for, watching his opportunity, he appeared so suddenly before the castle,* with a strong force, that those within

* The ruins of this castle may still be seen on the banks of the Palnure, in the parish of Kirk-mabreck.

were taken quite unprepared. What they could do they did : they secured the gates, or rather doors, for it never could have been a place capable of making much resistance.—Græme demanded admission, uttering the most dreadful threats in case of a refusal.—Gordon, sensible of his own weakness, was desirous of entering into some compromise with the robbers, and for that purpose, solicited a parley at the door, against which Græme had, by this time, piled up faggots and brush-wood for the purpose of setting it on fire. A sum of money in the meantime, and a future annuity, by way of black-meal, for protection, or rather forbearance, were the terms agreed on.

The arrangements having been finally made, Græme observed, that they might as well part friends : and advancing to the grated window, in the centre of the door through which they had carried on their negotiations, and having received the stipulated sum, he held out his hand at parting. As this was a piece of courtesy which could not be declined with safety, the proffered symbol of amity was accepted. No sooner, however, were their hands joined, than Græme, throwing a noose over the other's wrist, pulled with all his might, till an iron staple was driven into the wall, to which he fastened the end of the chain, and instantly setting fire to the pile, burnt him alive behind his door ;—the castle and all it contained being destroyed.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LORDSHIP OF GALLOWAY.

GALLOWAY in the early period of the Scottish Monarchy, consisted of that tract of country which now comprehends the Shire and Stewartry of Galloway, Nithsdale, Carrick, and the western part of Ayrshire, with part of Lanerksire. This extensive tract appears to have been totally independent, both of the Scottish and Pictish kingdom, the Monarchs of Scotland assumed a feudal superiority over the Lords of Galloway, which for many ages was disputed by the Galwegian Reguli, and at last temporarily obtained, only as the fate of war decreed it. But in the reign of David the I., when the Scottish kings had obtained a greater influence over the Lords and princes of Galloway, we still find them a distinct people, governed by their own laws. And in several of David's Charters he thus begins.—*“David Dei Gratia Rex Scottorum Episcopis, Abbatibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, et probis hominibus suis et omnibus fidelibus suis totius Regni sui Francis, et Anglicis et Scottis et Gallivensibus salutem.*

And in the Regiam Majestatem, chap. xvii. of the statutes of Alex. II.—“It was decreed by all the judges, as well of Scotland

as of Galloway, &c." In the statutes of Robert Bruce, chap. xxxv. we have an account of the Galloway laws, and in the Haddington collection is a charter of Bruce to the Galloway men, confirming their ancient laws. &c.

I shall proceed to give some account of the history of this people, as far as I have been able to learn it; but in the early period it is very imperfect until the time of Fergus.

Boece mentions one Dowgal Regulus of Galloway, who prevented Constantine King of Scotland from being murdered by his subjects, about or before A. D. 479.

About the year 615, in the reign of Eugene V. King of Scotland, Egfrid King of Bernicia laid siege to the castle of Dunskenne (Dunsky) in Galloway.

Mordack King of Scotland is said to have refounded the monastery of Candida Casa, or Whithorn in Galloway. He died in 734.—Ethfin King of Scotland when old, resigned the management of public affairs to Murdack Lord of Galloway, Donald Thane of Argyle, Cullen Thane of Athole, and Conrith Thane of Murray. Under this administration, Donald Lord of the Isles laid waste Galloway, A. D. 761,

About the third year of the reign of Solvaith King of Scotland, A. D. 769, Gylleguhame, the confederate of Donald Bane (or the white) king of the Ebudae, invaded Galloway; but was slain.

Macbeth King of Scotland slew Macgile Lord of Galloway.

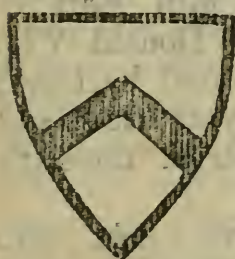
Malcolm Canmore is said to have added to the revenue of Whithorn in Galloway.

In the Reign of David the I. Sir David Dalrymple informs us, that at the battle of the Standard, which was fought August 22d 1138, "the Galwegians claimed the pre-eminence of beginning the attack, as being due by ancient custom, and they in consequence led the van under their chiefs Ulgrice and Dovenald, who were both slain, This lost David the battle."

Fergus Lord of Galloway flourished in the end of the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and he lived until the end of that of Malcolm IV. who died in 1165. He seems to have been a most powerful man in the age he lived in; for Malcolm IV. and he differing, he declared war against that King, but was taken prisoner by Gilchrist the third Earl of Angus, the King's General, and being shaved was shut up a monk in the Abbey of Holyrood house, where he died about the year 1160.— He founded the Abbey of Soulseat or Sedes animorum, and St. Mary's Isle. He left issue two sons; Uchtred and Gilbert; and he had a daughter called Africa, who married Olave the I. King of Man, and of the Isles, who died in the year 1144. Fergus had another daughter called Margaret, who was married to Allan (the son of Walter the son of Fleanch, who was dapifer to the King.)

and who died about 1153. Fergus was succeeded by his son Uchtred who married Gunild the sister of Alan, and the daughter of Waldeof Lord of Allerdale, who was son of Gospatrick, Earl of Dunbar. Gilbert attended his brother Uchtred to the battle of Alnwick, where William the Lion was taken prisoner; and on their return home, they drove out of Galloway all the intendants and magistrates put over them by the Scotch King, they slew all the English and French who fell into their hands, took and destroyed all the castles and fortresses that the King of Scotland had built in their country, putting to the sword all they found in them. Uchtred founded and endowed the nunnery of Lincluden where he was buried. He granted the lands of Kirkgunzeon to the Abbey of Holm Colteram in Cumberland. He was in the interest of Scotland; but his brother Gilbert who was attached to the English interest, obtained their assistance, and made his brother prisoner, and put him cruelly to death. This happened during the captivity of King William the Lion. Uchtred left a son called Roland. Gilbert was now Lord of all Galloway, but he did not enjoy it long, for he died in 1185, leaving a son Duncan, afterwards Earl of Carrick. This year, viz. 1185, Henry II. King of England led a great army to Carlisle, and with the concurrence of

William the Lion and his aid, he settled the affairs of Galloway; for Roland the son of Uchtred upon his uncle Gilbert's death, declared himself Lord of all Galloway, and he vanquished and slew Gilpatrick who headed the faction of his cousin Duncan. But the kings of England and Scotland obliged



Roland to give to Duncan that part of Galloway called Carrick; and he became first Earl of Carrick. I have put down his armorial bearing.

Rowland now got quiet possession of the remainder of Galloway. He married Era, daughter, and at last sole heiress of Richard de Morville constable of Scotland, whereby he got a great estate and the dignity of constable of Scotland transferred to his family, and he paid William the Lion 700 merks for his confirmation of this great accession of dignity and fortune.

Ralph de Diceto thus describes the Galloway men who served in the army of William the Lion, King of Scotland. They were fleet, naked, remarkably bold, wearing on their left sides small knives, formidable to any armed men, very expert in throwing and aiming their javelins at great distances, setting up for a signal when they go to battle a long lance. Roland Lord of Galloway founded the Abbey of Glenluce in Galloway, in the year 1190. By his wife Era, he left

issue Alan his heir. 2dly. Thomas de Galloway who married Isabel, second daughter of Henry Earl of Athole, who by the death of Alanus de Londoniis, who was married to her eldest sister, became heiress to her father's large estates. And her husband Thomas of Galloway was "*cinctus cum gladio comitatus Atholiæ*," and became the fifth Earl of Athole from Malcolm son of Donald VII. King of Scotland, who was created by David the First. He died in the year 1234, and was succeeded by his son Patrick the sixth Earl of Athole.

Roland also left a daughter Ada, who married Sir Walter Bysett.

Nisbet in his Heraldry mentions his having seen a charter of Roland Lord of Galloway, granted to Alan Sinelair. To this charter his seal was appended, which he describes thus: "Roland is on the seal represented on horseback, in armour with a sword in his right hand, and on his left arm a shield charged with a cheveron; which figure was also on the caparisons of his horse before and behind." Roland was succeeded by his eldest son, Alan, who was the fifth Lord of Galloway from Fergus, and the second constable of Scotland of his family.

He married the daughter of Hugh de Lacy, an Irish lady, by whom he had no issue. He founded the Abbey of Tunland in Galloway. He married for his second wife, Margaret, eldest daughter of David, Earl of Hunting-

don, brother to King Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. By her he had three daughters, Helen who was married to Roger de Quinsey, Earl of Winchester. She had a son Roger de Quinsey, who died in the year 1264. A charter of his to Secher de Seton is extant, to which is appended his seal in red wax with two sides, one having a man in armour on horseback brandishing a sword; and on his left arm a triangular shield charged with seven mascles, three, three, and one, and he had the same shield on the caparisons of his horse, and below the horse's belly a winged dragon, with these words round the Seal:—*Sigil: Rogeri de Quincy comitis Wincestræ.*

On the other side of the Seal was a man standing in a coat of mail, with a sword in his right hand, and supporting a long triangular shield by his left, with the afore-said figures, being in a posture as if he were combating with a lion erect, having his two forepaws on the shield, and below his hinder feet a rose; the man's head and face being covered with a close helmet, ensigned with a circular diadem, but not adorned with flowers, upon which stood a dragon with wings and tail noued for crest; and the legend round was—*Sigillum Rogeri de Quincy Constabularii Scotiæ.*

This seal was in the possession of the Winton family. Roger de Quincy who died in 1264 left three daughters, but no son; so

the office of constable of Scotland returned to Christian the second daughter of Lord Alan, who married William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle; but she died without issue.—The third daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, was Dervigild, who married John Baliol of Barnard Castle. In Magna Charta, Alan de Galloway is mentioned as one of the great English barons, and is designed constable of Scotland,

Archdall in his *Monasticon Hibernicum*, mentions that Alan of Galloway, Duncan of Carrick, and the Bissets from Scotland, had lands given them near Carrickfergus, by Henry III. King of England. Alan and his father Roland were benefactors to the Abbey of Holm Colteram, in Cumberland, of the lands of Lochartur in Galloway. He seems to have been the most powerful man in Scotland of his day, and dying without male issue in 1234, he was interred at the Abbey of Dundrennan, where his tomb was lately to be seen. He lay in a nich in the cross aisle, east from the north door. His effigy was well executed in stone, the figure was cross-legged and in armour, with a belt across the shoulder and another round the waist. It was in a recumbent posture under a canopy of stone, from whence it has been thrown down and the trunk shamefully mutilated and defaced. His lady lies on the west side of the same door in a nich also.

Upon the death of Alan Lord of Galloway, Alexander II. King of Scotland ordained this great principality to be equally divided among his three daughters, whom I have mentioned, and who all survived their father. But Thomas Macdaullen, the bastard son of the deceased Lord Allan, claimed the whole succession of his father. In this claim he was supported by the friends and tenants of the late Alan, by his father-in-law Olave, King of Man, as also by some Irish princes, and Sommerled Thane of Argyle. Alexander II. marched an army against Thomas Macdaullen, whom he found at the head of ten thousand men. The Royal Army prevailing, Thomas Macdaullen and Gildroth one of his allies escaped to Ireland. Thomas afterwards returned to Scotland, and threw himself on the King's mercy, who granted him his life.

Upon the death of Roger de Quincy Earl of Winchester, and son to Lady Helen (as I before mentioned,) which happened in the year 1264, and the Lady Christian who died without issue, Dervegild, the third daughter, now found herself sole heiress to her father, Lord Alan. I mentioned before, she was the wife of John Baliol, Lord of Bernard castle. She died in the year 1269, and left a son called John Baliol, who through her and her mother's right became King of Scotland. She left a daughter called Dervegild who was the grand-mother of John Cummyng slain at Dumfries. The Lady Dervegild

founded and endowed the Abbeys of Hollywood and Dulce Cor or Sweet Heart in Galloway, and the Franciscan convent at Dumfries, and built the fine old stone bridge over the Nith there. Her son John Baliol had very great estates ; for besides the great Lordship of Galloway he possessed Cunningham or the Largs, Lanark, Kadiow, Malsley, and Dundee Castle. He had in France the Lordships of Baliol and Harcourt ; and in England the lordship and honour of Bernard Castle.



I have put down his armorial bearing.

He was succeeded by Edward Baliol, who resided mostly in his lordship of Galloway, during his short and tumultuous reign, where he had the castles of Kenmore, Bootle Kirkgunzeon, and Kirkandres,

In the year 1336 he fled from Galloway to England.

I formerly mentioned that Dervegild the daughter of Alan, had a daughter called Dervegild, whose daughter was the mother of John Cummyng, Earl of Badenock killed by Bruce at Dumfries.

This family of Cummyng was of great antiquity and power. For John Cummyng Earl of Badenock, was the son of John the black Cummyng, who upon the death of Queen Margaret became a competitor for the crown of Scotland, as son and heir of John, who was son and heir of Richard, the son and

heir of William, who was son and heir of Donald King of Scotland.

This John Cummyng, who was slain by Bruce, left a daughter, who married Archibald the Xth Lord of Douglas, and to him had a son who was the first Earl of Douglas, and now that the Baliol, and Cummyng of Badenock families were become extinct, he became heir of line to Alan Lord of Galloway his predecessor, as appears by the following Genealogical Table.

ALAN LORD OF GALLOWAY.

Helen married to Roger de Quincy Earl of Winchester.

Roger de Quincy Earl of Winchester. died in 1264, without male issue.

Christian married to William de For. tibus Earl of Albe. marle. She left no male issue.

John Baliol, sometime King of Scotland.

Dervigild married to John Baliol. of Bernard Castle.

Dervigild to whom married is not certain.

Dervigild married to John the Black Cummyng Earl of Badenoch.

John the Red Cummyng Earl of Badenoch. slain at Dumfries by Bruce King of Scotland.

A daughter married to Archibald the tenth Lord of Douglas.

William first Earl of Douglas, and Lord of Galloway. Margaret heiress to Thomas 13th Earl of Marr.

James second Earl of Douglas. Archibald the Grim Lord of Galloway.

William first Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway married his first wife before 1349, the Lady Margaret, daughter and at last sole heiress of Thomas the XIIIth Earl of Mar.— By her he had James, second Earl of Douglas, and Archibald who was created Lord of Galloway by David II. in the 40th year of his reign. This Lord Archibald surnamed the Grim, refounded the nunnery of Lincluden; for the nuns having been very dissolute, he turned them out and converted the nunnery into a provostry. His brother Earl James dying, he succeeded him in the earldom of Douglas in the year 1388. He married Jean daughter and heiress to Thomas Murray of Bothwell, by whom he had a son Archibald the fourth Earl of Douglas.

Lord Archibald the Grim lies interred in the vestry or sacristy at Lincluden, above the door of which are his arms and those of his Lady carved in stone upon separate shields and three stars interlaced with three cups (as panitarius Scotiæ) are betwixt the shields.

Archibald IV. Earl of Douglas and third Lord of Galloway, Lord Bothwell, Annandale, second Duke of Turenne, Count de Longueville, and Marshal of France, succeeded his father, Archibald the Grim, anno 1424. He married the lady Margaret, eldest daughter of King Robert III. by Lady Annabella Drummmond. This Lady has a superb tomb at Lincluden with the following inscription :

*Hic jacet Margareta, Scotiæ Regis filia,
quonda comitissa de Douglas et Domina
Galovidiest validanitæ*

This Earl is interred in the church of Douglas, in a most magnificent tomb. He left a daughter the lady Margaret, who was called the Fair Maid of Galloway. She got the estates of Galloway, Wigton, and Balvennie, &c, and was first married to her cousin William, the fifth Earl of Douglas.—She lies with her mother at Lincluden, and was succeeded in the Lordship of Galloway by James, the 7th Earl of Douglas, surnamed the Fat. He died in 1443, and was interred at Douglas, where he had a magnificent monument. He was succeeded by his son, William the eight Earl of Douglas, and fifth Duke of Turenne, &c. He was succeeded by his brother James the ninth Earl of Douglas and sixth Duke of Turenne. In this Earl the male line of the first and second sons of William, first Earl of Douglas ended. In the year 1455 the Scottish Parliament annexed for ever to the crown the Lordship of Galloway with all its freedoms, &c. From that period this ancient Lordship continued annexed to the crown, and its ancient laws and customs, &c., have been annihilated, to put it upon the same footing as other parts of Scotland.—*Taken from Archæologia or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity, Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, volume 9th, page 49. London: 1789.*

THE MURDER HOLE, A GALLOWAY TALE.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One ‘lonesome desert’ reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction.—At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy.—Strange rumours arose that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this ‘blasted heath,’ and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the enquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation: but though the officers of justice were sent to

scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the death-like stillness of the night was often interrupted by the sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance ; and a shepherd, one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary spot.— Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups, to protect each other : and if night overtook them, they generally stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the

timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions connected with this dreary scene darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged there way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage, died away in silence, and he groped with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and he revived his courage.—“I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as a hiding place in the storm,” Surely thought he though alone, I am not forsaken : and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman ; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering, as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of

terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing ; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheerful reception.—His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old Lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within shewed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations : the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while the two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked.—The boy in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntary with an undefined feeling of apprehension ; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out of the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. ‘I am not what you take me for,’ said the boy, attempting to laugh, ‘But only the poor pedlar who visited you last year.’ ‘Are you alone?’ enquired the old woman in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. ‘Yes,’ said

the boy, 'I am alone here; and alas!' he added with a burst of uncontrolable feeling, 'I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night.' 'Then you are welcome!' said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among people of such dubious aspect.—Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various peices of furniture lay scattered upon the floor, The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but

they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left in that condition.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to steep themselves in forgetfulness, though his imagination remained perfectly active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in the bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door,

through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected, whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

'This is an easier job than you had yesterday,' said the man who held the goat. 'I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbours within a dozen of miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy.'

'Don't speak of it,' replied the other; 'I was never fond of bloodshed.'

'Ha! Ha!' said the other with a sneer, 'you say so, do you?'

'I do,' answered the first gloomily; 'the Murder Hole * is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow is dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all

* An account of this Murder Hole was communicated by Mr Train to Mr George Chalmers author of Caledonia, and is thus referred to in that work vol iii. page 234.—"This Murder Hole is said to be

the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there.'

'Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there? —it sucks them in like a leech !'

'How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?' asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed the bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down with-

eighty feet deep from which human bones have been brought forth."—The origin of these Murder Holes "have been referred to the feudal grant which conferred the right of Pit and Gallows on so many Barons, the former for the *drowning of women*, the latter for the *hanging of men*.

out noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, 'The boy has fled—let loose the blood hound!' These words sunk like a death knell in his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of his masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness, which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper in his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible, The hoarse voices of the men, and the still

louder baying of the dog, were now so near that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt him self in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chace now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain did the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm through the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation; several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, whose names were Mackillop, they were nearly torn to pieces by their

violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes.—The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust, among whom was the father of the pedlar boy, the old gentleman before mentioned who had just returned from abroad ; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable.

The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls, (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern inn, (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants ; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius ; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any discord be heard in the house, or any murder committed in it, this is his only instrument. His daughter has inherited her father's talent, and learned all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit ; when she describes

with all the animation of an eye witness, the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin, as an expiring effort of vengeance,—when you are told that for three hundred years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood-hound,—it is then only that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of the MURDER HOLE.

V E R S E S

by Alexander Garlies, afterwards Earl of Galloway, upon the death of his wife Ann, Lady Garlies.

Non est Mortale.

Memorandum. This is Garlie's own writt upon his lady, which was taken from a scraul, and must be judged of only as the first rude sketch of a more correct poem designed, Alex. Murray.*

So fresh the wound is and my grief so vast,
That all my heart and power of speech is wast—
Some heavenly angel who beholds her there,
Instruct me to record what she was here ;

I cannot flatter when her praise I tell,
For she did all that I can say excell ;

* Sir Alex. Murray of Stanhope, Baronet.

Yea, I am sure she was no mortal creature,
But a divine one though in human feature ;

Her piety was such that heaven by merit
If any ever did, she does inherit ;
Her modesty was such, that had she been
Tempted as Eve, she would have shunn'd her sin.

So lovely fair she was, that sure dame Nature
Meant her the pattern of the female creature.
Besides all this, her flowing wit was such,
Had it not been in her, had been too much

For human kind ; should envy look her o'er,
It must confess this much, yea still much more
Gracious to all, but where the love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true.

Well did she grace the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.
Ah ! sure she was to good long to be mine,
Therefore I wish that she some worse had been.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date ;
Well chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our better part invades the sky ;

Our hearts were joined by greatest love so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death shall last.*

* Alexander sixth Earl of Galloway, succeeded his father in the year 1746, and died 24th December, 1773, aged 79, his first wife, Lady Anne Keith, second daughter of William, ninth Earl of Marshall, died 1728. These verses written on her demise, which were unknown to Walpole, entitle his Lordship to have his name inserted in the Roll of Noble Authors.—(From *Analecta Scotica*)

THE TWICE CHRISTENED BAIRN.

A TRUE TALE.

It is recorded in History, that about the beginning of the 18th century, The Rev John M'Millan, then minister of Balmaghie, was deposed from his charge on account of certain non-conformities to the letter and spirit of the Church of Scotland as, shortly before that period, by law established. As the case was long and earnestly litigated before the ecclesiastical courts, the minds of the people principally concerned were wound up to no moderate pitch of anxiety; and when, at last, a final and irrevocable sentence* had gone forth against their favourite pastor, and when another came to be appointed in his room, deep

* The Rev. Mr M'Millan was deposed 29th December, 1703, by the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright, "the Rev. Mr James Monteith, minister at Borgue, and Mr Thomas Hay, minister of Anwoth, are by vote appointed, to repair to the Kirk of Balmaghie upon Sabbath come eight days, and preach, and Mr Monteith to intimate this sentence, and declare the Kirk vacant.—(Records of the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright.)

"22nd February, 1704. As to the affair of

and lasting were the heart burnings which seized upon the majority of the transferred flock, the new incumbent, the Rev. William M'Kie, father of the talented and eccentric "Maister Nathan," of Crossmichael, was highly respectable, and much disposed to conciliate the affections of his refractory charge. Many, however, remained inexorable to the end of their lives ; and, if my impression be correct, when the new minister came to be "*placed*," a party of dragoons was considered necessary to protect him from the fury of the misguided people. He was actually waylaid, soon after coming into the parish, by a band of desperate characters, from whom he received personal injury ; * and old people can

Balmaghie, Mr Monteith reports that he went towards the Kirk of Balmaghie, according to appointment, and James Gordon, Town Clerk of Kirkcudbright, notary public, together with some witnesses, and that as he was riding towards the Kirk, there came from the kirkyard, about twenty or thirty men who refused to let him go farther and actually stopped them, by laying hold of the foremost horse's bridle, whereupon Mr Monteith finding he was violently withstood in going to the Kirk, did take out his commission from the presbytery, and read it to them, and did intimate the presbytery's sentence of deposition against Mr John M'Millan, and declared the kirk vacant, whereupon he asked and took instruments in the hands of the notary public, above mentioned."— (History of Galloway.)

* "When some of Mr M'Kie's adherents went

yet give the name of the man who pulled him off his horse, and tell how, as a just visitation for an offence so enormous, he was not permitted to die a natural death. M'Millan remained in the parish for a series of years, preaching and dispensing the ordinances of religion to a large section of the parishioners. He afterwards removed to a neighbouring county, and became the founder of a sect which still continues to bear his name.—M'Millan is said to have been a man of the most violent temper: fierce, fiery and uncompromising in the maintenance and propagation of these tenets in which he differed from his co-Presbyters—and

to plough the glebe for his behoof, those of his competitor rose up against them, cut the reins in pieces, turned the horses adrift, and threw the ploughshare into the adjoining lake. Some threatened violence to the minister's person. An infuriated female actually attempted the execution of it, and would probably have effected her purpose, had he not interposed his hand between his throat and a reaping sickle with which she was armed.—His fingers were cut to the bone. The glove which he wore was carefully preserved, as a memorial of the providential escape he had made.—Another woman who was present, exclaimed, 'Shed no blood,' and her advice was followed. It was remarked by the country people, that the intending assassin never prospered afterwards, and that by her own hand she terminated a life which she found herself unable to endure."—(History of Galloway.)

withal so unscrupulous,, that he hesitated not to create divisions between parents and children, and even husband and wife, with the view of maintaining his ground. So much for the Spirit of party—and now for the little anecdote which finds its origin in that spirit:—

While the tide of religious zeal was running thus high among the good folks of Balmaghie—(with what praise-worthy and philosophical coolness they have often taken the matter *since* !)—the farm of Ullock, on the barony of Duchrae, at that time a part of the Castle-Stewart property, was occupied by David Charters and *his wife*, Mary Glendinning. David bore the character of being at once an honest, a pious and a most sagacious man; well to live in the world, come of the old creditable stock of the district—and as the reward of such a constellation of merits, could boast of being, at one and the same time, “ane elder o’ the kirk,” and factor and baron-bailie of the barony of Duchrae. David, no doubt sensible of his own importance, had given way to a little ambition in his *wooing days*,—for *his* wife designed herself of “gentle blude,”—but as her father had incurred the displeasure of his family by first marrying, according to my authority, “a sweet sonsy lass below his ain degree,” and second, by renouncing the “ancient religion,” Mary’s *blude* was the only thing

of value which her husband might not have possessed, in any other decent man's daughter; between the Rhonfoot and the Ross of Balmangan. Mary, however, retained no hankering after the faith of her paternal ancestors. On the contrary, though now the almost idolized wife of an elder of the Established Kirk, she in secret became a devoted sympathizer in the fate and doctrines of the still more rigid reformer, M'Millan. It cannot now be ascertained after what fashion the Bailie digested the non-conforming principles of his otherwise submissive wife; all that is known amounts to this—that as often as the Bailie's avocations led him from home, the old minister paid regular visits to the gude-wife, who, on safe occasions, failed not, in return, to attend upon his public ministrations. Matters had gone on in this manner for some time—the elder probably winking hard at what he could not effectually check, without a stretch of authority ill suited to the affectionate respect with which he uniformly treated his wife, when an event occurred which at once brought affairs to a crisis.

It was in the month of May, 1712, that business obliged the Bailie to pay a visit to Edinburgh, leaving his wife in a situation above all others the most interesting to a husband's heart and hopes. Being detained longer than he had anticipated, his wife had been

safely delivered of a daughter several days before his return. In the meantime the old minister, anxious to produce a triumphant proof of his influence, if not over the elder himself, at least over his better half, succeeded in persuading her to take a step, of which, it may be safely concluded, she did not soon cease to repent, and which was followed by the almost immediate return of the Bailie himself, wholly unconscious of what had taken place during his absence. It was late in the evening when he reached home, and the family had all retired to bed, except one man, who, it being Saturday at e'en, had lingered by the fireside, in expectation of his master's return. "How's a' here John?" was the first hurried inquiry of the anxious Bailie. "Ou gaily," was John's ready reply. "How's yer mistress? eh?—speak out man." "Ou she's gaily—she's as weel as can be expectit." "What has she gotten? eh?—I say speak out man." "She's gotten a sonsy lass-wean," quoth John wishing to put the best face on the matter—for, thus far, no son had crowned the Bailie's hopes.—"Thank God even for *a lass!*" exclaimed the affectionate husband; thank Heaven for a living mither and a living wean, even though it *be a lass*,"—so saying he threw the reins from him, and hurried towards the door. "Stop a minute, Gudeman," quoth John in a subdued kind of tone, "it may be as weel before ye gang ony farther, that ye ken a' aboot it." "Ken aboot what John—what is't ye mean

man?" "Ou! naething ava," returned John. "only"—scratching his head—"only—the minister has been here." "Is that a' the mighty affair," rejoined the bailie; "what minister d'ye mean tho'," added he, "*Mr M'Kie*, I hope?" "Na, gudeman," quoth John, "it was not *Mr M'Kie*, and again he came to a dead set. "It was *Mr M'Millan* then?" said the bailie. John said nothing, but hung his head. "I aye thought ye a man o' sense," exclaimed the alarmed elder, "until this blessed night, John, tell me what means a' this *wull-a-wearin*, isna *Mr Macmillan* still a dispenser o' Christian mercies to *ithers*, altho' he be'na ony langer such *to me*?"—"Whan ye ken a' about it," quoth John, in a dry careless manner, "ye'll maybe think him liberal aneugh o' his dispensations, he has christened yer ain wean, in yer absence, and I'm opining, without sae muckle as spierin' yer leave." The Bailie was dumfounded at this piece of intelligence. At length, finding utterance, he exclaimed, "*That's* a different thing John, clean a different thing altogether, *that!* how durst he presume to do this, and me an elder o' the Kirk o' Scotland?"—"Oh! *that's* clean a different thing, gudeman," returned the imperturbable John, "and a question only for yoursell to answer, but christened the wean *he has*, this forenoon in my presence, as well as in that o' sindry *ithers*, *this* muckle ye may rely on, *ony how*." "Aweel, Aweel," soliloquised

the considerate Bailie, "this is a matter that requires management, and canny, judicious management too. In the meantime, *John*, as soon as ye hae putten up the beast, ye can gang to yer bed and tak' a nap : and as soon as ye rise in the morning, step doon to Mr M' Kie, and wi' my compliments say to him, that he maun come up, and tak' his kail wi' me to-morrow, gin the thing be at a' within the compass o' his power, but, *John*, I had amaist forgotten, what name hae they gien the bit thing? They ca'd it *Ann*, quoth *John*. "*Ann*," repeated the Bailie, with emphasis. The fond couple met mutually embarassed, the wife dreaded the effects of her imprudence, although as yet uncertain whether her husband was aware of it ; but not a word on the subject was mentioned by either party. Next morning the gudeman proposed, as a befitting thing, that Mr M' Kie should be sent for to baptize the child. The poor woman trembled, but said nothing. The minister dropped in about *kail time*, as if by accident ; a short communing took place between him and his elder ; their resolution was speedily taken, and the child christened over again under the name of *Agnes*. The affair of the *twice christened bairn* afforded much mirth to the neighbours ; but it marr-ed not the harmony of the worthy couple, for a word in relation to it never passed between them to their dying day.

Many and oft have been the times, when
 the above particulars have been related, in
 the garrulous spirit of extreme old age, by
 the doubly sealed Christian herself, to,

HER GRANDSON.

THE GALLOWAY RAID.

The reavers of Eskdale were mounted for weir,
 And Annandale moss-troopers grasped the spear;
 And the blades that they bore in the sun glitter'd
 bright;

And breast-plate and helmet reflected the light.
 They spurr'd the fleet charger through bog and
 through brake,

To the yell of their slogan the echoes awake;
 The Johnstones and Jardines cry "lads we'll away,
 And we'll foray the pastures of fair Galloway."

The men were determined—their steeds they were
 strong,

And eager for plunder they pranced along;
 The clang of their weapons rung loud on the dale,
 And their helmet plumes waving aloft on the gale.

The swamps of the Lochar they pass'd in their
 pride,

A moment they paus'd when they came to Nith-
 side;

But the tide of the Nith could not stop their array,
 And they entered the borders of fair Galloway.

O'er Cairnsmoor's brown summit the sun had gone
 down,

And on eastern Helvellyn the rising moon shone—
 Dark red was her visage, and sullen her gleam,
 As the blue wave of Solway reflected her beam:
 The woods waved their branches by fits to the blast,

And faint was the light on their tops that she cast,
 As if bodeful of blood to be shed before day,
 She scowled on the green dales of fair Galloway.

All silent the march of the moss-troopers now,
 Save their steed's hollow tramp on the wild
 mountain's brow ;
 They scared not the wild fowl that swam on the
 lake,
 Nor in hamlet nor hall did the sleepers awake.
 Says Gilbert of Ravencleugh, "gallants come on !
 The dames of the Orr shall have wooers anon—
 We'll spoil their soft slumbers before it be day,
 And we'll sweep the green pastures of fair Gallo-
 way."

But thou bold border reaver thy boasting forbear,
 For little wotst thou of the Galloway spear—
 On the mail of the foe has its temper been tried,
 When the black chief of Dee his proud sovereign
 defied—

Beholdst thou the beacon light gleaming afar
 On misty Glenbennan, the signal of war ?
 Bengairn and Caerlochan their blazes display,
 And they warn the bold spearmen of fair Galloway.

On the shores of the Solway they mounted the steed,
 And the clans of the Dee were advancing with
 speed ;
 O'er the green haughs of Orr the broad banners
 wav'd high,
 And the flash of their fighting-gear brightened the
 sky.
 The Gordons of Airds were for battle array'd,
 And Trowdale and Corbietown brandished the
 blade,

But Wudsword* of Clairbrand was first in the fray,
To encounter the foemen of fair Galloway.

O rudely came on the bold borderers then,
And the spearmen of Galloway charged on the
plain;

And the clash of their weapons, and clang of their
mail,

Were mingled with groans of the warriors that
fell:

The steed and his rider lay gasping in blood,
On the wounded and dying the combatants trode—
There was hacking and slashing till dawn of the
day,

E're was ended the conflict in fair Galloway.

Stout Gilbert of Ravencleugh's steed had been
slain,

And on foot with a broadsword he wasted the
plain,

Nor met he a foeman to rival his might,

Till he matched with the arm of Wudsword in
the fight

Oh firm were their hearts, and their steel it was
keen,

And a bloodier conflict was seldom e'er seen;

For equal in skill and in valour were they—

The bravest on Esk and in fair Galloway.

The bank where they fought it was narrow and
steep—

Beneath them the Orr tumbled darksome and deep,

A damsel came running as swift as the wind,

And unseen she approach'd the bold borderer
behind

* The Laird of Clairbrand was nicknamed Wudsword from being in the habit of carrying a naked broadsword under his arm like a staff.

Round his neck in an instant her kerchief she
 wrung,
 And Ravencleugh headlong in Orr has she flung—
 'Twas the daughter of Wudsword had mixed in
 the fray,
 And a fairer maid was not in wide Galloway.

But the damsels of Esk and of Annan may mourn,
 And in vain may they look for their lovers return;
 On the green dale of Dryburgh they rest in their
 grave,
 And o'er them the hemlock and rank nettles wave
 And few have escaped from the Galloway spear :
 That follow'd the flying and glanc'd in their rear;
 And the moss-troopers' widows are ruing the day
 Their husbands departed for fair Galloway.

SAWNEY BEAN AND HIS FAMILY.

THE following account, though as well attested as any historical fact can be, is almost incredible, for the monstrous and unparalleled barbarities that it relates; there being nothing that we ever heard of, with the same degree of certainty, that may be compared with it, or that shews how far a brutal temper, untamed by education, and knowledge of the world, may carry a man in such glaring and horrible colours.

Sawney Bean was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight or nine miles eastward of the city of Edinburgh, in the reign of James I. of Scotland. His father was a

hedger and ditcher and brought up his son to the same laborious employment.

He got his daily bread in his youth by these means, but being very prone to idleness, and not caring to be confined to any honest employment, he left his father and mother, and ran away into the desert part of the country, taking with him a woman as viciously inclined as himself.

These two took up their habitation in a cave, by the sea-side on the shore of the county of Galloway ; where they lived upwards of twenty five years, without going into any city, town or village.

In this time they had a great number of children and grandchildren, whom they brought up after their own manner, without any notions of humanity or civil society — They never kept any company, but among themselves, and supported themselves wholly by robbing : being, moreover so very cruel, that they never robbed any one, whom they did not murder.

By this bloody method, and their being so retired from the world, they continued for a long time undiscovered ; there being no person able to guess how the people were lost that went by the place where they lived. As soon as they had robbed any man, woman or child, they used to carry off the carcase to the den, where cutting it into quarters, they would pickle the mangled limbs, and afterwards eat it ; this being their only sustenance : and not-

withstanding they were at last so numerous, they commonly had superfluity of this their abominable food, so that in the night-time they frequently threw legs and arms of the unhappy wretches they had murdered into the sea, at a great distance from their bloody habitation; the limbs were often cast up by the tide in several parts of the country, to the astonishment and terror of all beholders, and others who heard of it.

Persons who have gone about their lawful occasions fell so often into their hands, that it caused a general outcry in the country round about; no person knowing what was become of their friends or relations, if they were once seen by these merciless cannibals

All the people in the adjacent parts were at last alarmed at such an uncommon loss of their neighbours and acquaintance, for there was no travelling in safety near the den of these wretches: this occasioned spies to be frequently sent into those parts, many of whom never returned again, and those who did, after the strictest search and inquiry, could not find how these melancholy matters happened.

Several honest travellers were taken up on suspicion and wrongfully hanged upon bare circumstances: several innocent inn keepers were executed, for no other reason than that persons, who had been thus lost, were known to have lain in their houses, which occasioned a suspicion of their being murdered by them, and their bodies privately buried in obscure

places to prevent a discovery. Thus an ill-placed justice was executed with the greatest severity imaginable, in order to prevent these frequent, atrocious deeds ; so many innkeepers, who lived on the western road of Scotland, left of their business, for fear of being made examples of, and followed other employments.

This, on the other hand, occasioned many inconveniences to travellers, who were now in great distress for accomodation when they were disposed to refresh themselves and horses, or take up lodging for the night. In a word, the whole country was almost depopulated.

Still the king's subjects were as much missed as before, so that it became the admiration of the whole kingdom how such villanies could be carried on, and the perpetrators not discovered. A great many had been executed, not one of them all made any confession at the gallows, but maintained to the last, that they were perfectly innocent of the crime for which they suffered.

When the magistrates found all was in vain, they left off these rigorous proceedings, and trusted wholly to Providence, for the bringing to light the authors of these unparalleled barbarities when it should seem proper to the divine wisdom.

Sawney's family was at last grown very large, and every branch of it as soon as able, assisted in perpetrating their wicked deeds, which they still followed with impunity.— Sometimes they would attack four, five or six,

footmen together, but never more than two, if they were on horseback ; they were, moreover, so careful, that not one whom they had set upon should escape, that an ambuscade was set on every side to secure them, let them fly which way they would, provided it should ever so happen that one or more got away from the first assailants. How was it possible they should be detected, when not one that saw them ever saw any body else afterwards,

The place which they inhabited was quite solitary and lonesome, and, when the tide came up, the water went near two hundred yards into their subterraneous habitation, which reached almost a mile underground ; so that when people, who have been sent armed to search all the places about, have passed by the mouth of the cave, they have never taken any notice of it, never supposing any human being would reside in such a place of perpetual horror and darkness.

The number of people these savages destroyed was never exactly known ; but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five years they continued their butcheries, they had washed their hands in the blood of at least a thousand men, women and children. The manner they were at last discovered was as follows :—

A man and his wife behind him on the same horse, coming one evening home from a fair, and falling into the ambuscade of these merciless wretches, they fell upon them in a

furious manner. The man to save himself as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with sword and pistol, riding some of them down by main force of his horse.

In the conflict the poor woman fell from behind him, and was instantly butchered before her husband's face, for the female cannibals cut her throat, and fell to sucking her blood with as great a gust, as if it had been wine : this done, they ript up her belly, and pulled out all her entrails. Such a dreadful spectacle made the man make the more obstinate resistance, as he expected the same fate, if he fell into their hands.

It pleased Providence while he was engaged that twenty or thirty who had been at the same fair, came together in a body ; upon which Sawney Bean and his blood thirsty clan withdrew and, made the best of their way through a thick wood to their den.

This man who was the first who had ever fell in their way, and came off alive, told the whole company what had happened, and shewed them the horrid spectacle of his wife, whom the murderers had dragged to some distance, but had not time to carry her entirely off. They were all struck with stupifaction and amazement at what he related ; they took him with them to Glasgow, and told the affair to the magistrates of that city, who immediately sent to the king concerning it.

In about three or four days after, his majesty in person, with a body of about four hundred

men, set out for the place where this dismal tragedy was acted, in order to search all the rocks and thickets, that, if possible, they might apprehend this hellish crew, which had been so long pernicious to all the western parts of the kingdom.

The man who was attacked was the guide, and care was taken to have a large number of blood-hounds with them, that no human means might be wanting towards their putting an entire end to these cruelties.

No sign of any habitation was to be found for a long time; and even when they came to the wretches' cave, they took no notice of it, but were going to pursue their search along the sea shore, the tide being then out; but some of the blood-hounds luckily entered the Cimmerian den, and instantly set up a most hideous barking, howling and yelping; so that the king, with his attendants, came back, and looked into it: they could not tell how to conceive that any thing human could be concealed in a place where they saw nothing but darkness; nevertheless, as the blood hounds increased their noise they went farther in, and refused to come back again; they then began to imagine something or other must inhabit there. Torches were immediately sent for, and a great many men ventured in, through the most intricate turnings and windings, till at last they arrived at that private recess from all the world, which was the habitation of these monsters.

Now the whole body, or as many of them as could went in, and were all so shocked at what they beheld, that they were almost ready to sink into the earth. Legs, arms, thighs, hands, and feet of men, women, and children, were hung up in rows, like dried beef; a great many limbs laid in pickle, and a great mass of money both gold and silver, with watches, rings, swords, pistols and a large quantity of cloaths, both linen and woollen, and an infinite number of other things which they had taken from those they had murdered, were thrown together in heaps or hung up against the sides of the den.

Sawney's family, at this time, besides himself, consisted of his wife, eight sons, six daughters, eighteen grand sons, and fourteen grand-daughters, who were all begotten in incest.

These were all seized and pinioned by his majesty's order in the first place; then they took what human flesh they could find, and buried it in the sands; afterwards loading themselves with the spoils which they found, they returned to Edinburgh with their prisoners; all the country, as they passed along, flocked to see this cursed tribe. When they came to their journey's end, the wretches were committed to the Tolbooth, from whence they were the next day conducted, under a strong guard to Leith, where they were executed without any process, it being thought needless to try creatures who were even professed enemies to mankind.

The men were dismembered, their hands and legs were severed from their bodies, by which amputation they bled to death in a few hours. The wife, daughters, and grand-children having been made spectators of this just punishment inflicted on the men, were afterwards burnt to death in three several fires. They all in general died without the least signs of repentance, but continued cursing and vending the most dreadful imprecations to the very last gasp of life.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
And the fient a body did him ken ;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
 Wi a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glare like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercaست ;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.—
 O sirs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak,
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

O had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight,
As he stauket in 'tween the dark and the light,
 And graned out, Aiken-drum !

Sauf us ! quoth Jock, d'ye see sic een ;
Cries Kate, there's a hole where a nose should hae
 been ;

And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had r'een;
 Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
 The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
 Rob's lingle brack as he men't the flail,
 At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
 But the glare o' his ee nae Bard hath exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
 But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
 And his knotted knees played ay knoit between;
 What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel did sain,
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
 While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
 And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith,
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it fear'dna Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
 "What wad ye, whare won ye—by sea or by lan'?"
 I conjure ye speak—by the Beuk in my haun!"
 What a grane gaed Aiken-drum?

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
 But I'se dwell now wi you, if ye like to try."
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

, 'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,^{*}
 I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
 And baa the bairns wi an unken'd tune,
 If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
 I'll kirn the kirn, and I'll turn the bread;
 And the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
 I'se tame't" quoth Aiken-drum!

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
 To gather the dew frae the heather bell—
 And to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum."

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
 I use nae beddin, shoon, nor sark;
 But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light and the dark,
 Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel
 Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
 Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il
 Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled "he's no be here!
 His eldritch look gars us swarf wi fear,
 And the feint a ane will the house come near,
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
 Despair sits brooding aboon his e'e bree,
 And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
 Is the grim glower o' Aiken-drum."

* On one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught at an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, "Confound thae wee gray anes! they cost memair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

“Puir slipmalabours ! ye hae little wit ;
 Is’t na hallowe’en now, and the crap out yet ?
 Sae she silenced them a’ wi a stamp o’ her fit ;
 Sit yer wa’s down, Aiken-drum.

Roun’ a’ that side what wark was dune,
 By the streamer’s gleam, or the glance o’ the moon ;
 A word or a wish—and the Brownie cam sune,
 Sae helpfu’ was Aiken-drum.

But he slade ay awa’ or the sun was up,
 He ne’er could look straught on Macmillan’s cup ;*
 They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever
 sup,
 Nor a spune sought Aikendrum.

On Blednoch banks and on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toiled wight was he ;
 While the bairns played harmless roun’ his knee,
 Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu’ o’ rippish freaks,
 Fond o’ a’ thing’s feat for the first five weeks,
 Laid a mouldy pair o’ her ain man’s breeks
 By the brose o’ Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide, when they convene,
 What spell was him and the breeks between ;
 For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
 And sair missed was Aiken-drum.

* A communion cup, belonging to McMillan, the well known ousted minister of Balmaghie, and founder of a variety of the species COVENANTER. This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry ; and it required through his future life, no common exertions in the good cause, to efface the stigma thus fixed upon him.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying "Lang, lang now may I greet and greive;
For alas ! I hae gotten my fee and my leave,
O, luckless Aiken-drum."

Awa ! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi your pro's and your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the sponible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum.

Though the "Brownie of Blednoch lang be gane.
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane ;^{*}
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and a sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi fear,
And looked roun for Aiken-drum.

And guidly fo'ks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gaed nae
light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi sugh's like Aiken-drum.

THE EMIGRANTS.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the expediency of emigration,—and, under certain circumstances, nothing is more easy,—it is at

* It is a curious fact worth notice, that in the neighbouring parish of Whithorn, to the west of the Burrow-Head, within the tide-mark, there is a large flat stone, on which the prints of human footsteps of all sizes are plainly discerned; they are generally known by the name of the *Deil's Fitsteps*, and have the appearance, as if a promiscuous multitude of barefooted people had trodden on a bed of soft clay.

all times painful to behold hundreds of our fellow creatures about, as it were, to cast their bread upon the waters, and trust themselves to the treacherous ocean, in quest of that better fortune, which, if found at all, must be found after the lapse of many days. Men, no doubt, like vegetables, frequently thrive the better for being transplanted; but the preliminary process is always painful, and could we invest a tree with the sensible warm emotion of animal life, it would not, perhaps, suffer more in being forcibly uprooted, than a mind of sensibility suffers on being suddenly divorced from home, country, and friends.—from the dearest kindnesses and tenderest sympathies of our common nature. No matter how slight a stake the poor emigrant may have had in that soil, which now denies him the means of comfortable subsistence; as he had but one father and mother, so he can have but one country, and the unbidden tear that steals down his manly cheek proves that patriotism cannot be measured by the caprices of fortune, and the accidental distinction of this life.

“There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave.”

And, in like manner, there is always some one to take an interest in the fortunes of the most obscure adventurer to a new continent; and when the emigrant thinks of the attention, of this one friend or relative,—of his

proffered convoy to the place of embarkation, —of the warm grasp of his horny hand, or choked utterance of the word Farewell, he feels that he is still an integer in the great sum of human existence, and eyes the receding shore with all the solicitude of Queen Mary herself, when about to exchange the latitudinary manners of a French for the unbending strictness of a Scottish court, influenced as it then was by an individual whom she is said to have feared more than a whole regiment of armed men. Impressed with these feelings and sentiments, I turned my horse's head, the other morning, in the direction of Glencaple quay, and almost before I was aware, found myself alongside of the good ship Elizabeth, then about to embark on a voyage of three thousand miles. The scene, to me at least, was extremely interesting. The lapse of a few hours had produced a wonderful change in the state of the weather,—the equinoxial gales seemed at last to have expended their fury, and the uncommon mildness of the 4th of April was felt as not the less grateful, as it was in some measure unexpected, and contrasted strongly with the angry winds and dashing rains by which it had been preceded. On the one hand, all was bustle and activity, while, on the other, the spectator found no lack of those parting scenes, which, according to Byron, press the life from out young hearts.—Here you had the light hearted sailor skipping from sail to

sail, and shroud to shroud, with all the fearlessness of the squirrel tribe ; and there numerous groups of poor emigrants, eyeing, with great anxiety, the progress of preparations, which seemed to hurry their departure, and caution them to abridge the tender interview. Among the females, in particular, every eye was filled with tears, whether of those that went or those that staid—from the mother, whose affection is divided betwixt the infant at her breast and the children at her feet, to the unincumbered maiden, who generously strove to assist her in her interesting duties. But, amidst all the variety of sex, character, and situation, exhibited in a mixed company of several hundred persons, one little group; above every other, forcibly arrested my attention : it consisted of five individuals, namely, a husband and his wife, and their son and daughter, together with an interesting youth, who had accompanied the latter to the beach, and evidently appeared in the character of her lover. A few broken sentences, which I accidentally overheard, at once initiated me into the secret of their story.

The parties belonged to a class of small farmers, and the farmer being resolved to try his fortune in another hemisphere, his whole family had agreed to accompany him. In this expedition the stranger youth heartily regretted that he could not join ; but still he determined to see the last of a family so dear to him ; and while the old people began to

ascend the vessel's side, he continued to grasp the hand of his sweetheart, with a fervour and earnestness which, under any other circumstances, would have excited the notice, and perhaps the ridicule of the surrounding crowd. But at this moment every one was too much occupied with his own cares to attend to the parting of these rustic lovers; and perhaps I was the only listener, while the faithful Thomas exclaimed, O Jeanie, Jeanie! if you kent but half o' what I feel at this moment, you would surely stay at hame, especially as your father has left it a' to yourself, and owned that he is laith to see us part. I hae nae muckle, Jeanie; but you ken my fancy never glaikit after anither; and as lang as these hands and this heart haud thegither, ye shall never want, O Thomas! replied Jeanie, how can ye speak that way?—how can you harrow up a heart that is owre grit already? my father, poor man, has met wi' mony a cross-providence of late: and how d'ye think I could sit in peace at hame, and my parents maybe (here she cried bitterly) pining for want in a land of strangers? my mother, too, ye ken, is subject to fits—my father and brother canna aye be in the house—and should she fa' into ane o' their Yankie log-fires—and me in a manner a' the wyte o't, I'm sure I wad never hae anither day to do weel. No, Thomas; we are baith but young yet, and should we live to see happier times, we'll no thrive the waur for having

done a' we could for them that hae done *sae* muckle for us. But Jeanie, said the lover, interrupting her, why should you be so much afraid o' your parents coming to want. Your father's a hale stout man o' his age, he's no gaun out quite empty-handed, like mony a puir thing I see near me ; your brother, too, they tell me, will soon be able to win a dollar a day ; and aboon a', when did you see the just man forsaken or his seed begging their bread ? amidst a' your trials, Jeanie, learn to put your trust in providence, and you'll never be disappointed. Yet what right have I to preach ?—I that was even now wanting you to do what I darena do mysell—leave my puir auld mother. Yet fain, fain wad I gang wi' you ; wi' you every country would be gude, and without ye, ilka ane, I fear, will be ill to me : but then my mother comes in there again, and she, as she says hersell, is like the bour-tree bush i' the corner o' our little garden, that has lost a' its sap, and downie be transplanted. Lang and sair hae I tried to persuade her ; but she aye stappit my mouth wi' something that made me maist ashamed o' mysell. Thomas, she would say, you've borne a long time wi' my frailties, but the end's near at hand now, lad. If it be the Lord's will, I'll no plague you muckle langer ; only lay my head decently in the grave, and then you may wander wherever you like. You ken, Jeanie, as weel as me, what she has come through ; five sons and four daughters

lie buried in the kirk-yard o' our native parish—my father's there amang the rest—and if the gude old christian has a single comfort in this world, its to hear our minister preach, and visit the grave o' her bairns and husband. The last time she was able to warsel to the kirk she sat down upon their tomb stane, and I never thought—I never thought, Jeanie—but here his voice failed him, and here also the lovers were reminded that in half a minute the vessel would be under weigh. There was not a moment to be lost. Half pulled, half carried, the affectionate Jeanie ascended the vessel's side, and ere her lover had time to recover himself, the Elizabeth, with every sail set, was bounding proudly over the waves, and clearing the beautifully dotted banks of Kirkconnel.

JEAN'S WA'S.

There are ruins and naked *walls* in many parts of Scotland, which bring recollections of the times that are gone! There are *walls*, even offhuts and of ordinary habitations, which often stand accompanied with romantic reminiscences.

Of these some exist in Galloway. One, in a strange situation, in the parish of Balmaclellan. It hath not been a baronial castle.—It hath not been a warder's tower—Neither hath it been a fortalice since the days of the

Bruce. The walls and foundations mark it only as the remains of a private domicile. And the site hath been highly romantic.— And there are romantic recollections yet following its builder !

On the southern bank of the Galloway Garpal, elevated, perhaps, one hundred feet above the bed of the stream, remain the relics of a house yet named "*Jean's Wa's*." The situation is not entirely unlike the more famous Hawthornden. A bold, precipitous rock, overhung with oaks and mountain ash, and stuck full, in its crevices, with wizard shrubs,— this forms the southern bank of the stream. The *wa's*, or walls, remain a few yards from the brink of this wooded and precipitous rock.— The Garpal murmurs plaintively beneath.— An exceeding large stone, like a cone, usurps the middle of the channel, almost directly to the *wa's*. On this stone hath often sat the heron and the hawk. In the merry months of spring, too, often, from its summit does the cuckoo issue its April note.

Another large stone stands farther up the stream. To the east, at the distance of nearly a mile, stands the castellated mansion of Barscobe. Nearly at the same distance, and nearly opposite to the venerable mansion, the Garpal falls over a rock, and forms the "Holy Linn."

Directly opposite to the vestiges of "*Jean's Wa's*" rises like an amphitheatre, a beautiful plantation of pines. In former days, 'twas a

variegated natural forest. This wood or plantation, which rises amphitheatrically from the eastern or northern bank of the Garpal, hath long been, called, and, perhaps may long retain the appellation of "Kate's Wood." To the north-west is seen the mansion and "glen of Ardoch," and, far beyond, the mountains on the confines of Carrick and of Cumnock. To the south (but unseen,) spreads the beautiful lake of Kenmore, with its celebrated castle *perched* at its head—the ancient residence of the "Holm,"—and, farther south, the ivied tower of Shirmus or Skirmars, adorns the banks of the Ken and its spreading lake.

Such the scenery, and such the environs of the ruins named "Jean's *Wass*."

And who was JEAN? who was she who chose this retired and remarkable residence?

There are some such characters as "Jeanie Deans" And there are some such characters as "Minna Troil." And there may be some persons, who, in some degree, unite the characters of both these beautiful creations.

And some such character Jean Gordon was. We are not about to describe the character of the prototype of Meg Merrilies, or the *monarchess* of tinkers and gipsies.—The "Jean Gordon" of Skirmars was a very different personage. Born to some fortune, and educated as a superior female in the 17th century, Jean Gordon, to all the softness of the sex, joined a superior intellect. She was tall and beautiful. Her Grecian contour,

and auburn locks, sometimes made impressions not easily effaced. And alas ! these impressions did not always turn out to the comfort of the accomplished Jean.

A youth came from Ayrshire. Lyndsay was his name. He fell deeply in love with Jean Gordon. He, too, was tall and personable.— And he wanted not the grace and the power to please. Somewhat like the “Darnley” of Mary Stuart, Lyndsay was unworthy of Jean Gordon’s heart. But he won her heart—he won it—and he cast it away !

The marriage day was all but fixed.— Lyndsay went to Ayrshire, seemingly to prepare for his bride. He there met with another mate. Miss Crawford was certainly a dashing girl. To flutter in public was her aim and her *forte*. A superior dowry seemed likewise awaiting her. She fluttered with Lindsay, and he forgot his Jean. He married Miss Crawford. He told not even the former mistress of his heart ! Jean languished in neglect. She wondered what had befallen her Lyndsay. But Lyndsay never came. ‘Twas only by accident that Jean Gordon was made acquainted with the inconstancy of her Lyndsay.

The tender soul of Jean was almost unhinged. Honest herself she put full confidence in others. Faithful on *her* part, she trusted to the constancy of Lyndsay. She trusted and was deceived. She was deceived and almost broke her heart.

Her friends would have her listen to the addresses of another. But to *this* the *deceived* Jean would never consent. She had once been deceived—she was determined never to trust again to man.

She decided to build a cottage in a solitary glen, and to devote the remainder of her days to devotion.

There were sequestered spots in the Wood of Skirmars. A sweet lake expanded betwixt the Skirmars wood and the “Lowran” Hill.—Here she might have dwelt. But she had a sister wedded to Maclellan of Barscobe; and she wished for a residence at a small distance from her sister.

As the families at “Holm” and Skirmars were connected, she obtained from the Gordons of Holm a spot to her mind. On the southern bank of the Garpal she decided to dwell. And her domicile was erected near the brow of a precipitous but well-wooded rock.

Here, then somewhat, after the beginning of the seventeenth century, did the lovely Jean Gordon take up her abode. She was little more than twenty. Her attendants were females, and few. Her Bible, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, composed her library. She often walked by herself on the banks of the Garpal. In dry summer days she would cross the stream—she would then lose herself in the shades and thickets of the eastern wood.

And oft, as if by prophetic foot, would she wander by that hollow, which afterwards got

the appellation of "Society Holm." *Here* she would sit on the shagged rocks. Here would she listen to the song of the blackbird. And oft would the "sooty blackbird seem to mellow his sad song," as if to please the melancholy Jean. And often, when the mavis would chirp mournfully, would Jean rise and say—"Alas, poor bird! thou also may have lost thy mate!"

Indeed, the after tidings of Lyndsay that reached the retirement of Jean, were not of a nature to compose her mind. He lived unhappy with Anne Crawford. They parted. He went abroad. He joined the levies of a foreign prince. But a military man, a relative of Jean's, who knew his ungentlemanly conduct to his cousin, challenged Lyndsay, and stabbed him to the heart! When dying, the miserable man exclaimed—"May God forgive me! And O, bear my blood and my remorse to the injured Jean Gordon!"

Jean lived not long. For deep despondence preyed upon her soul. In one of her evening walks she caught cold—she fevered, and sickened—and died!

Some say she was buried on the bank of the stream where she delighted so often to muse. But there is an ancient tomb in the church-yard of Balmaclellan which incloses the dead of the joint houses of Holm and Skirmars. Perhaps in this repository hath mouldered the dust of the lamented Jean Gordon.

The domicile of "Jean" had now become tenantless. The Garpal murmured by, but "Jean" heard it no more. The cuckoo cried on the big greystone—but she *cooed* no longer for "Jean." The mavis sang sweet in the woods of *Bogue*—but "Jean" walked *there* no longer to hear it. The blackbird, in the sombre summer evenings, whistled his sad song, beneath the rock which supported "Jean's" cottage—but alas! the heart of "Jean" was responsive no more. The season of the leafless woods succeeded, and the rustling of the *sere* leaves beneath the woodman's feet brought to his heart the flower which had fallen on the other side.

So faded the flower of the Ken; which had thus been transplanted to the banks of the Garpal! Yes—the flower faded—the maid withered—but her spotless spirit winged its way to the mansion of peace! The Father of Mercy received that wounded soul! He received and renewed it in the land of Emanuel! The stream of the Garpal was succeeded by the River of Life—the woods around her cottage by the Garden of God! The slighted bride of Skirmars was now united to the Bridegroom of Immortality!

The sister at Barscobe lamented her loss. All the poor lamented Jean Gordon; for "Jean" was the sister of the poor. Her domicile stood tenantless. But there was a new mansion to be built at Barscobe. Mac-

lellan and his spouse were determined to rebuild even the stones of "Jean's" cottage into their castellated mansion. And they did rebuild their mansion. And they carried even the stones of their sister's cottage *there*!—The foundation, however, remained, as if to mark where had been the domicile of a lamented friend. And even in 1823 the vestiges remain.

And the Maclellans themselves are no more! But their mansion stands. And *yet*, above its door-way, and in other parts of the house, may be noticed the arms of Maclellan quartered with those of the Gordons!

And the vestiges of "Jean's" dwelling remain. And long hath it been called, and may yet be longer named, by the country people—JEAN'S WA'S!

And forty or fifty years after the death of "Jean," did the hymn of devotion again ascend from the sides of the Garpal. And wanderers and melancholy men besought the Power of Mercy and Salvation!

And while the persecuted hid themselves in the eastern woods by day, or wandered down the banks of the stream by the mellow moonlight,—sometimes lifting their eyes to the *wa's* of "Jean," would they sigh, and say—"The child of sorrow is gone! But, had she remained, her roof would have been our shelter!"

A Y L M E R G R A Y.

Young Aylmer Gray to greenwood hied
 By dawning o' the morn,
 With gallant greyhounds swift and sure
 And bow and bugle horn.

The forest rang, the wild deer sprang,
 The shaft glanc'd aff a tree,
 Thro' Fairgirth * wood the hounds pursued,
 And o'er Barnhourie lee.

Sir Ochtred frae his window high
 Look'd forth in angry mood—
 "What churl dare chase my fallow deer
 Within Barnhourie wood?"

Gae prove your speed my billmen bauld,
 Yon felon take or slay,
 Alive or dead bring him to me,
 Else ye shall rue the day."

And they have ta'en young Aylmer Gray,
 And bound him foot and hand,
 And barr'd him in the dungeon deep
 To wait their lord's command.

* Fairgirth is an estate situated in the parish of Colvend — From many vestiges of antiquity it must have been a place of note in the olden time—probable the residence of some feudal chief. The mansion house stands, at about a mile distant from the sea-side, at the head of an inlet of the Solway, in a pleasant sequestered dell surrounded with natural oaks, and sheltered on the north and east by rugged hills of considerable altitude.— Here stood in ancient times a chapel, the burying ground belonging to which is now converted into a barn yard. Some people were alive lately who remembered to have seen some of the tombstones and inscriptions, but none can now be found. Near which is a fine spring of pure water, dedicated to St Lawrence, and known by the name of St Lawrence's well. The Rev Mr Maitland is now proprietor.

His mother weeps in Clifton glen—

Her only child was he,
And she has to the baron gane,
And low she knelt on knee.

“O list the widow’s plaint” she says,
And spare the mother’s tears !
Yon fair-haired youth’s the only hope
Of my declining years.

Ten milk-white steeds shall be your ain,
That graze on Clifton brae,
Sir Ochtred brave, an ye will save
The life of Aylmer Gray.”

“A solemn oath on my guid brown blade
Right deeply have I sworn,
That yon fair youth o’ the yellow locks
Shall hanged be the morn.

Though four and twenty milk-white steeds
Were hecht to set him free,
And a’ their manes o’ the wiry gowd,
Young Aylmer Gray should die.”

Five stalwart sons, three daughters fair,
Adorn’d the baron’s ha’,
But Adeline, his youngest bairn,
She far outshone them a’;

Her locks were like the raven’s wing,
Her brent brow like the snaw;
Her ain twa hands could span her waist
Sae jimp it was and sma’.

The mother hied to ladies’ bow’r,
While tears stream’d frae her e’en,
And wha stept forth to welcome her
But lady Adeline.

“A widow’d mother’s grateful heart
Shall bless thee night and day,

Sweet lady fair, an ye can spare
The life of Aylmer Gray !”

That lady crept at midnight hour
To where her father lay—
She staw the keys from his bed head,
And fled with Aylmer Gray.

The curach skimmed Barnhourie banks,*
And left the Scottish shore ;
And the gentlest bluid o’ Cumberland
Has bid them welcome o’er.

THE SMUGGLERS.

Daylight was appearing over the blue hills of Cumberland as the long boat was hoisted on deck, after landing a cargo of gin and brandy from a smuggling brig, which rode at anchor in a bay of the Solway. “Diaoul am skypchw !” sung out old Griffyth Llewyn the boatswain, from the mast head, in a tone somewhat between the opening of a fox hound and the growl of a tan-yard mastiff—“Diaoul am skypchw ! Captain Yakens, there’s a lefty sail in the offing, and she stands right in for the mouth of the bay—She’s a sloop of war by G—, with her sky-scrapers and royal studding sails, flying jib and spritsail—topsail, with the Union Jack at her mizzen peak.”—“Pipe all hands to quarters,” cried the captain, “cut away the cable by the hawse—put

* They run far into the Solway Frith betwixt the Colvend and Cumbe land shores.

the helm up, and man the foretopsail halliards—hoist the jib and foretopmast staysail”—All hands were instantly at work, and the brig was soon under weigh, while amid the creaking of blocks aloft, the yo ho! of the sailors, and the patter of their feet upon the deck, the voice of old Yakens was heard at intervals, giving the necessary orders to clear ship for action.—“Cast off breechings and muzzle lashings, overhaul the gun-tackles, prime your guns fore and aft, and get your matches lighted,—trice up the boarding nett-ings and see your pikes and pistols ready—the first man aboard that offers to flinch his quarters, shall have my cutlass in his guts, by G—.” Besides a goodly tier of twelve pounders on each side, the brig mounted two long eighteen pounder stern-chasers, which captain Yakens usually called his long Toms, and of which he was not a little vain. These he ordered to be double shotted with round and cannister, and beside each, he stuck in the deck a linstock, with a match ready lighted. Being prepared to give the cruiser a warm reception, the brig stood out to the middle of the bay, and laid her main top-sail aback; not daring to put to sea, as the enemy was now so near that she would be able to lay her alongside, and board her in the narrow entrance of the bay, where the swiftness of the smuggler would avail her nothing. The wind was light and variable, shifting to almost every point of the compass, as is often

the case in places such as that, almost surrounded by steep and lofty hills, separated from each other, in various places, by deep and narrow glens, down the bottoms of which, among thickets of whins and brambles, wind-ed trodden pathways, the only passes of communication between the shores of the bay and the inland country. On one side, the entrance of the bay was formed by a pile of huge cliffs, whose grey pinnacles, the haunts of innumerable gulls, puffins, and cormorants, overhung the boiling surge, which groaned and weltered among the chasms worn by the tides in their bases. From the foot of a steep hill, on the opposite shore of the bay, a shell bank stretched obliquely towards these cliffs, terminating in a ledge of rocks, which at flood tide were mostly under water. The outermost two of these, approaching to within a few cable lengths of the opposite cliffs, were known among seamen by the name of Pellocks, from their resemblance to the shape of that creature, as they appeared above the water at ebb tide. A strange vessel, making into the bay, was very apt to run foul of these Pellocks, and, if it blew hard, to be beat to pieces. The cruiser seemed to have had intelligence of the smuggler, for having taken in her small sails, with courses clwed up, her hammocks stowed in the nettings, her yards in the slings, and all ready for action, she passed between the Pellocks and the cliff, and steered slowly and majestically up the bay.

The smuggler stood across, in hopes of being able to get between her enemy and the narrow sound, but was prevented by the cruiser hauling her wind on the same tack, and keeping within long range; maintaining a constant fire of single guns, which were promptly answered by captain Yakens. The report of each gun being several times echoed by the surrounding hills, it seemed as if a whole squadron had been engaged. At length a breeze springing up in a favourable quarter, the smuggler, having made several tacks across the bay, followed by the cruiser which kept still between him and the offing, resolved to make a bold run for the sound.—“Helm a-weather,” cried Yakens, “drop the peak—square the main yard—let go the head bowlines—brace about the head yards.”—She wore bravely; and the cruiser putting about at the same time, both made for the entrance, firing their broadsides as they bore down. When within a short distance of the sound, the smuggler came close alongside her enemy. Old Yakens on the quarter deck, betwixt his two stern-chasers, plucked from his bald scalp the hat and wig, and tossing them on the cruiser’s deck, “Take these,” cried he, “you lubberly dogs, for wadding to your guns”—The brig shot a-head like an arrow, and firing her long ‘Toms, double shotted, raked her antagonist from bow to quarter, killing several men, and cutting away so much of her running-rigging that the

sails became in a great measure unmanageable. Having gained the offing, she stood merrily to sea, slowly followed, but in no danger of being overtaken by the sloop of war.

Meanwhile a strong party of the country people who were concerned in that contraband traffic, were busily employed in carrying off the goods, and concealing them in the glens, in pits dug out under ground, and covered over with turf, which they called cellars. Having finished with concealing all but what they intended carrying off at that time, they brought their horses from the thickets where they had been tied; and each man assisting his neighbour, they loaded the horses with two casks each, slung in ropes over the back, and fastened under the belly with girths and leather straps. This done, and seeing the coast all clear, they assembled to take some refreshment from their leather-cased pocket bottles, and to settle the particulars of their march. And first, it was necessary to appoint a man well mounted, and who knew the country exactly, to ride in front and act as guide. "I'll tell you what, lads," said big Tam Raffie, "There's no a man amang ye kens the country better than I do, an' there's nane amang ye better mounted. I could engage to ride my mare Black Bess, through foord an' through flowe, in ony direction, a-tween Raeberry and Dalmellington, the mistiest day or the mirkest night in win-

ter; an' I'm thinkan" says Tam, poising in his hand a large whalebone whip handle loaded at the end with about two pounds of lead, 'There's few o' the kingsmen, wha ken Tam Raffle, would be willing to plant themselves forenent him. It's no a month sin' I grippet by the collars Andrew Rab an' Rough Roger the hulkmen, at Jamie Guthrie's door-cheek at the Abbey-burn, and held their heads to the wa' till two o' our ain folk laided their naigs wi' *the guids*, an' rade aff afore their vera noses." "Just sae, Tam," said Wat Wylie, taking a draught of right Cogniac from a cased bottle which he called his pocket pistol, "Just sae,—but that was after I had bribed the twasome wi' half a dozen silk Barcelonas. to stan' still an' mak' nae resistance." "Nane o' your jaw, Wylie," said big Tam, "ye're ay readier to crack your joke, than to clour a crown in time o' need—resistance!—they kenn'd they were in the gled's clawts"—And truly when about half drunk, with one of his large paws on a man's throat, and the other twisted in the hair of his head, Tam was a formidable antagonist, if no lethal weapons came into play; but in all other circumstances, an arrant coward. However as he knew the country perfectly, and was well mounted, he was chosen front rider. But as they stood a far greater chance of being pursued than of being met by the kingsmen, they required quite a different sort of person to bring up the rear.

There was among their number a daring, resolute fellow, called Ivay Macgill. This man seemed to take delight in nothing so much as setting the laws of his country at defiance. Following no regular employment, he was by turns a smuggler, a poacher, a killer of salmon in close time, and whenever a vessel chanced to be cast away on the coast, Ivay was sure to be on the look out for plunder. In his person he was tall and sinewy, bearing the appearance of remarkable agility rather than of extraordinary strength. His compressed lips, and small grey eyes, peeping fiercely from under two bushy eyebrows of a reddish tawny hue, marked him out for a man ready to do any desperate deed. In their drunken carousals, he usually sat apart from his comrades, smoking his pipe in silence like one in abstruse thought; and when the fumes of the liquor had inspired all the rest with mirth and called forth the broad laugh and the smutty song, although Ivay had drank perhaps more than any of them, he rarely relaxed into a smile, but would contract his brows and seem to be sunk in deeper gloom. On the present occasion he rode a strong chesnut horse, and as it was well known that he regarded neither his own life, nor that of any other man, the party, with one consent, fixed on him to bring up the rear. They all carried heavy bludgeons, or long loaded whip handles: and, beside these, many of them had under their coats instru-

ments somewhat like the blade of a butcher's knife, about eighteen inches in length, shutting into a wooden handle a little longer, with a joint like a common clasp knife. This weapon Wat Wylie called a jockteleg. Having fixed on their line of march, and appointed in case of attack and dispersion, to meet at night in Johnnie Mac Whirter's Public, at Clachan-gate, each man mounted his horse, and, seated between the two casks, began their march up the narrow way which led through one of the passes of the hills. They reached the open inland country, without any appearance of danger. Tam Raffle rode merrily in front, about a gun-shot before the rest of the party, now and then singing a verse of some song to beguile the tediousness of the way, and sometimes calling back to his comrades to mend their pace. As he was jogging on and liltng up merrily

Where'er we see a bonny lass we'll ca' as we gae by,
Where'er we meet wi' liquor guid, we'll drink an
we be dry;

There's brandy at the Abbey-burn, an' gin at Hes-
tan bay,

An' we will go a smuggling before the break of day,
For we are jolly smugglers— — — —

All on a sudden Tam's song ceased, and those next him were alarmed by seeing him cut the slings of his casks, and ride away as fast as Black Bess could carry him, plying his whale-bone whip on hêr sides with great vigour, and sometimes looking over his shoulder to see if

he was getting fast enough out of the reach of some imminent danger. In a little he disappeared in a hollow, which led into the wood of Auchenwhattle, from the recesses of which a whole troop of dragoons could not have unkenelled him in the length of a summer's day. Presently after Tam's disappearance, Ned Alishender, the next in advance, perceived a party of dragoons at some distance, riding briskly across the smugglers' line of march, as if on purpose to intercept them on the open plain. Ned immediately halted, and waving his bludgeon to Ivay Macgill, in the rear of the party, pointed towards the dragoons. Ivay was at no loss to understand the signal, and trotted briskly forward, every man halting as he came up to where Ned Alishender stood; and all together forming a close body, with their horses' heads towards the dragoons. Astonished at seeing the boldness of the smugglers, the kingsmen made a pause when they came up, and commanded them in the king's name to surrender. Macgill, who acted as captain of the band, answered only by a brandish of his bludgeon; whereupon the serjeant who headed the dragoons, ordered his party to fire their pistols over the heads of the smugglers, thinking to intimidate them into submission.

This was answered by a huzza, and another flourish of Ivay's club. The dragoons seeing this, charged furiously, cutting away at the smugglers, who defended themselves

with their bludgeons, and with their joctelegs repaid the soldiers for every cut they received. Being more than two to one, the smugglers kept together in a compact body, and the nature of the ground being such that they could not be attacked any where but in front, although they were encumbered with their casks they made a stout defence. Sergeant Bagshaw the leader of the dragoons, enraged at being thus kept at bay made a resolute dash and forcing himself into the midst of the smugglers endeavoured to disperse them and open an entrance for his men. Being reputed one of the best swordsmen in his regiment, he wounded several of the smugglers severely, but still he failed in breaking open a passage for his men. For some time he was opposed by Ned Alishender, a powerful man, and, next to Macgill the most courageous of the party ; but the serjeant, by his superior skill in the use of his weapon, cut Ned on the right shoulder, and his jocteleg fell from his hand. At this instant Ivay Macgill rushed forward, his grey eyes glaring, with their outer corners turned up obliquely like a tiger cat, and without hesitation attacked the serjeant most furiously. In spite of all his science, the dragoon found his sword crossed in every cut which he made, by the smugglers bludgeon.

(To be continued.)

BLACK MURRAY,

A TRADITIONAL TALE.

Where waves yon green wood, by the Dees
rocky side,

A freebooter used, in "old times," to abide.

He came from afar, and was swarthy and grim,

And the rude Gallovidians trembled for him.

In stature and strength he a giant appeared,

And no laws he obeyed, and no monarch he feared.

When his wrath was excited, quick flashed his dark
eyes,

And the echoes around him repeated his cries,

Which alarmed the fair nuns of yon sea-beaten isle,*

Where nature yet looked with a cold, gloomy smile.

No roses there blushed in the freshness of morn ;

No daffodils rose the green sward to adorn ;

The harebell and crowfoot, with others less fair,

Were all that e'er bloomed in the solitudes there.

There trees threw their branches, so lofty and wide,

But lovers beneath their cool shade never sighed ;

And seldom a sound met the wayfarer's ear,

Save the hum of the bee, ever pensive, yet dear ;

Or the cry of the sea-mew, not far from the land,

Or the sob of the waves as they broke on the strand.

The bosom of Murray no sympathy swayed ;

No grief-speaking tear o'er his cheeks ever strayed.

From his hovel, that knew not the sun's cheering
light,

He darted at once on the poor passing wight,

And stretched him in death by the Dee's rolling tide,

Where often he stalked in the gloom of his pride.

The fair lands of Bombie, as chronicles tell,

Where long the Maclellans delighted to dwell,

* St Mary's Isle.

Were promised to him who should instantly bring
 The freebooter, dead or alive, to the King.
 Day rose : in his boat Murray hastened away
 To the rough coast of Senwick to plunder and slay ;
 The sky was serene, yet the morning was chill,
 And the dew-spangles glanced on the heath of
 the hill.

Then youthful Maclellan repaired to the wood,
 Where the hut of the merciless freebooter stood,
 Whose well having filled with strong spirits, he flew
 To an ash-woven bower that commanded the view ;
 And waited the hour when, with soul-thrilling joy,
 He should the vile scourge of his country destroy.
 Day's smiles yet were lingering on mountain and
 tower,

And clear was the evening, and still was the hour,
 When the daring despiser of justice, of law,
 Returned to the wood, to his pallet of straw.
 He threw himself down, but a soul-freezing dream
 Soon his slumbers disturbed, and he woke with a
 scream ;

And flew from his hut with the speed of the roe,
 To deal with his bludgeon the death-giving blow.
 He looked wildly around him, no foe could he see,
 Heard nought but the soft-sobbing waves of the
 Dee ;

He returned to his hut, but no rest could he find,
 For his late shocking vision still tortured his mind.
 He flew to the streamlet that sparkled so clear,
 Where oft he had slumbered when evening drew
 near ;

And, as he his thirst could no longer sustain,
 He drank at the fountain again and again,
 Till, at length, on the green turf he sunk to repose,
 No more to awaken, or dream of his foes.

'Then subtle Maclellan, with dagger in hand,
 Destroyed the dark sleeper on Dee's rocky strand;
 And leaving the body to wild beasts a prey,
 With the head to his sovereign he hurried away,
 And received the reward which his cunning had
 won;
 And the lands of the father thus came to the son. *

* "In the same reign (James II's) it happened that a company of Saracens or Gipsies from Ireland, infested the country of Galway; Whereupon the King emitted a Proclamation, bearing, That whoever should disperse them, and bring in their Captain, dead or alive, should have the Barony of Bombie for his reward. So it chanced that a brave young Gentleman, the Laird of Bombie's son, fortunately killed the person for whom the reward was promised, and he brought his head on the point of his sword to the King, and thereupon he was immediately seized in the Barony of Bombie for his reward, and to perpetuate the memory of that brave and remarkable action, he took for his crest a Moor's head on the point of a sword, and Think On for his motto."

CRAWFORD'S PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND.

Tradition affirms that the Outlaw above alluded to was a foreigner—a runaway from some vessel which had put in at the Manxman's Lake; that he used to cross the Dee, in a small boat, to the opposite coast of Borgue, where he committed many depredations. Tradition farther says that Maclellan, younger of Bombie, caused a great quantity of ardent spirits to be poured into the freebooter's well—a singularly successful snare; for Murray, on his return from his last predatory excursion, drank so plentifully of the *grog* that he soon became intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep. Maclellan, then rushing from his place of concealment, attacked and speedily despatched the monster. He immediately afterwards journeyed to Edinburgh, and laid the head of the *Captain* at the King's feet. His Majesty did not at first recollect the reward he had promised to whoever should kill Murray; whereupon Maclellan bade him Think On, which is the motto of the Kirkcudbright family. Murray's, or, as it is more commonly called, the Blackamoor's well, is situated in the Blackmorrow wood, lying to the south of Kirkcudbright, and distant only a few yards from the public road leading to the Manxman's Lake.

JANET SMITH.

Old Janet Smith lived in a cottage overshadowed by an ash tree, and flanked by a hawthorn, called Lasscairn, so named, in all probability, from a cairn of stones, almost in the centre of which this simple habitation was placed, in which, even within the period of my remembrance, three maiden veterans kept rock and reel, bleezing hearth and reeking lum. They were uniformly mentioned in the neighbourhood as the "lasses o' Lasscairn;" though their united ages might have amounted to something considerably above threescore thrice told. Janet, however, of whom I am now speaking, had been married in her teens, and her husband having lost his life in a lime quarry, she had been left with an only child, a daughter, whom, by the help of God's blessing, and her wee wheel, she had reared and educated as far as the Proofs and the Willison's. This daughter having attained to a suitable age, had been induced one fine summer evening, whilst her mother was engaged in her evening devotion under the shade of the ash tree, to take a pleasure walk with Rob Paton, a neighbouring ploughman, but then recently enlisted, and to share his name and his fortunes for twenty-four months to come. At the end of this period she found her mother nearly in the same position in which she had left her, praying earnestly to her God to protect, to direct and re-

turn her "bairn." There were, however, two bairns for the good old woman to bless, instead of one, and the young "Jessie Paton" was said to be the very picture of her mother. Be that as it may, old Janet, now a grannie, loved the bairn, forgave the mother, and, by the help of an additional wheel, which, in contra-distinction to her own, was denominated "muckle," she, and her *broken hearted deserted daughter*, contrived, for years to earn such a subsistence, as their very moderate wants required. At last a severe fever cut off the mother, and left a somewhat sickly child at about nine years of age, under the sole protection of an aged and enfeebled grandmother. It was in this stage of old Janet's earthly travail that I became acquainted with her and her *daughter*,—for ever after her mother's death, the child knew her grandmother by no other name, and under no other relation.

Janet had a particular way, still the practice in Dumfries-shire; of dressing or preparing her meal of potatoes. They were scraped, well dried, salted, beetled, buttered, milked, and ultimately rumbled into the most beautiful and palatable consistency. In short, they became that first, and, beyond the limits of the south country, least known of all delicacies, "champit potatoes." As I returned often hungry and weary from school, Janet's pot presented itself to me, hanging in the reek, and at a considerable elevation above the fire, as the most tempting of all objects.

In fact, Janet, knowing that my hour of return from school was full two hours later than hers of repast, took this method of reserving me a full heaped spoonful of the residue of her and her Jessie's meal. Never whilst I live, and live by food, shall I forget the exquisite feelings of eager delight with which that single overloaded spoonful of beat or *champit* potatoes was devoured. There are pleasures of sentiment and imagination of which I have occasionally partaken, and others connected with what is called the heart and affections; all these are beautiful and engrossing in their way and in their season, but to a hungry school boy, who has devoured his dinner "piece" ere 10 o'clock A. M., and is returning to his home at a quarter before five, the presentiment, the sight, and, above all, the taste and reflection connected with the swallowing of a spoonful—and such a spoonful!—of Janet Smith's potatoes, is, to say nothing slightly or extravagant, not less seasonable than exquisite. As my tongue walked slowly and cautiously round and round the lower and upper boundaries of the delicious load, as if loath rapidly to diminish that *bulk*, which the craving stomach would have wished to have been increased, had it been ten-fold, my whole soul was wrapt in Elysium: it tumbled about, and rioted in an excess of delight, a kind of feather bed of downy softness. Drinking is good enough in its season, particularly when one is thirsty; but the

pleasures attendant on the satisfying of "*the appetite*" for me!—this is assuredly the great—the master gratification.

But Janet did not only deal in potatoes, she had likewise a cheese, and on pressing occasions, a bottle of beer besides; the one stood in a kind of corner press or cupboard, whilst the other occupied a still less dignified position beneath old Janet's bed. To say the truth of Janet's cheese, it was not much beholden to the maker. It might have been advantageously cut into bullets or marbles, such was its hardness and solidity—but then, *in those days*, my teeth were good—and, with a keen stomach, and a willing mind, much may be effected even on a "three times skimmed sky-blue!" The beer—for which I have often adventured into the "terra incognita" already mentioned, even at the price of a prostrate person and a dusty jacket—was excellent—brisk, frothy, and nippy—my breath still goes when I think of it. And then Janet wove such long strings of tape, blue and red, white and yellow, all striped and variegated like a gardener's garter! I shall never be such a beau again, as when my stockings on Sabbath were ornamented with a new pair of Janet's well-known, much-prized, and admired garters.

It was, however, after all, on Sabbath that Janet appeared to move on her native element. It was on Sabbath that her face brightened, and her step became accelerated—that her

spectacles were carefully wiped with the corner of a clean neck-napkin, and her Bible was called into early, and almost uninterrupted use. It was on Sabbath that her devotions were poured forth—both in family and private capacity—with an earnestness and a fervency which I have never seen surpassed, in manse or mansion—in desk or pulpit. There is, after all, nothing in nature so beautiful and elevating, as sincere and heart felt, heart-warming devotion. There is a poor frail creature, verging on threescore and ten years, with an attendant lassie, white-faced, and every way “*shilpy*” in appearance. Around them are nothing more elevating or exciting than a few old sticks of furniture, sooty rafters, and a smoky atmosphere. Surely imbecility has here clothed herself in the forbidding garb of dependence or squalid poverty! the worm that crawls into light through the dried mole hill, all powdered over with the dust from which it is escaping, is a fit emblem of such an object, and a condition. But over all this, let us pour the warm and glowing radiance of genuine devotion! The roots of that consecrated “ash” can bear witness to those half articulated breathings, which connect the weakness of man with the power of God—the squalidness of poverty with the radiant richness of Divine grace. Do those two hearts which, under one covering, *now* breathe forth their evening sacrifice in hope and reliance—do they feel—do they

acknowledge any reliance with the world's opinions, the world's artificial and cruel distinctions? If there be one object more pleasing to God and to the holy ministers of his will, than another, it is this—age uniting with youth, and youth with age, in the giving forth into audible, if not articulate expression—the fulness of the devout heart.

Lord W——, whose splendid residence stands about fifteen miles distant from Lasscairn, happened to be engaged in a hunting expedition in the neighbourhood of this humble and solitary abode, and having separated from his attendants and companions, he be-thought him of resting a little under a roof, however humble, from which he saw smoke issuing. But when he put his thumb to the latch, it would not move ; and after an effort or two, he applied first his eye, and lastly his ear, to the key-hole, to ascertain the presence of inhabitants, the solemn voice of fervent prayer met his ear, uttered by a person evidently not in a kneeling, but in an erect posture ; he could in short, distinctly gather the nature and tendency of Janet's address to her maker. She was manifestly engaged in asking a blessing on her daily meal ; and was proceeding to enumerate, in a voice of thanksgiving, the many mercies with which, under God's good providence, she and hers had been visited.—After an extensive enumeration, she came at last to speak of that *ample provision* on which she was now imploring a blessing. In this

part of her address, she dwelt with peculiar cheerfulness, as well as earnestness of tone, on that goodness which had provided so bountifully for her, whilst many, better deserving than she, were worse circumstanced; the whole tenor of her prayer tending to impress the listener with the belief that Janet's board, though spread in a humble hut, must be at least amply supplied with the necessaries of life. But what was Lord W.'s surprise, on entrance, to find that a round oaten bannock, toasting before a brick at a peat fire, with a basin of whey—the gift of a kind neighbour—composed that *ample and bountiful provision* for which this humble, but contented and pious woman expressed so much gratitude.—Lord W——was struck with the contrast between his own condition and feelings, and those of this humble pair; and, in settling upon Janet and her inmate £6 a-year for life, he has enabled her to accommodate herself with a new plaid and black silk hood, in which she appears, with her granddaughter, every Sabbath, occupying her well-known and acknowledged position on the lowest step of the pulpit stair, and paying the same respect to the minister in passing, as if she were entirely dependent on her own industry and the good will of her neighbours as formerly.

MAGGY O' THE MOSS.

(continued from page 30th.)

That wi' Eclipse, the far-fam'd racer,
 It would have been as vain to chase her,
 As 'tis for mortals of this zone
 To seek the philosophic stone !

And aft, at night, ane black as soot,
 Who seem'd to wear a cloven foot,
 Wad visit Meg's—for on the green,
 Next morn, strange footsteps aft were seen ;
 And by her well, each gloomy night,
 Will o' the wisp's deceitfu' light,
 Within a quagmire, to decoy
 The traveller and the errand-boy :—
 And her old cot amang the trees,
 Did mony a night seem in a bleeze ;
 Frae midst of which was heard the noise
 Of hellish revelry and joys—
 And when the morning came serene,
 Still stood her cot as nought had been,
 And muckle mair that proved weel
 Meg must ha'e dealings wi' the Diel

Old Simon, wha nane had offended,
 But they wha only ill intended,
 Wi' Maggy's tricks was weel acquainted,
 And lang wi' Meg had been tormented.
 Ae night had Maggy changed her form,
 And, like an eagle in the storm,
 Wi' hideous yells she filled the air,
 And tirl'd Simon's cottage bare ;
 And by some cantrip spell o' Meg's,
 His ducks had a' laid wounded eggs ;
 His tappin'd hen, a favourite burdie,
 By Maggy's craft, had ta'en the sturdy,
 Which did poor Simon so provoke,

He swore he would stand nae sic joke ;
 But on himsel' took solemn vow
 That he some day would score her brow ;
 And rid himsel' o' a' these evils
 In spite o' Meg and a'the devils,
 That ever wrought an incantation
 In this, or any other nation !

Ah ! Simon ! sair ye did repent
 Your hasty vow and rash intent,
 Ye little kent what Meg wad play
 Wi' you, for that some ither day ;
 Ye little thought ye had to flee,
 Far, distant far, beyond the sea ;
 Through chaos' bounds to meet auld Clout,
 Whilst Maggy rode thee like a brute ;
 Which chanc'd ae night to be thy fate,
 As I mean shortly to relate .
 My rustic muse, ye maunna fail,
 Whilst I recite the awful tale :
 And such a tale,—the Lord look o'er me !
 As never mortal mouth'd before me.

'Twas when dark winter ruled the time,
 And Sol beamed faintly on our clime ;
 The day had fled, and o'er the night
 The moon-beams shed their silver light ;
 The twinkling stars look'd frae the skies
 Wi' smaller, but wi' sharper eyes ;
 The settled air was calm and still,
 And far resounded every rill ;
 The loud hoarse bark from scatter'd domes,
 Proclaim'd who watch'd the Farmer's homes ;
 The whistling wild fowl left the lakes,
 To seek unfrozen springs and brakes ;
 For biting frost had bound the soil,
 And kept the plowman frae his toil ;
 The curlers now had left their play,

Expecting more the coming day ;
 For still the atmosphere felt keen,
 And clouds were nae where to be seen,
 But all round, an unbroken view
 Of orbs of light, 'midst realms of blue,
 Plac'd in the heavens to move or stand,
 By order's great unerring hand.

Old Sim', wha did but seldom roam,
 Did chance that night to be from home ;
 His road was langer than the day
 Sae night o'ertook him in his way,
 Yet still he thought himsel' secure
 Frae witch, or de'il, or evil doer ;
 The road was short he had to gang,
 But there were fleysome parts amang ;
 Wi lengthened stride he on did jog,
 Whyles o'er a knowe, whiles in a bog ;
 Whyles round some mire he took a turn,
 Whyles stepping o'er some wimpling burn ;
 Whyles speeling dikes, and louping ditches,
 Right glad he had got free frae witches !
 Still stepping on, he reach'd the hight,
 And gladly saw his cottage-light ;
 When all at once, to his surprise—
 A figure stalked before his eyes,
 Approaching near, it stood before him,
 Whilst an increasing dread came o'er him !
 Auld Meg's phys'og he weel did ken,
 Ilk bristled hair stood up on en' ;
 Aff flew his bonnet and his wig,
 Each limb shook like an aspen twig ;
 His heart deep dreading something ill,
 Went like the clappers o' a mill ;
 And something did—what I for shame
 Shall never dare at'empt to name !

Thus Simon stood, like ane rebuk'd,
 And naething said, but fearful look'd ;—

Nor had he power to say 'guid e'en',
 Or, 'pray, dear neibour, whare ha'e been ?'
 Nor for his life could lift a leg,
 To try to save himsel' frae Meg ;
 But like Lot's wife, in ancient time,
 Was turned a pillar for her crime ;
 So Simon stood, a statue carnal ;
 Whilst Meg rag'd like some fiend infernal !

Now like a wild beast mad for prey,
 It's hungry cravings to allay ;
 Like baudrens when she sees a mouse,
 Or falcon when he sees the grouse ;
 Like ocean's monsters in their flight,
 That dart at what's before their sight ;
 Sae Maggy flew wi' furious haste,
 And made poor Sim the cauld earth taste ;
 Then cross his haunches striding o'er,
 She gave him the command to soar :
 At first poor Simon, swear to yield,
 Held hard and fast the frosty field ;
 His body now earth's surface spurn'd :
 He seem'd like gravitation turn'd ;
 His heels went bickering in the air,
 He held till he could haud nae mair :
 Till first wi' ae han', syne the tither,
 He lost his haud o't a'thegither ;
 And mounted up in gallant style,
 Right perpendicular for a mile ;
 Then changing for a worse condition,
 Flew off in horizon position ;
 Whilst Maggy, as she swiftly mounted,
 His limbs wi' hazel oil anointed !

Ah Simon ! when thou wert ascendin'
 Why didst thou not touch every tendon ?
 Bow down thy head—kick up thy heel,
 And twist and wallop like an eel ?

And throw the carlin off thy back,
 Till on some craig her head play'd crack?
 Or broke the charm, and when ye fell
 Kept Meg beneath and saved yoursel'?
 But that was far frae Simon's power,
 He fand't impossible to throw'er;
 For dowp on dowp she thought nae crime,
 And clasped her feet beneath his wame;
 For brawly ken'd she how to ride,
 And stick right close to Simon's hide;
 For aft had Maggy on a cat
 Across the German Ocean sat;
 And wi' auld Nick and a' his kennel,
 Had aften crossed the British channel;
 And mony a night wi' them had gone
 To Brussels, Paris, or Toulon;
 And mony a stormy Hallow e'en,
 Had Maggy danced on Calais green!

But Maggy had that night to gang
 Through regions dreary, dark, and lang,
 To hold her orgies in a place
 Which men denominate, 'unknown space':
 Where a' the witches were to gather,
 Between this world and the nether;
 And there wi' Nick to hold levee,
 Besides some glorious jubilee;
 To celebrate some fate renown'd,
 Such as, when Pharaoh's host were drowned;
 The morn when our first parents fell;
 Or Satan's self broke loose frae hell.
 Yet such a night it chanced to be,
 As even witches seldom see;
 For Satan's self had given orders,
 Through ev'ry nook of the earth's borders,
 That ilka warlock, witch, and elf,
 That night half-way should meet himself;

And they unanimous did chuse
 The northern pole for rendezvous;
 Where a' should meet their different legions,
 E'er they flew to the dismal regions!

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRICE OF BLOOD AND INJURIES,
*in Scotch money, according to the ancient
 laws of Scotland, from the fourth book
 of Lese-Majestie, folio 74, and 75.*

Chap. 39.

The blude shed out of the head of ane Earle
 is nine kye.

2. *Item*, the blude of the sonne of ane
 Earle, or of ane Thane, is sax kye.

3. *Item*, the sonne of ane Thane, thrie kye.

4. *Item*, the Nephoy of ane Thane, twa
 kye and ane halfe of ane kow.

5. The blude of ane husband-man drawen
 under his breath is les be the thrid parte, then
 all the paines foresaid.

6. *Item*, the richt of ane woman not maried,
 sall be conforme to her brothers, gif she anie
 hes.

7. *Item*, in all persons foresaids, blude draw-
 en under the end, or mouth, is thrid parte les,
 then drawen above the end.

7. All other and sundrie things, quhilk oc-
 cures in Barone courts, are determed at the
 discretion and will of the Lord of the court.
 Except Birlaw courts, the quhilks are rewled
 be consent of neighbours.

Chap. 42.

Be the law of *Scotland*, for the life of ane man, nine times twentie kye.

2. For ane fute, ane marke.

3. For ane tuth, 12. pennies.

4. For ane wound of the length of ane inch, 12. pennies.

5. For ane strake under the eare, saxtein pennies.

6. For ane strake with ane batton, aucht pennies; and gif he quha is striken falles to the earth, saxtein pennies.

7. *Item*, for ane wound in the face, he quha gives the samine, sall pay ane peice of golde, that is, ane Image of golde.

8. *Item*, for ane broken bane, five *oræ*.

9. For ane wounde under the claiths, twelve pennies.

10. For ane wound before the sleive, saxtein pennies.

11. For ane visible wound, except in the face, fiftene pennies.

12. For ane wound above the end, five shillings.

13. Under the end, fourtie pennies.

14. For ane strake with the fute, fourtie pennies.

15. *Item*, for ane straik with the steiked neif, twelve pennies.

16. *Item*, anent the straik with ane palme of the hand, for ilk finger, twelve pennies.

17. For shedding, or drawing of blude, twentie five shillings : beyond the Scottis sea (*upon the south side of the water of Forth*) and upon the north side of the samine sea or water, sax kye.

18. Bot in these cases, use and conswetude sould be observed.

OLD FONTENOY.

Many persons in Galloway still remember an old beggar who was well known among the country people by the name of Fontenoy.— In his youth he had been a soldier, and had served in the Flanders war under the Earl of Stair and the Duke of Cumberland. On winter evenings, when seated at the ingle-side of any of the farm houses where he was in the habit of taking up his quarters, the old man would entertain the good folk with long narratives, rehearsed with peculiar animation, of the service he had seen abroad; and these invariably led to a detail of the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, given with such prolixity that they mostly lasted till supper time. On this account he became rather an important personage among the peasantry, and was frequently called by no other name than “Dettingen” and “Fontenoy.”

“Ye’re growan auld an’ stiff noo, Fontenoy,” said the guidman of Mosstammock to the old mendicant, as he was laying by his pokes and

pike-staff behind the langsettle, in a cold sleety November gloamin,' previous to taking his accustomed seat aboon the fire; "Ye're growan auld an' stiff now, man; ha'e ye no saved as meikle as wad buy ye a bit auld gal-lowa' to carry yoursel' an' yer pokes out o' the mire? Ye're weel kenn'd in the kintra, man; an' naebody wad grudge to let ye bide on a Saturday night, the mair o' hae'ing to gi'e you a pluck o' girse, or a wap o' strae to your bit beastie." "Say ye sae—say ye sae, guidman?" quo' the auld carle, "Ye're maybe right, an' maybe wrang:—but gin the douse folk that ha'e aften afforded me bield frae the doure blast, gi'e a bit an' a soup to auld Dixon himsel', I'm thinkin it'll be a gey while or they be fashed to gie plucks o' girse or waps o' strae to his garron. An hear ye me guidman! I might aiblins come to misken mysel', like mae afore me:—ye ken what the auld by-word says, "Set a caird on a cuisser an' he'll ride to the Deevil."—An' now when I hae mind o't, thro' a' the time I was in the army, the cat an' nine tails was never sae near clawing my shouthers whare they werena yeukie, than ae time for that vera bye-word. When I was in Flanders wi' the Deuke, there was a blustering, domineering major, belonging to Colonel Hay's regiment o' dragoons; an' weel I wat did mair skaith to his ain men than to the French, they called him Coldbridge, but he was better kenn'd through the ranks by the name o'

Major Cabbage. His father was a tailor in Lunnon, an' his mither had been leman to auld Lord L———; sae that may weel enough account baith for the name he gat, an' for his rising to the rank o' Major.— Weel, it happen'd that, on our retreat after the battle o' Fontenoy, our division had to pass along a narrow beach, atween a water an' a quakin' bog, whare only five men could march abreast, an' this Major Cabbage was bringing up a party o' dragoons for our rear guard. But maybe thinking he wasna getting fast enough out o' the enemy's gate, or maybe wussan to show the mettle o' his naig, (whilk was ay an unco deal yaulder when the trumpets sounded a retreat, than when they sounded a charge,) the Major claps the spurs to his flanks, an' pushed straught forret into the bog. He hadna gane far till down he plumpit in a quaa to the saddle laps, no far frae whar I was passing. "Bide ye there, ye ill faur'd loon," quoth I, "Set a caird on a cuiser an' he'll ride to the Deevil." Neist morning I was tried by a regimental court-martial, for disrespect to an officer; but by good luck a' the Scots officers o' the corps had fa'n in the battle, an' the English cou'd-na mak' out the preceese meaning o' the words perqueerly; an' sae I wan clear, as I wasna fuil enough to be interpreter mysel'.— The Major gat sprachling out, wi' meikle ado, a' co'er'd wi' glaur an' mire; an' lived to win hame in time to get a Lochaber aix in

in his wame, alang wi' thirteen mae o' his
corps, by the han o' a single Hielandman
they ca'd Golase Macbane; at the heels o' the
fight o' Culloden."

M'CLELLAN'S TOMB.

These lines were suggested to the author by the sight of a tomb-stone in the little solitary church-yard of Kirkcormack, which lies close by the river Dee,—on the opposite side of the water to Argrennan house. the seat of Robert Ker Esq — This church-yard, like many others in Galloway, is still occasionally used as a place of interment by a few families amongst the farmers and peasantry ;—although no trace is left of the place of worship to which it was once attached, save a grassy mound which apparently marks the site of the foundation * The tomb in question is in the interior of this mound ;—a flat stone engraven in characters nearly illegible with the name of the *Honorable Patrick M'Clellan, aged eighteen*. Some armorial bearings can still be traced upon the stone, and likewise the date, 1535. The occupant of the tomb was probably one of the M'Clellans of Auchlane, but the author has been unable to gather any particulars respecting him.

Young sleeper by the waters !
How many a year hath fled
Since thy house's mournful daughters
Here wept their early dead !
Since thy stately kinsmen slowly
Laid the funeral stone o'er thee,
Within the Chapel holy
Close by the rushing Dee !
That funeral stone's cold barrier
When it hid thy faded bloom,
Did e'en the stalwart warrior
Drop a tear on thy tomb ?

* The last incumbent of this church that I can find mentioned is Mychael Dun. He was there as Exhorter in 1570 : his stipend amounted to 29 merk, or (£1 11 1 $\frac{1}{3}$) — HISTORY OF GALLOWAY, VOL. I. p 499.

Did thy mother, anguish-laden,
 There vent her soul's despair ?
 Did perchance some sorrowing maiden
 Pour her heart's warm tear-drops there ?

When the weary Pilgrim roaming
 Thro' fair Galloway,
 To the river Chapel coming
 There knelt him down to pray,
 Did thy sculptured name remind him
 Of mortal life's brief span,
 Till he cast earth's cares behind him
 And went forth a holier man ?

Yea ! doubtless many wept thee
 In thy cold winding-sheet ;
 And many a fond heart kept thee
 Unforgotten while it beat ;
 And many a Mass rose piously
 For thy repose to pray,
 But time hath dealt with these as thee,
 And all are pass'd away.

Nor love, nor prayer, young Sleeper !
 Thy memory hath kept :
 In death's cold realm the Weeper
 Hath lain down by the Wept.
 Could thy long rest be broken,
 Of thy lofty race thou'd'st see
 Scarce one surviving token,
 Save the stone that covers thee.

Thy proud forefathers' dwelling
 The land knows no more ;
 No trace remaineth telling
 Where they held their state of yore :
 Here, where they wont to bend them
 And breathe the holy vow,

The Chapel-walls would lend them
But little shelter now.

The Chapel-walls lie level
With the earth o'er thy breast,
On their base the wild flowers revel
And the lark makes her nest;
But the river, where it floweth,
And the hills that skirt the shore,
And the breeze that o'er them bloweth,
They are ever as of yore.

Man's work no more retaineth
A place above the sod;—
But, thy last long home remaineth
'Mid the changeless works of God:—
Each trace of all that knew it
For ages hath been flown;—
But heaven's sweet showers still dew it,
And sun-beams kiss the stone.

Nor boots it now, young Sleeper !
If thou wends't at night or morn
If green or ripe the Reaper
Laid low the stately corn;—
Alike to thee thy waking
When *the trump* shall summon thee,
Thy sleep of ages breaking,—
Beside the rushing Dee.

EXTRACTS FROM A RARE WORK, ENTITLED

“A JOURNEY THROUGH SCOTLAND.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF A JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND.

LONDON: 1723.

“In five hours from the Isle of Man I arrived
at Kirkcudbright, in the Stewartry of Gal-
loway in Scotland.

Kirkeudbright is an ancient town, with the prettiest navigable river I have seen in Britain. It runs as smooth as Medway at Chatam; and there is depth of water and room enough to hold all the fleet of England, so that the Britannia may throw her anchor into the Church-yard.* It is also land-locked from all winds; and there is an island which shuts its mouth with good fresh water springs in it, which, if fortified, would secure the fleet from all the attempts of an enemy; but as this harbour lies open only to England and Ireland, it was never worth a government's while to make use of it. The situation of the town is a perfect amphitheatre, like the town of Trent on the confines of Italy, and like it not surrounded with high mountains but a rocky-stony crust, which in this country they call craigs; for they make a distinction here between mountains, hills and craigs. The mountains are very high, rocky, and covered with heath, or heather: the hills are high, not rocky, and covered with grass, which makes the finest pasture for sheep and small black cattle: the craigs are hard stony rocks, not high, and thinly covered with grass, through which the rocks appear like a scab. In the middle of this craiggy country lies this little town, which consists of a tolerable street, the houses all built with stone, but not at all after the manner of England; even the manners, dress

* At this time the common burying ground of the Burgh was on the Moat brae, annexed to the old Church.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

and countenance of the people, differ very much from the English. The common people wear all bonnets instead of hats; and though some of the townsmen have hats, they wear them only on Sundays, and extraordinary occasions. There is nothing of the gaiety of the English, but a sedate gravity in every face, without the stiffness of the Spaniards; and I take this to be owing to their praying and frequent long graces, which gives their looks a religious cast. Taciturnity and dulness gains the character of a discreet man, and a gentleman of wit is called a sharp man. I arrived here on Saturday night, at a good Inn; but the room where I lay, I believe, had not been washed in a hundred years. Next day I expected, as in England, a piece of good beef or a pudding to dinner; but my Landlord told me, that they never dress dinner on a Sunday, so that I must either take up with bread and butter, a fresh egg, or fast till after the evening sermon, when they never fail of a hot supper.—Certainly no Nation on earth observes the Sabbath with that strictness of devotion and resignation to the will of God: they all pray in their families before they go to church, and between sermons they fast; after sermon every body retires to his own home, and reads some book of devotion till supper, (which is generally very good on Sundays;) after which they sing psalms till they go to bed.

This, with the adjacent Shire of Galloway,

is reckoned one of the coarsest parts of Scotland; yet is no part of what is called the Highlands, although a high country, and are in clans or tribes as there. The Macdweles, Mackys, Macqhys, Maclurgs, Maclellans and Maxwells, are the common names here; but gentlemen are never called by their names here, but, as in France, by their estate: and indeed where so many gentlemen of the same name and surname live in the same county, it would make confusion in business if they were not distinguished by their designations. As for example; I know six gentlemen each called John Maxwell in this Stewartry: when you ask for any, you never name him, but his lairdship, as they call it. A lairdship is a tract of land with a mansion house upon it, where a gentleman hath his residence, and the name of that house he is distinguished by. If you meet a man on the streets, and ask for Mr Maxwell of Gribton, you ask for the Laird of Gribton; but if it is a knight you mention both name and designation: did you see Sir George Maxwell of Orcharhton?

I am the more particular in this; because as this is general through the whole Kingdom, I may not be putting you after to the trouble of explanations. There are lairds here of 500 pounds a year, and of 15 only; a Galloway laird of 20 or 30 pounds a year is a frequent thing and all gentlemen, as in Wales

King Charles I. erected this ancient borough into a barony, for Mr Maclellan, a gentleman,

of his bedchamber by the title of Lord Kirkcudbright ; but his estate was so exhausted in the service of his royal master during the civil wars, that at the restoration none of the family would take the title ; till this last parliament of King George, in 1722, there was such a struggle for the electing the sixteen Peers, that a poor man who kept an alehouse in the neighbourhood, and was lineal heir to the title, was persuaded to put in his claim, and accordingly voted, and is now upon the Parliament rolls as Lord Kirkcudbright. There is in the town a good old castle in tolerable good repair, with large gardens, which belonged to the family, but belongs now to the Maxwells.

There is a monument of freestone, with a statue as big as the life, in the Abbey Church of Dundrennon, near this town, with this inscription in great Roman capitals :

HIC JACET VIR HONORABILIS DOMINUS
PATRICIUS MACLOLANDUS DE WIGTON ET
VICECOMES GALLAVIDIE QUI OBIIT ANNO
DOMINI MILLESIMO QUADRAGESIMO
QUINQUAGESIMO SEDUNDO CUJUS ANIMA
REQUIESCAT IN PACE M'CLELLAN.

There is fine salmon-fishing in this river, and no place can be finer situate for a white fish-fishing on the bank of Solway and the north coast of Ireland ; but the inhabitants neglect both, there being never a ship and scarcely any boat belonging to the whole town. But the union having encouraged both English

and Scots to improve the fishing on the coasts and in the rivers of Scotland, it is to be hoped that this well situated town for that trade may in time come to flourish.

From Kirkcudbright in 24 miles, on the best road I ever knew, being spacious and hard under foot, through this Stewartry of Galloway I arrived at Dumfries. There is neither hedge nor ditch by the road-side, as in England; but wherever you see a body of trees, there is certainly a Laird's house; most of them old towers of stone, built strong, to prevent a surprize from inroads, which were frequent between the two nations before the kings of Scotland came to the crown of England. And two miles off Dumfries I saw Terragle, the paternal seat of the unhappy Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale, who was taken prisoner at Preston, and made his escape out of the Tower. It consists of a large oval court, in which are very stately apartments and large gardens, suitable to the grandeur of so noble a family. Also within six miles I visited New-Abbey, founded by the famous Dernagilla, whose picture we saw in Baliol College in Oxford, for the burying-place of her husband John Baliol king of Scotland, whose heart is entombed here; and she called the Monastery Dulce Cor, on which Winton, an old Scots poet, made the following inscription:

When *Baliol*, that was her Lord
Spousit, as you heard Record,

His Saul send to his Creator,
 Or he was laid in Sepulture,
 She gart apyne his body tyte,
 And gart take his heart out quite;
 With Spicery right well Savourand,
 And of kind wele Floworand,
 That ilk Heart, as Men said,
 She balmyt, and gart be kaid
 In a Coffore of Ebore,
 That she gart be made therefore
 Enamylit and perfectly Dight,
 Locket and bunden with Silver bright,
 She foundit into *Galloway*
 Of *Cestertians* Order an Abby;
Dulce Cor she gart thame all,
 That is sweet Heart that Abby call,
 But now the Men of *Galloway*
 Call that Steid *New-Abby*.

This *Dernagilla* was daughter to David
 Earl of Huntington, brother to king William
 the Lion, and married to John Baliol of Ber-
 nard-Castle in Yorkshire; and by her right
 her son disputed the crown with Robert Bruce
 Earl of Huntington.

I passed the river Nith from Galloway to
 Dumfries over a fair stone bridge of thirteen
 large arches, the finest I saw in Britain next
 to London and Rochester. There is a street
 that leads from the bridge by an easy ascent
 to the castle, which is on the east of the town,
 and hath a commanding prospect of the town
 and adjacent counry. This castle belonged also
 to the Earl of Nithsdale; and from it the
 high street runs by an easy descent to the
 church at half a milc's distance. This high

street is spacious, with good stone buildings on each side ; those on the north side having their hanging gardens to the river side.

The Exchange and Town-house are about the middle of the street towards the south ; and besides this great street Lochmaben-street hath very good houses. This is a very thriving town, and hath a good face of trade, yet their shipping does not come up within two miles of the town.

This town hath been famous for being firmly zealous to the protestant interest ever since the Reformation ; and that firmness contributed very much to the Lords Nithsdale, Carnwath and Kenmure's throwing away themselves at Preston in England : if they could have been masters of Dumfries, they had played a securer game.

The country round this town is very pleasant, and strewed with gentlemen's seats, all finely planted with trees, the great ornament of seats here. Carlayrock castle, all of free stone, and a fine piece of architecture, on the banks of Solway in full view of England, and the capital of the Earls of Nithsdale hath been a noble seat by its vestiges, which are not so decayed, but they give a full idea of what it was in its glory.

This family is very ancient, and for many ages considerable ; for it stands recorded, that King Robert Bruce, cotemporary with the English king Edward the first, gave to Sir Eustace Maxwell of Carlayrock twenty two

pounds sterling, for having of his own accord demolished to the ground his castle of Carlarock, that it might not be made a garrison by the English, whence they might have annoyed the country. We find also that a Robert Lord Maxwell sent to France in King James the fifth's days, and married by proxy, for the King, Mary of Lorrain, daughter to the Duke of Guise : he was Lord of the Bed-chamber, Colonel of the King's Guards, and Warden of the Marches. And if we may believe Sir Ralph Sadler, Ambassador from Henry the eight, this Lord Maxwell was the chief person Henry the eight depended upon, for bringing of Scotland under the subjection of England after James fifth's death. It is remarkable that this very Lord Maxwell, to convince King Henry of the power he had in the Kingdom, brought in a bill, and carried it in Parliament, for printing and publishing the Bible in the English tongue, notwithstanding the opposition of the Queen dowager and clergy ; and yet the family was then, and hath ever since been Roman Catholicks.

In King Charles the first's reign we find Robert earl of Nithsdale a great negociator in foreign courts ; and the Earl who made his escape from the Tower was allied to all the great families in the two Kingdoms.

Dumfries stands in the provence of Nithsdale, or the valley of the river Nith ; For it is the custom over all the south of Scotland to call the country of each side of a river *dale* ;

as that on the Tweed. Tweeddale ; that on the Annan, Annandale; that on the Clyde, Cliddisdale ; that on the Tiviot, Tiviotsdale ; although these are not the proper names of the shires on the rolls of Parliament. Annandale is within the shire of Dumfries, adjoining to Nithsdale ; It is but a coarse moorish country, chiefly inhabited by the name of Johnston, of which the Marquis of Annandale is chief : his chief seat in this country is Lochhead, near the famous wells of Moffat, that purge like those of Scarborough, and are much frequented ; but here is no raffling, walking and dancing, as at Bath and Tunbridge : an universal quietness reigns in the place.

After I had made this little excursion into Annandale, I proceeded up the banks of the Nith, through a most beautiful country of about four miles broad on each side of the river, and in twelve miles riding arrived at the palace of Drumlanrig, the ancient paternal seat of the Dukes of Queensbury.

The *gusto grande* is what is often mentioned by the Italian Architects : they tell you that Lewis the fourteenth King of France had it : since, having so many good natural situations in his kingdom to build a palace, he neglected them all and by building the finest palace in the world, in the barrenest part of his dominions, Versailles, and bringing rivers over mountains to supply it with water, shewed the greatness of his taste : the great Duke of Devonshire, in the situation of his

seat at Chatsworth, the same. And the first Duke of Queensbury, who built this noble palace in the reign of Charles the second, may seem to have had the oddest taste in the world in the situation of it; for it stands on a rock, environed with high mountains on every side. The palace is a square building of fine freestone, with a spacious court in the middle, and a turret, and great stone stairs in each corner; the gallery and chief apartments are adorned with family pictures, and most richly furnished; the offices below are very noble; and the hanging gardens cut out of the rock down to the river side, with water works and grottos, do every way answer the great genius of William, Duke of Queensbury its first founder. At the church of Desdier, hard by, is a noble monument of James, the last Duke, in marble, as big as the life, in his garter robes, with his Dutchess by him, a sister of the Earl of Burlington. There is a vast plantation of trees round the palace, and the surprise of seeing so fine a building in so coarse a country adds to its beauty.

The first of this noble branch of the Douglasses was William Douglas, son to James, Earl of Douglas, who by a deed, which I have seen, gave to him in portion the barony of Drumlanrig in the shire of Dumfries, about the year 1400. The witnesses to this donation are Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, James Douglas, Lord of Dalkeith, James Lindsey, Lord Crawford, William

Lord Lindsey, Robert Lord Colvil, and William Lord Borthwick, *cum multis alijs*.—After this donation he was sent ambassador to England to release King James the First then prisoner in London, from whom he obtained a charter, all written by that King's own hand on vellum, curiously done, confirming the Earl Douglas's donation of the lands of Drumlanrig, Haulyke and Selkirk, signed and sealed at Croydon in Surrey the last day of November, 1412. We find this Sir William a great sharer in all the public transactions during that King's absence, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in France, in 1427. We find this family eminent through the whole race of the Stewarts down to Charles the first, who created the Lord Drumlanrig Earl of Queensbury, and Charles the second created the grandson, first, Marquis, and then Duke. He was esteemed in this kingdom as a very great man, possessed of a great estate, loved grandeur and lived up to the great posts he enjoyed in the kingdom, and hath a fine monument erected over him at Desdier, the burial place of the family. His son James (the late Duke) was one of the politest, well bred noblemen of the courts of King James, King William and Queen Anne : he joined early at the Revolution, was one of the Lords of the bed-chamber to King William, commanded the Scots troop of Horse Guards, and was Lord High Commissioner to several Scots Parliaments, both in the reign

of King William and Queen Anne, and presided in that which concluded the union of the two kingdoms. The present Duke is Lord High Admiral of Scotland, but resides mostly at London.

From Drumlanrig I ascended a famous pass cut out on the side of a rock called Entrokin Path. This Path or pass is near a mile to the top, and is very steep. There cannot above two go a-breast; and the precipice is much more dreadful than Permanmawr in Wales. This path brought me into the widest, poorest country I ever saw, worse by far than the Peak at Darby; and yet there is a tolerable good house in it, belonging to the Earl of Hopton, called the Leadhills, where he hath very large mines of lead, which bring him in a good revenue. I made haste out of this desert, and in three hours riding I got to Need Path in the county of Tweeddale, the seat of Douglas Earl of March. The first Earl was second son to the first Duke of Queensbury, and created by King William. * * * * * I may also observe to you, that in every county I have yet passed through, I have met with a Murray of above 500 pounds sterling a year rent, viz, Murray of Broughton near Kirkcudbright, and member of Parliament for that Stewartry; Murray of Stormond in Nithsdale, and Murray of Stanhope here: and so I am told it will continue through most counties of the Kingdom.

* * * * *

The barony of Renfrew, although small, hath many noblemen's seats in it. The castle of Dundonald, the ancient seat of the Stuarts before they were Kings, gives now title of earl to the family of Cochran; and the celebrated Abbey of Paisley was, at the Reformation, turned into a Lordship, in favour of the Lord Claud Hamilton, a younger son of the Duke of Chateau Herault, who was created Earl of Abercorn, and Lord Pasley: but that family afterwards settling in Ireland, the Abbey and lands were purchased by the Earls of Dundonald, who now kept their residence there; which is so pleasant that the Dutchess of Beaufort, after the death of both her husbands, although an English woman, chose it for her residence, and died there.

Here is also the castle of Areskin, which gave name to the family of Mar, and of which they were long lords, before they came to be Earls of Mar.

The ancient family of Lord Semple hath also their seat here. This family were bailiffs to the Stuarts for this barony, and remained so after the Stuarts came to the throne; but continuing till of late Roman Catholicks, they have made no great figure since the Reformation.

Here is also Halkhead, the ancient seat of the Lord Ross's family; who were originally Ross of Wark in Northumberland, but followed the fortune of King Robert Bruce, and have settled here ever since. The present

Lord was one of the sixteen Peers in the last Parliament; and his brother, General Ross, a leading man in the House of Commons.

Boyle of Kelburn, created Earl of Glasgow by Queen Anne, hath also his seat here: as hath likewise Cuningham, Earl of Glencairn, a very ancient and noble family created Earls by King James the second. They have been Chancellors of Scotland formerly; and the present Earl is Governor of Dumbarton castle.

From this county of Renfrew, I entered the beautiful country of Cuningham, all enclosed as England, and extends for thirty miles along the banks of the Frith of Clyde, to the river of Air. There are several branches of the name of Cuningham very considerable here.—Sir James Dalrymple says, that the first of this family was an English gentleman who being concerned in the murder of Thomas a Becket, fled hither; and gives for reason, that they carry a Bishop's pall for their arms; I suppose, he means a crosier, or saltyre; but, with submission, I believe it is a pitch fork; for Lord Glencairn's motto is, Over fork over: and the name answers to husbandry; for in the High-Dutch and Saxon language, Coningham is a kingly situation; and the name as well as the arms, suit both the plenty and the beauty of the country.

This country was early inhabited by the Saxons, and never by the Highland Scots; yet the famous Sir William Wallace, that had so many exploits against the English, in King

Edward the first's reign, was a native of Cunningham, and his posterity are a considerable family in that country to this day.

In a few miles riding in this beautiful country, I arrived at the castle of Eglinton, the capital seat of Montgomery, Earl of Eglinton, a most ancient and noble family, who have been above three hundred years Earls. He was a branch of this family, that Count de Montgomery, Captain of the Scotch band in France, established by Charles the fifth, for the defence of his own person and his posterity; who in a Tournament, killed King Henry the second of France, by the splenting of his spear at a tilt, entering his helmet at the eye, and pierced his brain. This gentleman being the son of Montgomery of Givan, took part afterwards with the French Protestants in the time of the League, and being apprehended was beheaded. The family have been zealous Protestants since the Reformation; and the present Earl was one of the sixteen Peers in the last Parliament of Queen Anne. He hath a great estate, and is a great improver; but none of his seats come up to the dignity of his rank. They seem to be a French family originally, for they give the same coat of arms with the Kings of France, in a double tressure: and Mr John Montgomery, of Givan, a grandson of the family of Eglinton, is now one of the Gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales.

A little way from Eglinton, lies Kilwinning, a pretty large village with some good seats in

it, and of which that Lord is bailiff. In two little miles more, I got to Irvine, a tolerable sea-port, consisting of two pretty good streets, and the houses well built ; and upon the Key, a good face of business, especially the coal trade to Dublin. This town also gives the title of Viscount to an English family of the name of Ingram ; yet although it is the best town in Cuningham, Kilmarnock (six miles further from the sea) is reckoned the chief, and gives title of Earl to the family of Boyd, a family that flourished in the reign of King James the second, and was ruined by King James the third. The Lord Boyd was so great a favourite, that the King gave him his daughter in marriage, created him Earl of Arran, and conferred all the great employments of the nation on his family : but that King's son, soon after he came to the throne, sent his Lordship to Denmark, to bring him a Queen ; and during his absence, stripped the family of their all : some historians say, of his wife too but others affirm, that the Lord Hamilton did not marry her till the Lord Boyd's death. King Charles the second (the best natured Prince in the world) took pity of the family, and raised them again by the title of Earl of Kilmarnock.— This town is famous for all kinds of cutler's ware.

On the rising grounds that separate Cuningham from Clyddesdale, stands the castle of Loudon, a very noble seat, with a commanding prospect over all this country ; the ancient seat

of a branch of the Campbels, and Earls of Loudon : they are come of the Duke of Argyle's family, and give the same arms, but in different colours ; what is *Sable* and *Or* in the Duke's, is *Argent* and *Gules* in this. An Earl of Loudon was Chancellor of Scotland in all the difficult times of King Charles the first. The Lord Clarendon, and other historians of his time, have said so much of him that I will not trouble you with the character of that very great man which I am sure you have read there. His grandson the present Earl, was Secretary of State to Queen Anne, hath been one of the sixteen Peers in the British Parliament ever since the union, and is knight companion of the most noble order of St Andrew, or the Thistle.

It was his brother, Colonel James Campbell, that you saw behave so well at the battle of Malplaquet, at the head of the Grey Dragoons, of whom he is now Colonel : and by marrying the only daughter of Sir John Shaw of Greenock, will add a new family to that illustrious and noble tribe.

From Kilmarnock, in eight miles, I crossed the river of Air, over a fair stone bridge, to the town of Air ; which looks like a fine beauty in decay. Here are the ruins of an ancient trading town ; the market place and two streets shew what it hath been, but every thing is now out of order. It lies at the mouth of the river, on the Frith of Clyde ; but Irvine is by much, a town of more business ; although this was formerly the

fifth town in Scotland. Here are the remains of a citadel built by Oliver Cromwell ; who, in imitation of King Edward the first, rode this country in a curb bit, and built citadels near all their great towns, which were generally demolished at the Restoration.

A few miles above Air, on the river-side, is the ancient seat of the Lord Cathcart, a family that have been for many hundred years barons. But the glory of them, is your acquaintance, Colonel Cathcart, whom you knew in Flanders Major to the Grey dragoons ; he had an old regiment of foot on King George's accession to the throne ; is one of the gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, and eldest son of this noble family.

This country is called Kyle it is more mountainous, but not near so beautiful as Cunningham.

Here also is the old castle of Stair, the habitation of the family of the Dalrymples ; a family that was never conspicuous till after the Restoration. Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, for his knowledge in the Law, was appointed by King Charles the second one of the Lords of Session, or Senators of the College of Justice, and in 1671, Lord President of the Session ; in which post he continued till the Duke of York came to Scotland ; when opposing the arbitrary measures then carrying on, and foreseeing the misery that must attend his country on that Prince's accession to the throne, he fled to Holland, where he led a private life till at the

Revolution he came over with the Prince of Orange, was created Lord Viscount Stair, and restored to his Post of President of the Session. But his highest glory was, to see four of his sons the greatest men in the nation, not by favour but by merit. The eldest son John, was Secretary of State to King William, and created afterwards Earl of Stair : Hugh is now President of the College of Justice, or Session ; the same place which his father had : Sir James, one of the finest gentlemen of his time, and a curious Antiquary, was made Clerk of the Parliament and Session : and Sir David, whom you have so often heard in the English House of Commons, Lord Advocate or Attorney-General.

The Grandchild to this first noted Dalrymple, I mean the present Earl of Stair, I need say nothing of, since all Europe have been filled with his prudent and vigilant negotiations, when Ambassador in France : and he is now deservedly one of the Lords of the bed-chamber to the King, and knight of the most noble order of St Andrew.

Upon my mentioning this family to you, I cannot help making a remark, which will hardly occur to you in the History of any other Nation ; that the same race should continue the capacity and learning in the family, as well as the honour and estate, for several generations."

* * * * *

"In a few miles from Air, I entered the county of Carrick, which as Cuningham lies

along the banks of the Frith of Clyde, and the three, Kyle, Cuningham and Carriek, compose on the Parliament rolls the shire of Air, though they are three distinct Jurisdictions, and have each their several bailiffs, who hold their courts independent. This country gave title of Earl to Robert Bruce, before he was King of Scotland by Martha the daughter of an earl of Carriek in 1270, who falling in love with Robert Bruce, while her father was upon an expedition to the Holy Land, in which he died, married him: and was mother to that Robert that was afterwards King; the Stewart marrying his daughter, got the estate; which, with the title, belongs now to the Prince of Wales, who hath great superiorities, although no very great revenue from this country.

The first good seat I met with in Carriek, is Bargany, a good modern building, with pretty good gardens which gives title of Lord, to a branch of the house of Hamilton. A few miles further is the castle of Cassils, the ancient seat of the Kennedies, Earls of Cassils, an Irish family; who being page to King Robert the third, got his daughter with child, and married her: his son, by that marriage, was created Lord Kennedy; and in James the second's reign, Earl of Cassils. There was a fine gentleman of this family, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and Archbishop of St Andrews, who, I told you from thence, founded St Salvador's College there; and they carry their arms in a tressure, as a branch of the royal family.

Minnibol, the capital of this country, where all the courts are kept, is a very indifferent place, and no seaport; and upon the river Girvant, is a beautiful little vale for some miles; and then I came to the town of Stranraer, a royal burgh on Lochrian, but hardly a house two stories high, in the whole town, and a most miserable place. Do not take Lochrian, from its name, to be a lake of fresh water, as Loch Leven or Loch Lomond; no it is an arm of the sea that lies between two points that run out, the one called the Mull of Galloway, and the other the point of Corsehill; and running deep into land, makes a bay, where they have a good herring fishing in the season; the country round this bay is called the Rinns of Galloway, where now I am returned. Near this I landed from the Isle of Man, and I cannot help saying that it is the coarsest part of all the kingdom, hardly excepting Lochaber and Ross; but nature, you know, hath made the extremities of all countries mountainous; the Alps, for example, between France and Italy; the Pirraneans between France and Spain: and the mountains of Tirrel, between Germany and Italy; and yet the people here live in as great plenty as there, and in Galloway there is a numerous gentry,

From Stranraer in four miles of very bad road I got to Port-Patrick, a miserable place, where the Packet-boats pass between Scotland and Ireland, and make but a short passage, having a full view of the coast of Ireland all

the way; but the boats are not so good as those that pass the Frith of Forth, from Leith to Fife.

From Port-Patrick, I passed by the ancient Monastery of Whithorn, having England, Ireland and the Isle of Man, in full view, and arrived here. This is a pretty good sea-port town, but the harbour not near so good as Kirkcudbright; it lies upon the same sea, very commodious for the plantation trade.— It is also a royal borough, and gives title of Earl to Fleming, Earl of Wigton, a family that came from Flanders, and have made a very good figure in Scotland for above four hundred years. There is another branch in Ireland of an older standing; but whether this family came from thence, I could not learn.— I saw his seat, called Cummernald, at some distance, in my way from Stirling to Lithgow and I am told it is a very large one. Near Wigton is the seat of Stuart, Earl of Galloway, a branch of the royal family, and very powerful in this country.

Sir James Dalrymple, in his account of Galloway, saith, that in former times it had Princes and Lords of its own; of whom on record is Fergus, in the reign of Henry the first of England who after many troubles that he had stirred, was reduced by Malcolm King of Scots, to quit his country, and enter himself Canon in the Abbey of Holyrood-house at Edinburgh. He had two sons, Aethred and Gilbert, who disputed for the succession; but the younger had

the better of his elder brother in battle, took him prisoner, and pulled out his eyes and tongue; however, the eldest brother had a son, called Allan, Lord of Galloway, married to Margaret eldest daughter to David Earl of Huntington, by whom he had a daughter, Dornagilda, who founded Baliol College at Oxford, and was mother to John Baliol, King of Scots; he had another daughter, Helena, married to Roger Quincy, Earl of Winchester, by whom Ferrers of Grooby came to be Lord of Galloway; but they adhering to the English, the Scotch Kings gave the inheritance to the Cummins, afterwards to the Douglasses, and now the title is in the Stuarts; but the Earl Ferrers in England is the lineal descendant of the first Princes.

Here are the breed of little strong pads, called from the country, Galloways, which are very strong and hardy. The country is said to take its name from the Gauls, the first inhabitants of this country; but be that as it will, they seem to be a different race from the Highlanders.

In my way hither, I passed through the Foggy road, near the Nick of Ballock; a road so stony and uneven, that I was obliged to alight, and with much ado, led our horses to the King's Ford of Minnock; so called from Robert the Bruce his passing the river at that ford: and it was here that Lord Basil Hamilton, brother to the Earl of Orkney, lost his life, by endeavouring to save his servant, whose

horse was carried down by the stream ; and nigh it stands the mountain Mairock, two miles high ; at the top of which is a fresh water spring, which affords water enough to keep a mill a-going ; and at the bottom is a small lake, called Locktwachtown, plentifully stocked with Trouts ; and at Lochenoch, a mile further are as fine trouts as at Locklevin.

There is one other mountain adjacent, called Craignan, properly so called, for it is rather a craig than a mountain having no grass upon it. There are several other mountains and lakes, well stored with fish, within the barony of Esbuchan, and the forest belonging to Alexander Mackye of Palgown, who hath a very commodious and romantic seat on the lake Loch-Trool, in a valley environed with mountains on the north and east, of a mile high ; he keeps at least, ten thousand sheep on these mountains, besides an incredible number of black cattle, and wild horses, called Galloways, and is one of the greatest graziers in Britain, and has vast parks and inclosures.

Not far from this, is the famous mountain of Cairnsmure, full of Deer and wild cattle.— On the south of which stands an ancient seat, belonging to Hugh Mackguffog of Ruscoe ; and to the south-west a handsome seat called the Caily, belonging to Alexander Murray of Brochton, with a large park, which feeds one thousand Bullocks, that he sends once every year to the markets of England, who is now worthyly the representative for the stewardry

of Galloway, in the Parliament of Great Britain; and opposite to this on the other side of the river Fleet, stands a handsome seat called Cardinnes, belonging to Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, with parks and inclosures also for feeding of cattle.

THE SMUGGLERS,

(Continued from page 109th.)

With quick eye and ready hand, Macgill warded off for some time the dragoon's blows, and watching his opportunity, with his joctelleg in his left hand, (which he could use as readily as the right) by a back blow, cut the counter of his antagonist's horse. The animal reared on the hind legs, and falling backwards on his rider, broke his thigh bone, and otherwise bruised him shockingly. The soldiers seeing their leader down, and themselves repulsed at all points, thought it prudent to draw off, and leave the smugglers to pursue their way. When they were gone, having taken up serjeant Bagshaw, and placed him on the back of one of their horses, they retired with as much haste as the state of their bruised and fainting leader would allow. Although many of the smugglers were severely wounded they had none killed, and all of them were able, after tying up their hurts as well as they could with handkerchiefs, to pursue their way. The firing in the bay, had alarmed the

kingsmen of every description, all along the coast, and many parties were scouring the country in quest of smugglers. One of these parties, chancing to fall in with serjeant Bagshaw's dragoons, who had been repulsed by Macgill's band, learned from them the direction which the smugglers had taken ; and all but the disabled serjeant and two or three more, joined in pursuing them. They came in sight of the smugglers as they were crossing a ford, not far from a thick copsewood. Ivay Macgill, who rode in rear of the party, spied the kingsmen advancing rapidly, in such force that he saw resistance would be vain. He called out to his comrades, that they were pursued by a far stronger party than that which they had lately repulsed. " Rab Rorison an' Pate Baxter," cried he to two who rode good horses, " Ye'll follow me in gi'eng the redcoats a wil'-goose chase—all the rest o' ye, mak' for the 'Tod-rossan, an' dern yersels amang the thickest o't. They followed his direction, and lay concealed till they saw the red-coats full in pursuit of Ivay and his two comrades, who kept designedly in their view over a wide bent moor. The ground was intersected by deep gullies, passable for horses only in particular places, which were familiarly known to the smugglers ; and many times, just as the soldiers fancied they had their prey within their grasp, they found themselves obliged to ride a long way round, before they could find a passage for their horses through these gullies. At

length, turning short, round a rising eminence, the smugglers made for a farm house at no great distance, with all the speed they could. At this house Ivay was always a welcome guest, making frequent presents to the guidwife, of a hare, a salmon for a kipper, or a fringed Barcelona for her neck on Sundays; and, if the opinion of the servant lasses might be credited, receiving in return some "favours secret, sweet and precious," when the guidman was from home. Having reached the farm house, the smugglers threw off their loads against the broken end of a peat stack, and pulling down as much of it as completely covered their goods, hastened to conceal their horses in an old kiln, with one of which every farm-steading was in those days accommodated. They then ran into the barn, and Baxter and Rorison throwing off their coats, and each of them seizing a flail began to lay on lustily; while Ivay, getting a large truss of straw on his back, trudged away down the croft, as if going to fodder some cattle. "Kenn'd ye yon three riders, Geordie," cried the guidwife to Ivay. just as the foremost of the red coats came within hearing, "kenn'd ye yon three riders, Geordie, wha passed here e'en now, an' took the water aboon the chapman steps?" "Atweel no." quoth Ivay. "but I think they wad hae been better employed hauding some honest man's pleugh, than scampering the kintra wi' prohibit guid in defiance o' baith law an' gospel, whilk says "Thou shalt render unto Cæsar his duties on

brandy an' tobacco." And away he trudged with his burden. "Which way did these d——d smugglers go when they passed here just now?" said the officer to the guidwife, as he came up. An' please your honour, said she, they crossed the water aboon the chapman steps, and took the wood, at the braid side, forenent the Wullcat craigs, makin straught for the hie-road that leads to Craiganclough Brig; an' gin ye dinna ride the faster, they'll cross't afore ye win up wi' them." Away rode the soldiers in the direction pointed out by the guidwife.— "De'il speed the hindmost o' ye," quo she; and turning on her heel, she hastened into the kitchen to prepare toasted bannocks, and a draught of home brewed, for Ivay and his comrades. The smugglers soon left over their respective employments when the soldiers were out of sight, and following the guidwife into the house, partook freely of her good cheer.— When they thought it time to resume their journey, they brought out their horses, and began to reload their goods; but not before Ivay had taken from his pocket a gimlet and quill, and piercing a cask of right Cogniac, filled the guidwife's gardevine to the neck.— They made ready for their journey, mounted, and as it was now the dusk of the evening, trotted away the nearest road for Johnie Mac Whirter's. They reached Johnie's, and found that the rest of the party had arrived in safety before them; and that they had already stowed away their goods in safe places, and were

assembled round the kitchen fire, with plenty of the best liquor the ports of France and Holland could furnish. Macgill and his comrades soon joined them, and relating the particulars of their escape from their pursuers, the whole company toasted the health of the guidwife in a bumper. "She's a famous mare, your Black Bess," quoth Wat Wylie to big Tam Raffle, who had arrived long before the others, having lost his lading, as mentioned before, which was the only prize the kingsmen got that day—"She's a famous mare, your Black Bess, Tam, I think she has been broke to the tod-hunting in her youth, she kens the gate sae weel to the cover;" at the same time giving a sly wink across the fire to Macgill.—Tam knew that Wylie alluded to his precipitate flight into Auchenwattle wood, when the dragoons made their first appearance, and taking high offence, swore he would thraw the neck o' the first man who offered to pass a jibe on him, like a chicken or a young crow.—"Hoot no," said Bet MacWhirter, a strong limbed broad shouldered lass, and she grasped the tongs in her hand,—“Ye'll no be sae bauld in my father's house—An' I'll tell you what, Tam, gin ye breed ony o' ye're colley shangies here, I'll mak' ye baith black an' blue, an' ye were as muckle as the kirk steeple.”—“Haud your jaw, ye brazen faced limmer, quo Tam, or I'll learn ye better manners than your mither has done;—and seizing Bet by the neck, he began to lug her towards the

door. Ivay Macgill directed towards him a most iniquitous scowl, from under his tawny eye-brows, and starting to his feet, drew from his pocket a tin case, in which he carried his tobacco pipe, somewhat in the form of a small pistol; and presenting it at Tam's breast, commanded him to sit down and keep himself quiet, or he would blaw an ounce of cauld lead through his lungs. "Nae offence to you, Mr Macgill, said Tam, there's no a man in Gallo-way has mair respeck for you than I ha'e, or wad do mair to oblige you,"—and he took his seat as quietly as a school-boy. The strength of the liquor, by degrees, began to work its usual effects on the company. One man would begin to entertain the rest with a song, and before he had finished the first verse, all the voices present, would be raised at once, with each a part of a different song. Johnie Mac Whirter had told, for the third time that evening, how he stood under arms all night, with the rest of the valiant freemen of the town of Kirkcudbright, to oppose the landing of Paul Jones at St. Mary's Isle, three nights after the pirate had left the coast.—Ivay Macgill sat silent and gloomy as usual, sometimes chucking Bet under the chin, as she passed to mend the fire, which she still took care to do on the side where Ivay sat. At length they concluded that it was time to go to rest, and were all retiring to their quarters on the stable left, when Ivay turning round a corner of the house, found a window, which

opened into Bet's chamber, half up; but whether he made his way in there, or followed his comrades to the stable loft, is not left on record.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

The following account of the Battle of Drumclog, is taken from an American Newspaper, entitled the 'National Gazette'. It is written by the Laird of Torfoot, an officer in the Presbyterian army, whose estate is at this day in the possession of his lineal descendants of the fifth generation.

"It was a fair Sabbath morning, 1st June 1679, that an assembly of the Covenanters sat down on the heathy mountains of Drumclog. We had assembled not to fight, but to worship the God of our fathers. We were far from the tumult of cities. The long dark heath waved around us; and we disturbed no living creatures, saving the pees-weep and the heather-cock. As usual, we had come armed. It was for self-defence. For desperate and ferocious bands made bloody raids through the country, and, pretending to put down treason, they waged war against religion and morals. They spread ruin and havoc over the face of bleeding Scotland.

The venerable Douglas had commenced the solemnities of the day. He was expatiating on the execrable evils of tyranny. Our souls were on fire at the remembrance of our country's

sufferings and the wrongs of the church. In this moment of intense feeling, our watchman posted on a neighbouring height fired his carabine and ran towards the congregation.—He announced the approach of the enemy.—We raised our eyes to the minister. “I have done,” said Douglas with his usual firmness,—“You have got the theory,—now for the practice ; you know your duty ; self-defence is always lawful. But the enemy approaches,” He raised his eyes to heaven and uttered a prayer—brief and emphatic—like the prayer of Richard Cameron, “Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.”

The officers collected their men, and placed themselves each at the head of his own district. Sir Robert Hamilton placed the foot in the centre, in three ranks. A company of horse, well armed and mounted, was placed on the left ; and a small squadron also on the right. These were drawn back, and they occupied the more solid ground ; as well with a view to have a more solid footing, as to arrest any flanking party that might take them on the wings. A deep morass lay between us and the ground of the enemy. Our aged men, our females and children retired ; but they retired slowly. They had the hearts and the courage of the females and children of those days of intense religious feeling and of suffering. They manifested more concern for the fate of relatives, for the fate of the church than for their own personal safety. As Clav-

erhouse descended the opposite mountain, they retired to the rising ground in the rear of our host. The aged men walked with their bonnets in hand. Their long grey hairs waving to the breeze. They sang a cheering psalm. The music was that of the well-known tune of "The Martyrs;" and the sentiment breathed defiance.—The music floated down on the wind,—our men gave them three cheers as they fell into their ranks. Never did I witness such animation in the looks of men. For me, my spouse and my little children were in the rear. My native plains, and the halls of my father, far below, in the dale of Aven, were in full view from the heights which we occupied. My country seemed to raise her voice—the bleeding church seemed to wail aloud "And these," I said, as Clavers and his troops winded slowly down the dark mountain's side "these are the unworthy slaves, and bloody executioners, by which the tyrant completes our miseries."

Hamilton here displayed the hero. His portly figure was seen hastening from rank to rank. He inspired courage into our raw and undisciplined troops. The brave Hackstone, and Hall of Haughhead, stood at the head of the foot, and re-echoed the sentiments of their Chief. Burley and Cleland had inflamed the minds of the horsemen on the left to a noble enthusiasm. My small troop on the right needed no exhortations; we were a band of brothers, resolved to conquer or fall.

The trumpet of Clavers sounded a loud note of defiance—the kettle drum mixed its tumultuous roll—they halted—they made a long pause. We could see an officer with four file, conducting fifteen persons from the ranks, to a knoll on their left. I could perceive one in black: it was my friend King, the chaplain at Lord Cardross, who had been taken by Clavers at Hamilton. “Let them be shot through the head,” said Clavers in his usual dry way, “if they should offer to run away.” we could see him view our position with great care. His officers came around him. We soon learned that he wished to treat with us. He never betrayed symptoms of mercy or justice, nor offered terms of reconciliation, unless when he dreaded that he had met his match; and, even then, it was only a manœuvre to gain time or deceive. His flag approached the edge of the bog. Sir Robert held a flag sacred; had it been borne by Clavers himself he had honoured it. He demanded the purpose for which he came. “I come” said he, “in the name of his sacred Majesty, and of Colonel Graham, to offer you a pardon, on condition that you lay down your arms, and deliver up your ringleaders.”—“Tell your officer,” said Sir Robert “that we are fully aware of the deception he practises. He is not clothed with any powers to treat, nor was he sent out to treat with us, and attempt reconciliation. The Government against whom we have risen, refuses to redress our grievances,

or to restore us our liberties. Had the tyrant wished to render us justice, he had not sent by the hand of such a ferocious assassin as Claverhouse. Let him, however, shew his powers, and we refuse not to treat; and we shall lay down our arms to treat, provided that he also lay down his. Thou hast my answer." "It is a perfectly hopeless case," said Burley, while he called after the flag-bearer.—"Let me add one word by your leave General. Get thee up to that bloody dragoon, Clavers, and tell him, that we will spare his life, on condition that he, your Clavers, lay down his arms, and the arms of these troops. We will do more, as we have no prisoner on these wild mountains, we will even let him go on his parole, on condition that he swear never to lift arms against the religion or liberties of his country." A loud burst of applause re-echoed from the ranks; and after a long pause in deep silence, the army sung the following verses of Psalm LXXVI:—

- 3 "The arrows of the bow he brake,
the shield, the sword, the war.
- 4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
more excellent art far.
- 5 Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
they slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
that were the men of might."

When the report was made to Claverhouse, he cried out with a savage ferocity, "Their

blood be on their own heads. Be—*no quarter*—the word this day.” His fierce dragoons raised a yell, and “No quarter,” re-echoed from rank to rank, while they galloped down the mountain side. It is stated that Burley was heard to say, “then be it so, even let there be ‘no quarter’—at least in my wing of the host. So God send me a meeting,” cried he aloud, “with that chief under the white plume.—My country would bless my memory, could my sword give his villanous carcase to the crows.

Our raw troops beheld with firmness the approach of the foemen ; and at the moment when the enemy halted to fire, the whole of our foot dropped on the heath. Not a man was seen down when the order was given to rise, and return the fire. The first flank fired, then kneeling down while the second fired, They made each bullet tell. As often as the lazy rolling smoke was carried over the enemy’s head, a shower of bullets fell on his ranks.—Many a gallant man tumbled on the heath. The fire was incessant. It resembled one blazing sheet of flame, for several minutes, along the line of the Covenanters. Clavers attempted to cross the morrass, and break our centre. “Spearman ! to the front” I could hear the deep-toned voice of Hamilton say, “Kneel and place your spears to receive the enemy’s cavalry ; and you, my gallant fellows fire—*God and our country* is our word.”—Our officers flew from rank to rank. Not a man gave way that day. As the smoke rolled off, we

could see Clavers urging on his men with the violence of despair. His troops fell in heaps around him, and still the gaps were filled up, a galled trooper would occasionally flinch ; but ere he could turn or flee, the sword of Clavers was waving over his head. I could see him in his fury, strike both man and horse. In the fearful carnage he himself sometimes reeled. He would stop short in the midst of a movement, then contradict his own orders, and strike the man, because he could not comprehend his meaning.

He ordered the flanking parties to take us on the right and left. "In the name of God," cried he, "cross the bog, and charge them on the flanks till we get over the morass. If this fail we are lost.

It now fell to my lot to come into action.—Hitherto we had fired only some distant shots. A gallant officer led his band down to the borders of the swamp, in search of a proper place to cross. We threw ourselves before him, a severe firing commenced. My gallant men fired with great steadiness. We could see many tumbling from their saddles. Not content with repelling the foemen, we found an opportunity to cross, and attack them sword in hand. The Captain, whose name I afterwards ascertained to be Arrol threw himself into my path. In the first shock I discharged my pistols. His sudden start in the saddle, told me that one of them had taken effect. With one of the tremendous oaths of Charles II.,

he closed with me, He fired his steel pistol. I was in front of him ;—my sword glanced on his weapon, and gave a direction to the bullet, which saved my life. By this time my men had driven the enemy before them, and had left the ground clear for single combat. As he made a lunge at my breast, I turned his aside, by one of those sweeping blows, which are rather the dictate of a kind of instinct of self-defence, than a movement of art. As our strokes redoubled, my antagonist's dark features put on a look of deep and settled ferocity. No man who has not encountered the steel of his enemy, in the field of battle, can conceive the looks and manner of the warrior, in the moments of his intense feelings. May I never witness them again ! We fought in silence. My stroke fell on his left shoulder ; it cut the belt of his carabine, which fell to the ground. His blow cut me to the rib, glanced along the bone, and rid me also of the weight of my carabine. He had now advanced too near to be struck by the sword. I grasped him by the collar. I pushed him backwards ; and with an entangled blow of my Ferrara, I struck across his throat. It cut only the strap of his head peice, and it fell off. With a sudden spring he seized me by the sword belt. Our horses reared and we both came to the ground. We rolled on the heath in deadly conflict. It was in this situation of matters, that my brave fellows had returned from the rout of the flank-

ing party to look after their commander. One of them was actually rushing on my antagonist, when I called on him to retire. We started to our feet. Each grasped his sword. We closed in conflict again. After parrying strokes of mine enemy, which indicated a hellish ferocity, I told him my object was to take him prisoner; that sooner than kill him, I should order my men to seize him. "Sooner let my soul be branded on my ribs in hell," said he, "than be captured by a Whigmore. *No quarter*" is the word of my Colonel, and my word. Have at the Whig, I care the whole of you to the combat." "Leave the mad man to me, leave the field instantly," said I to my party, whom I could hardly restrain. My sword fell on his left shoulder.—His sword dropped from his hand.—I lowered my sword, and offered him his life. "*No quarter*," said he, with a shriek of despair. He snatched his sword, which I held in my hand, and made a lounge at my breast. I parried his blows till he was nearly exhausted; but gathering up his huge limbs, he put forth all his energy in a thrust at my heart.—My Andro Ferrara received it, so as to weaken its deadly force; but it made a deep cut. Though I was faint with loss of blood, I left him no time for another blow. My sword glanced on his shoulder, cut through his buff coat, and skin, and flesh; swept through his jaw and laid open his throat from ear to ear. The fire of his ferocious eye was quenched in

a moment. He reeled, and falling with a terrible clash, he poured out his soul with a torrent of blood on the heath. I sunk down, insensible for a moment. My faithful men who never lost sight of me, raised me up. In the fierce combat, the soldier suffers most from thirst. I stooped down to fill my helmet with the water which oozed through the morass.—It was deeply tinged with human blood, which flowed in the conflict above. I started back with horror; and Gawn Witherspoon bringing up my steed, we set forward in the tumult of the battle.

All this while, the storm of war had raged on our left. Cleland and the fierce Burley had charged the strong company sent to flank them. "These officers permitted me to cross the swamp, then charged them with a terrible shout. "*No quarter,*" cried the dragoons. "*Be no quarter* to you, then, ye murderous loons," cried Burley; and at one blow he cut their leader through the steel cap, and scattered his brains on his followers. His every blow overthrew a foeman. Their whole forces were now brought up, and they drove the dragoons of Clavers into the swamp. They rolled over each other. All stuck fast. The Covenanters dismounted, and fought on foot. They left not one man to bear the tidings to their Colonel.

The firing of the platoons had long ago ceased, and the dreadful work of death was carried on by the sword. At this moment,

a trumpet was heard in the rear of our army, there was an awful pause, all looked up. It was only the gallant Captain Nesbit, and his guide, Woodburn of Mains; he had no reinforcements for us, but himself was a host.—With a loud huzza, and flourish of his sword, he placed himself by the side of Burley, and cried, “jump the ditch, and charge the enemy.” He and Burely struggled through the marsh. The men followed as they could.—They formed and marched on the enemy’s right flank.

At this instant, Hamilton and Hackstone brought forward the whole line of infantry in front. “*God and our Country*” re-echoed from all the ranks—*No quarter*” said the fierce squadrons of Clavers—Here commenced a bloody scene.

I seized the opportunity this moment offered me of making a movement to the left of the enemy to save my friend King and the other prisoners.—We came in time to save them. Our swords speedily severed the ropes which tyranny had bound on the arms of the men. The weapons of the fallen foe supplied what was lacking of arms; and with great vigour we moved forward to charge the enemy on the left flank. Claverhouse formed a hollow square—himself in the centre; his men fought gallantly; they did all that soldiers could do in their situation. Wherever a gap was made, Clavers thrust the men forward, and speedily filled it up. Three

times he rolled headlong on the heath as he hastened from rank to rank, and as often he remounted. My little band thinned the ranks. He paid us a visit. Here I distinctly saw the features and shape of this far-famed man. He was small of stature, and not well formed. His arms were long in proportion to his legs; he had a complexion unusually dark: his features were not lighted up with sprightliness, as some fabulously reported; they seemed gloomy as hell: his cheeks were lank and deeply furrowed; his eye-brows were drawn down, and gathered into a kind of knot at their junctions, and thrown up at their extremities; they had, in short, the strong expression given by our painters to those on the face of Judas Iscariot, his eyes were hollow, they had not the lustre of genius nor the fire of vivacity; they were lighted up by that dark fire of wrath which is kindled and fanned by an internal anxiety, and consciousness of criminal deeds; his irregular and large teeth were presented through a smile, which was very unnatural on his set of features; his mouth seemed to be unusually large from the extremities being drawn backward and downward—as if in the intense application to something cruel and disgusting; in short, his upper teeth projected from over his under lip, and on the whole, presented to my view the mouth of the Image of the Emperor Julian the Apostate.—In one of his rapid courses past

us, my sword could only shear off his white plume and a fragment of his buff coat. In a moment he was at the other side of the square. Our officers eagerly sought a meeting with him. "He has the proof or lead," cried some of our men.—"Take the cold steel or a piece of silver" "No" cried Burley, "It is his rapid movement on that fine charger that bids defiance to any thing like an aim in the tumult of the bloody fray. I could sooner shoot ten heather cocks on the wing, than one flying Clavers." At that moment Burley, whose eye watched his antagonist, pushed into the hollow square. But Burley was too impatient. His blow was levelled at him before he came within his reach. His heavy sword descended on the head of Claver's horse and felled him to the ground.—Burley's men rushed pell-mell on the fallen Clavers, but his faithful dragoons threw themselves upon them, and by their overpowering force drove Burley back. Clavers was in an instant on a fresh steed. His bugle-man recalled the party who were driving back the flanking party of Burley. He collected his whole troops to make his last and desperate attack—he charged our infantry with such force, that they began to reel. It was only for a moment. The gallant Hamilton snatched the white flag of the covenant, and placed himself in the forefront of the battle. Our men shouted "*God and our country,*" and rallied under the flag. They fought like

heroes. Clavers fought no less bravely. His blows were aimed at our officers. His steel fell on the helmet of Hackstone, whose sword was entangled in the body of a fierce dragoon, who had just wounded him. He was borne by his men into the rear. I directed my men on Clavers; "Victory or death," was the reply to me. Clavers received us. He struck a desperate blow at me as he raised himself, with all his force, in the saddle. My steel cap resisted it. The second stroke I received on my Ferrara and his steel was shiver'd to pieces. We rushed headlong on each other. His pistol missed fire—it had been soaked in blood. Mine took effect, but the wound was not deadly. Our horses reared, we rolled on the ground. In vain we sought to grasp each other. In the *mele*, men and horse tumbled on us. We were for a few moments buried under our men, whose eagerness to save the respective officers brought them in multitudes down upon us. By the aid of my faithful man Gawn, I had extricated myself from my fallen horse; and we were rushing on the bloody Clavers, when we were again literally buried under a mass of men; for Hamilton had by this time brought up his whole line, and he had planted his standard where we and Clavers were rolling on the heath. Our men gave three cheers and drove in the troops of Clavers. Here I was born along with the moving mass of men; and, almost suffocated and faint with the loss of blood, I knew no-

thing more till I opened my eye on my faithful attendant. He had dragged me from the very grasp of the enemy, and had borne me into the rear, and was bathing my temples with water. We speedily regained our friends; and what a spectacle presented itself! — It seemed that I beheld an immense moving mass heaped up together in the greatest confusion.—Some shrieking some groaning, some shouted, horses neighed and pranced, swords rung on the steel helmets. I placed around me a few of my hardy men, and we rushed into the thickest of the enemy in search of Clavers, but in vain. At that instant, his trumpet sounded the loud notes of retreat; and we saw on a knoll Clavers borne away by his men. He threw himself on a horse, and without sword, without helmet, he fled in the first ranks of their retreating host. His troops galloped up the hill in the utmost confusion. My little line closed with that of Burley's, and took a number prisoners. Our main body pursued the enemy two miles, and strewed the ground with men and horses. I could see the bare-headed Clavers in front of his men, kicking and struggling up the steep sides of Calder hill. He halted only a moment on the top to look behind him then plunged his rowels into his horse, and darted forward; nor did he recover from his panic till he found himself in the city of Glasgow.

“And, my children,” the Laird would say,

after he had told the adventures of this bloody day, "I visited the field of battle next day; I shall never forget the sight.— Men and horses lay in their gory beds. I turned away from the horrible spectacle. I passed by the spot where God had saved my life in the single combat, and where the unhappy Captain Arrol fell, I observed that, in the subsequent fray, the body had been trampled on by a horse, and his bowels poured out. Thus my children, the defence of our lives, and the regaining of our liberty and religion, has subjected us to severe trials— And how great must be the love of liberty when it carries men forward, under the impulse of self-defence, to witness the most disgusting spectacles, and to encounter the most cruel hardships of war!"

THE BELIEVER'S FAREWELL

to the World, or an ELEGY on the death of that much honoured, truly worthy, and religious Gentleman, SIR ROBERT HAMILTON son to SIR THOMAS HAMILTON of Prestoun, who died on the 21st of October, 1701, Aged 51 Years.*

What can so many heavy deaths portend!
Means this pale tyrant thus to make an end
Of all our worthies? shall not one be left?
Shall Zion of her children be bereft?

* Sir Robert Hamilton commanded the Covenanters both at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. He was brother-in-law to Sir Alexander Gordon of Earlston, in the parish of Dalry.

Must all go hence, yet none come in their place?
 Shall none surviving read our doleful case
 With mournful eyes? O ye whose charming art
 Can move the passions, now come act a part!
 Come screw affections to their highest pitch,
 Rack your inventions, and your fancies stretch.
 Ye who can Elegiacs write, come now,
 Here is a theme not unbecoming you!
 Snatch this sad task from an unlearned swain,
 Whose notes are flat, though sorrowful and plain.

In 1839, a monument was erected near the spot where the battle of Drumclog was fought. The expense of the structure amounted to £45 7s 6d, £15 of which were obtained by a collection made on the ground, on the 1st June O. S. 1836, when a Sermon was preached by the Rev. Archibald M. Rogerson, of Darvel, from Hebrews xi. and 34—"waxed valiant in fight"—£25 were sent from India by James Morton, M. D., H. E. I. C. S., the remainder was made up by public subscription. The height of the monument is 22 feet, square of the base 6 feet, order of architecture Gothic.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE MONUMENT.

Erected

*In commemoration of the glorious triumph
 gained by a party of Scottish Covenanters*

*Over the ferocious Graham of Claverhouse
 and his bloody dragoons, on the first of June, 1679.*

*The grand results, civil and ecclesiastic, of the
 Reformation attained to between 1638 and 1649
 were highly valued*

by the heroes of the covenant:

*Rather than to be involved in the apostacy
 of the perjured Charles*

*And his prelatie Counsellors, they endured his
 persecuting rage, they resisted unto blood
 striving against sin, they rejoiced that they were
 counted worthy to suffer shame for his name,
 who is King of kings and Lord of lords:*

*Attacked by the royal mercenaries
 on the holy Sabbath, although neither
 trained to war, nor well supplied with arms,
 they trusted in Jacob's God,*

in whose name they had displayed their banners:

Animated by the Divine Spirit, and by feelings of

Dull muse, awake, put on a mourning stife,
 Supply my barren fancy for a while
 With words and matter, sadly to express,
 What inward sorrow, mourning and distress,
 Becomes all Zion's sons on such a day,
 When thus her ripest champions drop away.
 I suck no pagan dew, nor gather drops
 Distill'd by Clio from Parnassu's tops:
 My lips did never kiss these sacred wells
 Which Pegasus once op'ned with his heels.
 Such wanton flourishes can but bewray
 That artificial mourning cannot stay.
 Lead thou my genius in another strain,
 Weep tears in verse, yea write, and weep again:
 Let streaming rivulets from eyes take vent
 And make their channels wider by descent.
 Say all that's lawful, spare not, since he's gone,
 That noble soul, thrice lovely HAMILTON!
 Lovely in life, lovely in death also;
 Hateful to none, but such as did not know
 What gracious habits in an heavenly mind
 Compos'd the man; whose equals few behind

*the purest patriotism, and zeal for the
 Glory of God,
 "they waxed valiant in fight,"
 And routed their vaunting assailants
 the enemies of God, and of their country.
 Stern inflexible men!
 they imprinted the image of their character
 on the destinies of the nation;
 they bore the burden and heat of the day:
 we have entered into their labours."*

"The LORD is a man of war: the
 LORD is his name.
 Thy right hand, O LORD, is become
 glorious in power: thy right
 hand, O LORD, hath dashed in pieces
 the enemy."

Exodus xv. 3. 6.

Can vie with him : envy herself might judge,
Though in his life she always did him grudge.

Ye who can tell what true devotion is,
May wish your souls so fram'd as here was his.
Unfeigned faith his soul did firmly ty
To JESUS CHRIST ; his love incessantly
Did burn, with zeal unmix'd with foolish fire :
And choicest objects bounded his desire.
His troubles all endur'd with patience,
Brought forth a treasure of experience.
Regret the churches loss ! one fewer now
Prevails with God, who at his footstool bow !
A wrestling Jacob ! gyant on his knee
Whom faith and love did in an high degree
Make serious shining christian ; and we can
Say, moral virtues also made him man.

All ye whose throats with sp'rit of malice fill'd,
From hell's alembick as it were distill'd,
Ye prating fools, whose clamours daily grew,
Like dogs who barked at him ye never knew :
Let checks and blushes evidence your shame
And ignorance : while he, with living fame,
Now sings the song of Moses and the Lamb,
With those who out of tribulations came ;
While such as you, with hellish furies led,
Are griev'd, he should have died upon his bed.
Whose soaring soul reproaches did disdain ;
Whose equal temper made your labour vain.
His memory shall never be forgot ;
His name shall live, while yours in grave shall rot.

Ungrateful world ! who would not bemoan,
Such wrath presaging losses ? here was one,
Whose room a thousand dwarfs, now left behind,
Shall never fill ! here was a constant friend,
Prudent in counsel, ready and discreet,
Kind, wise, and in his conversation sweet :

Whom all the noblest qualities possess :
 No virtue was a stranger to his breast.
 Here all those motions of the giddy will,
 Which prompt to vice ; or would encourage ill,
 Were frowned upon and with an awful hand,
 Reduc'd to reason with severe command.
 Mirror of patience resolute and brave ;
 For all the shocks united dangers gave,
 Mov'd not his soul, which still serene appear'd :
 He hated no man, and he no man fear'd.

O for a wit to correspond my will !
 Then Pegasus I'd not thank for a quill,
 Nor borrow lower than an angel's wing,
 With whom in consort gladly would I sing,
 To welcome in his soul before the throne,
 Where glorious trains attend that holy one.
 Whom angels praise, and yet desire to pry
 Into the abyss of that mystery,
 Of God incarnate : wondring how he can
 Be very God, and yet a very man !
 O that my fancy might presume to climb,
 And in his heaven-ward flight to follow him
 Up to these glorious mansions, where his soul
 Shall in love's labyrinth for ever roll !
 My wish is vain ! a veil is drawn before,
 Such dazzling objects : I can look no more,
 On that exchange, where life's instead of death,
 And mirth o'er mourning now triumphed hath.
 He leaves his sorrow, joy comes in its stead ;
 He drinks fresh comforts at the fountain head.
 O that my grief had not prejudg'd my sight
 That day his soul on angels wings took flight !
 Had but my faith from sense abstracted been,
 I might that joyful meeting then have seen,
 When glorious guardians stood about him round,
 Rejoicing that his soul was to be crown'd.

I might have heard sweet JESUS crying, come,
 Ascend to ME, dear soul, thou'rt welcome home,
 Too late I see, 'twas but a childish thing
 To sigh, when all that heavenly host did sing.

His swan-like song my mind shall not forget
 From time his soul was on her Pasgah set,
 'Tween heaven and earth; and now when leaving us
 His long farewell to mortals warbling thus.

“Ye who have best proportioned bodies, come,
 See how I go to mine eternal home.
 I had as comely feature once as you,
 As strong and healthful; yet behold me now!
 Sickness contracted by that fatal stone
 Hath made my body like a skeleton,
 Mine innate heat turned to a chilling cold,
 My groans are frequent, torments manifold.
 My rheums like clouds returning after rain:
 The keepers of the house do help in vain:
 The strong men bow, unable to support:
 The grinders almost cease, their work is short:
 The doors are almost shut to every street
 And passage of my body; what I eat
 Finds no digestion: mirth's a burden now:
 And musick's daughters are brought very low;
 The smallest discontent afflict me may:
 Desire doth fail, and fears are in the way:
 The silver cord of marrow down my back,
 Is loos'd from service now by turning slack;
 That golden bowl, or membrane of my brain,
 Call'd *pia mater*, broken is with pain:
 The pitcher's at the fountain broken too:
 And wheel at cistern. What remains to do,
 But yield my panting wear'd soul to thee
 O Gov of truth, who hast redeemed me!
 Come loose my fetters, free me, let me go;
 My battle now is fought: my spirit also

This mud wall prison shall no more detain :
 This death is life this loss my lasting gain.
 Mount upward, soul, these fumes that dailie rise
 From the foul dungeon cloud thy tender eyes :
 Leave these dark shadows, take an Eagle's flight,
 Go view the regions of that lasting light,
 Where nothing comes from whence a cloud may
 grow,
 Where glorious visions light and eyes bestow :
 And holy souls eternal watches keep,
 Advanced above earth, sin, death, night, or sleep :
 Lo ! now I see the haven of my joy,
 Where all my faculties I shall employ
 To praise and wonder, when I have laid down
 My sufferings and sins, to lift a crown :
 Love-songs to join in grateful harmony
 With Saints and Angels through eternity :
 Where heav'nly pow'rs do in his praises meet,
 Archangels cast their crowns before his feet,
 Whom Prophets and Apostles bow before,
 And Elders and the Patriarchs adore ;
 By whose blest breathings from that throne above,
 Souls are inspir'd and Angels taught to love.

Here I am toss'd among these boist'rous waves,
 But look to him who ship-wrecked sailors saves,
 And joy in God the spring of all my mirth :
 For by his love, my heaven begins on earth.
 Look back my soul, remember when and where,
 In former fears and straits, ev'n then and there,
 Thou hast an Ebenezer still set up ;
 In all thy trials love fill'd ay the cup.
 Wand'rings and hidings none on earth can tell,
 But ended now, I bid them all farewell.
 The rocks and hills in Scotland might declare
 My storms and cold, my mean and sober fare ;
 What riding, running, hiding from the chace
 Of furious fiends, shifting from place to place,

As if a rogue, a felon, or a thief;
 Yet how preserv'd surpasseth all belief!
 When that perplex'd with wand'ring, grief and toil,
 I had no safety on my native soil;
 Passage refus'd to waft me o'er the main;
 Yet go I must, or stay, and so be slain;
 Batavian borders, Germany also,
 Might tell what perils I did undergo,
 Helvetian Cantons ere I could attain;
 And then traversing Germany again,
 Returned home, when tyranny was fled,
 Expecting honesty should lift her head:
 Most men cry'd out, the expected time was come
 Of our deliv'rie; all our fears of Rome
 Were vanish'd quite: then who would not have
 thought
 That sudden change should reformation wrought?

Poor toss'd afflicted body, here ly down;
 I'll mount up yonder, and embrace the crown,
 And take possession of our house above:
 Yet here I promise still to mind the love
 And straitest union have been us between;
 Thou hast my partner in afflictions been,
 But since by nature's law we now must part,
 Thy lungs consume, the vitals leave thine heart:
 In short, death craves the debt that's due for sin;
 I can no longer lodge in such an Inn,
 But rest in hope: God's faithful promise says,
 He'll quickly come our scatter'd dust to raise.
 Thou must lie down to rot, yet rise again,
 A glorious body free from grief or pain,
 Or sin, or shame, and then shalt thou and I
 Begin our songs to last eternally.
 Thou me, I thee shall love as heretofore,
 With this advantage, we shall part no more:
 When stones and ulcers shall create no pain,
 - When wounds are clos'd and scars no more remain.

Reproaches shall no more afflict mine heart,
 Which in this life did fully act their part,
 To let me see, how frothy bubbling fame
 Can grieve the soul, by grating on the name :
 But names shall rise again with sweet perfume
 When every soul its body shall resume ;
 Our names are dear to God, so is our dust :
 In covenant are both, and rise they must.

Farewell ye trifling nothings, get you hence,
 Bewitch the worldling with a carnal sense ;
 On me no more prevail, nor shall ye keep,
 The watchful powers of my soul asleep :
 Earth's greatest comforts tasteless are and dry
 To me, now bordering on eternity.
 Farewell reproaches and reproachers too ;
 Mockers, with all that ye can say or do.
 Farewell ye neutral Gallios' of the time,
 Who value not if Zion sink or swim.
 Farewell all ye whose comforts lie below
 On this dull earth, whence sin and sickness flow.
 Ye drunkards, athiests, swearers, lyars, all
 Bad company, ye tyrants great and small,
 Ye who take pleasure now to vex the saints ;
 That day is coming, wherein their complaints
 Shall end, and yours for ever shall begin ;
 Farewell ye fools who make a sport of sin,
 Ye debauchees, with modish execrations,
 Ye ranting tribe, reproach to church and nations
 Whose course proclaims your end ; words are but
 vain,
 No finite power your madness can restrain.
 Pursue that herd whose path is large and broad,
 To hell ye must to prove there is a God.
 But count the cost in time, or otherwise
 Ye may be fools, and made to reckon twice.
 Accounts are justed there : bold sinners must
 Be forc'd to pay, and say that God is just.

Men who were atheists, by experience try
 That sin is something, hell a verity.
 There patience long abus'd turns lasting wrath :
 There late repentance dwells, immortal death,
 Old mother night, felt darkness there doth lodge,
 Where men curse God ; yet justify their judge.
 No light, no love, no help, no hope to see
 An end of long and vast eternity.
 The peasant there gets titles like the prince ;
 Mens' senses shall their unbelief convince,
 That vengeance fetters rebels in her chains,
 And spotless justice links mens sins to pains.

Farewell sweet bible. Friends in Christ adieu,
 I shall no more on earth converse with you,
 All ye whom most my soul delighted in,
 Who have companions of my sorrows been,
 God's love be with you all, when I am gone,
 His chiefest blessings rest your souls upon :
 Saints live to die, yet die that they may live,
 We are not lost when dead : friends do not grieve ;
 Ye should my happy change congratulate,
 Could ye look up, and see that blessed seat
 Now vacant, till my soul be there enthron'd,
 For which on earth I frequently have groan'd.
 Here now on Jordans brimfull banks I stand,
 Longing for passage to Immanuel's land.
 Who but the captain of Jehovah's host,
 Can lead me in, yet keep from being lost,
 And land me safely on the other side,
 Where I in pleasure's ever flowing tide.
 May wade and swim, yet never see the shore,
 Nor hear complaining echoes any more !
 O friends what do we here ! one close embrace,
 One charming smile of Jesus's lovely face,
 Will make the scatter'd beauties here below,
 Seem, what they are, pure vanity in show !

Instead of jarrs, so much on earth abounding,
 Harmonious hallelujah's sweetly sounding;
 Instead of mutual chidings, scoffs, and fears,
 Angelic anthems gratify the ears.
 Here darkness dwells: there light shall on us shine,
 And dart in a direct unbroken line
 From sun of righteousness. And who can tell
 How Sharon's Rose in paradise doth smell,
 Corruption spoil'd Communion here on earth,
 Among the best sin marr'd their holy mirth
 But O how shall their souls be knit to mine,
 When both shall in our bright perfection shine!
 Here, darkly I did oft his love embrace;
 There clearly I shall see him face to face.
 Here, by a faint reflection in a glass;
 There intuition makes these shadows pass.
 The pleasures here, though of a divine kind,
 Are relish'd by a sick distemper'd mind:
 But souls by death to perfect health restor'd,
 Their pleasures must some higher joy afford.
 Here comforts of a gracious soul are rare,
 Seldom an hour uninterrupted are,
 Our souls still call'd our bodies to attend,
 Diverted ay from what's their chiefest end;
 But when by death unbodied and made free,
 What must the comforts of such darlings be?
 Or can their life by any be exprest
 When centr'd in their everlasting rest?

Much labour, pains and study here are spent,
 To find clear notions to the mind's content;
 Our souls confin'd unto this earthly mould
 Act as they can, but cannot as they would;
 And divine light must in a veil descend,
 Or then its native lustre would offend
 The greatest mind, ev'n with its smallest ray;
 But when this soul puts off this house of clay,

Then truth unveil'd shall shew her naked face,
 And all my powers her beauty shall embrace.
 We dispute now, we quarrel and contend;
 Some study, some oppose, and some defend:
 Here one asserts, there contradicts another,
 So that lay all our shallow wits together,
 Him wise we may repute that gather shall
 Uncontraverted truth among them all:
 At best we're candidates for this degree
 Of knowledge: then we graduates shall be:
 My soul exults with joy, in contemplation
 Of that my long'd for solemn Laureation;
 When what is God? my soul shall clearly know,
 With all the knots that rack'd my wits below;
 How God and man in our Immanuel?
 How three in one, and one in three can dwell?
 How attributes and essence are the same?
 How here on earth these letters of his name,
 Seen in his statelie steps of providence,
 Did spell his justice, dread, and eminence?
 Since faith's dim sight, by which on earth we live,
 Can, now and then, such joyful glances give,
 Who would not long for that triumphant day,
 When what's imperfect shall be done away!

Reproach hath said, I judg'd myself above
 Pure ordinances: this I might disprove,
 Among what other stuff some blacker mouths
 Were pleas'd to vent against the clearest truths.
 But leaving that till they and I shall meet
 Where clouds shall be the dust of JESUS's feet;
 I tell them now, disprove it if they can,
 Child here I was, but there I shall be man
 My taper-light shall by the rising sun
 Seem darkness; when my worship is begun
 In such a manner, and to such degree,
 My soul the disproportion well shall see

'Twixt candles shining in this lower story,
 And sun when up in his meridian glory.
 Then worship's object I'll see face to face,
 When faith shall cease, and sight comes in its place.
 Where perfect spirits now their graces act,
 Without corruptions clogs to pull them back,
 Which made them, in their lifetime, daily cry,
 Our hearts are constant in inconstancy.

Death, where's thy sting? grave, where's thy
 victory?

Unite your force, your terrors I defy :
 Your dreadful aspect in my saviour's grave
 Lyes buried ; who dare strike whom he will save ?
 O king of terrors, terrible to kings !
 My soul a triumph o'er thy malice sings,
 But strike more softly, cruel Falcifer,
 Cut down more gently : grim fac'd messenger,
 Thy staring eyes, cold breath, and ghastly look,
 Menacing mortals with thy dreadful hook,
 Shall not affright me : why thy conquest can
 But reach the outward, not the inward man.
 Thy stroke indeed will cause a separation
 Of soul and body ; yet that sweet relation
 To Jesus Christ cannot divided be,
 I am so knit to him, and he to me.
 When he in Joseph's tomb lay crucified,
 Godhead and manhood death could not divide :
 He was my Lord, when in that lonesome cave,
 And I am his when rotting in the grave :
 Death did not part his union personal,
 Nor shall it loose our union mystical.
 The grave may turn mine earthly part to dust,
 Which rise again, and sing in glory must :
 Horror at worms, dispersion, putrefaction,
 May breed reluctancie, and heart distraction ;
 That doleful train of melancholious fears,
 Which at first view of that cold bed appears,

May damp the courage of the bravest sp'rit;
 To whom our Lord hath not the grave made sweet:
 But I, who have a life of sorrows led,
 Shall find the grave a soft refreshing bed:
 Then farewell earth, my LORD doth on me call:
 And welcome heav'n my GOD, my all in all.
 Thus in a fiery chariot pav'd with love,
 This soul ascends unto these joys above,
 Where heavenly harpers always stand and sing
 The praises of redemption to their King.
 Archangels, angels, saints still bless him shall,
 Without one jarring note among them all.
 My muse must halt, I can no further pry;
 No access there for curiosity;
 Eye hath not seen, ear heard, no heart can guess,
 What waits believers. Paul durst not express
 What in his sacred raptures he had seen,
 When he had in these glorious visions been.
 Were we above, thus cloath'd with dying clay,
 What could we profit? there we could not stay
 There mortals dwell not, so we needs must fall
 To things which are to us conñatural.
 'Twixt object and the faculty we find
 Some likeness else no joy of any kind.
 I add no more, but leave this hero then,
 Whose name is at a loss by my blunt pen.

This rare piece of poetry is printed from a copy of the first impression, Edinburgh, 1701. now in possession of the Publisher, never before re-printed.

JAMES RENWICK.

There are comparatively few of the more prominent characters who suffered in the persecuting times, whose history has excited greater sympathy in the breasts of posterity, than that of the youthful and gentle Renwick.—His character during his public life was great-

ly maligned, not only by his persecutors, who daily thirsted for his blood, but also by a numerous party among those who professed to abet the common cause he so strenuously laboured to support. It was his lot to fall on evil times, and evil tongues and reproach had well nigh broken his heart. His labours in maintaining the standard of Zion, and, as Mr Peden expresses it, "in holding up his fainting mother's head" in the day when few of her sons durst venture openly to render her assistance, were almost incredible. He was incessant in his preaching on the wild morasses or desert mountains, and in remote and lowly cottages, where he was attended sometimes by few, and at other times by great multitudes. And sweet and solemn were the seasons of divine refreshment, which like a dew from the Lord, come upon the hearts of those who had met by the fountains of salvation that were opened in the wilderness.

His life, written by Alexander Shiels, is excellent, but then it is chiefly a defence of his public character. The great desideratum, which we now a-days would like to see supplied, is a minute account of his private history, of his wanderings, his escapes, the effects of his ministry, and the providential incidents which befel him. This, however, at this distance of time, it is impossible to supply. In the days of his biographer, there existed ample materials for such a history, which to

posterity would now be invaluable. There is scarcely an anecdote given by the writer of his life, of the description we would now like to see, though there are general statements made which show that his history was an eventful one, and fraught with unrecorded incidents of a very stirring nature.

In prosecuting his Master's work with that ardour and devotedness with which he was so much distinguished, the compiler of his brief but chequered life, tells us, that he found no rest "but in the remotest recesses in the wilderness, exposed to the cold blasts of winter storms, in the open fields, or in some shepherd's summer-shiel in the mountain, used in summer, but lying waste in winter, which yet were the best chambers he could find, where he made some fire of sticks or heath, and got meat with great difficulty out of places at a great distance, mostly from children, who durst not let their parents know it. Here he, and they that were with him, did sometimes remain several days and nights not daring to look out, both for hazard of being seen, and for the boisterousness of the storm." In another place his biographer remarks, that he and his companions "were made to lie many nights and days in crowding numbers in caves and holes underground without room to sit or stand. without air, without refreshment or hope of relief, save what was had from Heaven; the murdering pursuers sometimes coming over and by the mouth of

the hole, while they were at their duty praying or praising, undiscovered; and when forced from thence, he hath often been compelled, wet and cold, hungry and weary, in great hazard, to run barefooted many miles together for another subterraneous shelter."

The private life of such a man as Mr Renwick must have been full of interest, and would therefore be highly instructive could it now be recovered.

The following traditional incident is said to have befallen, when he was on one occasion preaching in the wilder parts of Galloway. It was known that a conventicle* was to be held by him among the desert mountains, in a place the name of which is not given; and to this place the leader of a party of dragoons repaired with his men, for the purpose of surprising the meeting, and seizing the preacher. Mr Renwick, and his friends, by certain precautionary measures, were made aware of their danger, and fled.—In the eager pursuit, the commander of the troopers shot far ahead of his party, in the hope of capturing by his single arm the helpless minister, on whose head a price had been

* The conventicle here alluded to and the one following must have taken place at Kirkmabreck, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, as may be seen by referring to the protestation at Kirkmabreck against the Rev James Renwick, dated betwixt the Dee and the Cree, November, 1686.—FAITHFUL CONTENDINGS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND p. 268.

set. Mr Renwick, however, succeeded in eluding the pursuit, in wending his way through the broken-mosses and bosky glens, and came in the dusk of the evening to Newton-Stewart, and found lodgings in an inn, in which on former occasions he had found a resting place. After a tedious and fruitless chace through moor and wild, the leader of the troopers arrived at the same place, and sought a retreat for the night in the same inn. It appears to have been in the winter season when this occurrence took place; for the commander of the party, feeling the dark and lonely hours of the evening hanging heavy on his hand, called the landlord, and asked if he could introduce to him any intelligent acquaintance of his with whom he might spend an hour agreeably in his apartment. The landlord retired, and communicated the request to Mr Renwick; and whatever might have been his reasons for the part which on this occasion he acted, Mr Renwick, it is asserted, agreed to spend the evening in the company of the trooper. His habiliments would, no doubt, be of a description that would induce no suspicion of his character as a nonconformist minister; for in those days of peril and necessity there would be little distinction between the plain peasant and the preacher, in regard to clothing. It is highly probable that the soldier was a man of no great discernment, and hence Mr Renwick succeeded in managing the interview without

being discovered by the person in whose presence he was, and without his being suspected by others who might happen to frequent the inn. The evening passed agreeably and without incident, and they parted with many expressions of high satisfaction and good will on the part of the officer, who retired to sleep with the intention of resuming his search in the morning.

When all was quiet in the inn, however, and when sleep had closed the eyes of the inmates, Mr Renwick took leave of the landlord, and withdrew in the darkness and stillness of the night to the upland solitudes, in which to seek a cave, in whose cold and damp retreat he might hide himself from the vigilance of his pursuers.

When the morning came, and the soldiers were preparing to march, the commander asked for the intelligent stranger who had afforded him so much gratification the preceding evening. The landlord said that he had left the house long before the dawn, and was now far off among the hills to seek a hiding place. "A hiding place!" exclaimed the leader. "Yes, a hiding place," replied the innkeeper, "this gentle youth, and inoffensive as you have witnessed him to be, is no other than the identical James Renwick, after whom you have been pursuing." "James Renwick! impossible! a man so harmless, so discreet, and so well-informed; if he is James Renwick, I for one at least will pursue his tract no longer."

The officer accordingly marched away with his dragoons, and searched the wilderness no further for one of whom he had now formed so favourable an opinion. It was, probably, with the full concurrence of Mr Renwick that the master of the inn divulged the secret when danger was no longer to be apprehended, and done in all likelihood with a view to show the troopers that the covenanters were not the men that their enemies affirmed they were,—wild and fanatical, and ferocious; and by this means, if possible, to leave a good impression on the minds of those who, without cause, were seeking their destruction.

The following tradition is akin to this, if not another version of the same anecdote.—The report having spread of a meeting to be held somewhere in the deserts, a party of troopers was sent to disperse the conventiclers. On the night prior to the day of the meeting, the soldiers took up their lodgings in a house not far from the appointed place. It happened that the minister, who was to officiate, was in the house at the time when the dragoons arrived. The commander of the party not being aware of the circumstance, asked the master of the house if there was any person within with whom he might beguile the evening in conversation. He replied that perhaps he might be able to find an individual of the description he wished, and that at least he would do his endeavour to entertain him in the best way he could. The circum-

stance having been made known to the preacher, he, on reflection, agreed to become the companion of the dragoon for the evening, and having disguised himself in such a way as to preclude all likelihood of discovery, was ushered into the apartment. The soldier was highly entertained with the conversation of his new associate, and mentioned that his design in coming to the place was, if possible, to apprehend the preacher who was to hold the conventicle on the morrow.—“I think,” said the stranger, giving a significant nod with his head, “I can possibly help you in that pinch.” “Indeed!” replied the officer, “that will be good service.” “Keep yourself easy,” answered the minister, “and do not whisper the matter to any one, and I here plight my honest word, that I will put his hands in yours by to morrow at such an hour.”

The morrow came, but the stranger, with whom the officer wished again to confer on the chief point of the preceding evening's discourse, was nowhere to be found. Not knowing how the thing might turn out, the commander with his troopers marched toward the place of the conventicle. When they came near the assembly, the preacher was proceeding with his discourse; and as the soldiers advanced on the outskirts of the congregation, he commanded the party to stand still and hear the word of the Lord. His manner struck the dragoons with awe, and they halted. In a brief space the leader recognised

his evening companion, and remembered his promise ; and being astounded at the peculiarity of the circumstances, waited the event. During the progress of the discourse, the great and solemn truths of the gospel made a deep and evident impression on the mind of the officer; and he stood listening with absorbing interest till the services were closed, and then the preacher descended from his station, and went straight to the place where the dragoons stood, and, according to his promise, put his hand in the hand of their commander. This he did, it is said, with perfect impunity ; for the soldier, whose mind was now changed, refused to seize his person, and having drawn off his party, allowed the congregation to withdraw in peace.

This anecdote may appear to some to be destitute of probability, considering the hazard of the attempt on the part of the minister, and the folly of persisting in holding the conventicle when the troopers were so near. But there is every likelihood that the dragoons were on this occasion very few in number, perhaps not exceeding half a dozen ; and the preacher, whoever he was, being aware that the numbers who would meet at the conventicle, fully prepared to defend both themselves and him, might be six times that number, saw but little risk in pursuing the method he chose to adopt. Tradition says that the officer, whose name has not been preserved, renounced his former connection, and cast in

his lot with the suffering people of God, having undergone a decided change by grace.

The following anecdote of Mr Renwick, will be read perhaps with some degree of interest. In his wanderings in the wilder parts of Galloway, to elude the vigilance of his enemies, he came to Balmaclellan, and agreed with some of the serious people there to hold a conventicle in a solitary place among the mountains. The news of the projected meeting was circulated with all possible secrecy, and on the day appointed a great assembly convened from all parts of the surrounding district. The morning was lowering, and heavy showers were falling on the distant heights, swelling the mountain streamlets as they descended with impetuosity into the valleys. Notwithstanding the caution, however, with which the intelligence had been communicated, the enemy received information, and came upon the congregation just as they were going to commence worship.— On the approach of the troopers the people fled in all directions, and Mr Renwick, accompanied by John M'Millan and David Ferguson, fled towards the winding Ken.— It was the design of Mr Renwick to escape to the house of a friend, in the parish of Penningham, and there to conceal himself for a season. The place where they attempted to ford the stream, was at a considerable distance above the village of Dalry. The river was greatly swollen by the heavy rains that

had fallen among the hills during the morning; and before they entered into its turbid waters, they agreed to engage in prayer among the thick bushes that grew on its margin. When they rose from their knees, and were about to step into the dark rolling tide, they observed, to their amazement, a party of dragoons landing on the opposite bank. They had reached the place in pursuit during the time the three men were at prayer, and without noticing them, or hearing their voice, they rushed into the ford in haste to cross before the waters became deeper. This occurrence seemed to the party to be a providential interference in their favour, for it was at the moment they were employed in devotion that their enemies arrived and missed them; and there is every likelihood, had they not lingered for a space to implore the Divine protection, that they would have been toiling in the midst of the stream at the very time the horsemen reached the place.—John McMillan, from whose lips this tradition has been transmitted to posterity, used to say that he was never so much impressed either before or after, with any thing he ever heard, as by the remarks made by Mr Renwick on this occasion, and that, moreover, they were the means of directing his attention more particularly to providential occurrences during the after period of his life.

As his two friends were to accompany Mr Renwick no farther than the ford, they re-

solved not to leave him till they should see him in safety on the other side. As the current was powerful, they resorted to the following means to assist him in crossing:—they provided themselves with the long branches of the mountain ash, which were grasped by the three at equal distances, so that if one should be carried off his feet by the strength of the current, the others, standing firm, should accomplish his rescue.—Mr Renwick entered the stream first, and the three proceeded in a line as steadily as they could, till he reached the bank in safety; the other two then returned to the place they left. No sooner, however, had they stepped from the channel of the river, than the flood descended with great violence, covering the banks on both sides, and sweeping every obstacle before it. Such an occurrence is not unfrequent in the upland districts, where the thunder clouds discharge themselves with great impetuosity among the hills.

Mr Renwick, now alone on the south side of the stream, began to seek a place of shelter in which to pass the night, which was now fast approaching. He entered the mouth of a narrow glen, along which he proceeded in quest of a resting place, and having found a hollow under a projecting rock, he crept into it, and fell fast asleep. After a short repose he awoke, and, ruminating on his uncomfortable couch, he heard distinctly the sound of singing at no great distance. The

idea naturally occurred to him, that there might be other fugitives in the ravine besides himself, who, seeking refuge from their foes, were engaged in the midnight hour, like Paul and Silas, in singing praises to God in their hiding place. He rose to search them out, and, following the sound through the thickets of the underwood, he discovered a light proceeding from a hut at a short distance before him. He advanced with cautious step, and in the full expectation of finding a company of friends, with whom he might spend the remaining hours of the night in security and comfort. The night was very dark, and his footing along the narrow pass precarious, at the bottom of which the foaming streamlet, which leapt from linn to linn as it dashed over its rugged bed, was the only object which was visible, and by which he attempted to guide his way. At length he reached the house, and stood still to listen, but, to his disappointment, the sounds which he heard were those of mirth and revelry.—It was a shepherd's cot, and a party had convened within for the purpose of jollity and drinking.

Mr Renwick hesitated for a moment whether to seek admission, or to retreat to his hiding place; but being drenched with rain, and shivering with cold, he resolved to attempt an entrance. He knocked at the door which was immediately opened, and he was forthwith conducted into the midst of the

apartment. The master of the cottage, whose name was James M'Culloch, a rude blustering person, and no friend to the covenanters, received the stranger graciously on this hilarious evening. He advanced him to a seat near to a rousing fire of peats, and ordered a repast to be immediately set before him. The demeanour of Mr Renwick formed a complete contrast to that of the party among whom he was now placed, and seemed to excite some suspicion on the part of M'Culloch, who now and then muttered something about rebels, and conventicles and so forth. M'Culloch's wife, however, was a woman of a different description; she was humane, seriously disposed, and a friend to the sufferers. She had some guess of the party to whom the stranger belonged, and, dreading a disclosure in the progress of the evening, she hurried Mr Renwick to bed in an adjoining apartment.

As she conducted him to his dormitory, she requested him to be on his guard before her husband, who had no warm side to the persecuted people, informing him at the same time, that he was in perfect safety under her roof during the night. She made a comfortable fire in the little chamber, before which she suspended his dripping clothes, that they might be ready for him in the morning. Mr Renwick having committed himself to the guardianship of him who watches over all, crept under the soft and warm bed-clothes, and

slept soundly till the early morning. Awakening about the break of day, and groping about the obscure apartment for his clothes, he could not find them. Uneasy suspicions began to arise in his mind, and he dreaded some mishap, when the mistress of the cottage entered, and informed him that his garments having been so very wet, she had not succeeded in getting them sufficiently dried ; but that she had brought part of her husband's apparel, which she requested him to put on for a few hours. Mr Renwick complied, and the circumstance was the means of saving his life. M'Culloch had gone out before Mr Renwick rose, to drive his sheep from the low grounds, which were flooded with the rain that had descended so copiously during the night. After the devotions of the morning, in which M'Culloch's wife cordially joined, he walked out to the fields to breathe the refreshing air of the morning. Previously to his leaving the house he had thrown over his shoulders a shepherd's plaid, which action being observed by one of the dogs that lay near the fire, the sagacious animal rose and followed him. Mr Renwick ascended a gentle eminence near the dwelling, and, as he stood on its summit, his attention was directed by the barking of the dog, to a company of dragoons that were newly come in sight, and were very near. Mr Renwick forgetting that he was now attired in a shepherd's dress, expected to be instantly seized. The troopers rode up to him, and asked if he was the master

of the cottage ; he replied he was not. and informed them where he was to be found. After some farther conversation about rebels and fugitives, they concluded that there would be none on this side of the river, as the stream had been so greatly swollen since the dispersion of the conventicle ; and accordingly they departed without farther enquiry.

When the soldiers were gone, Mr Renwick returned with all speed to the house ; and having put on his own clothes, and breakfasted, he set out without delay for Penningham.— Thus Providence delivered, within a few hours, this helpless man, twice from eminent danger by the simplest means, and preserved him for farther service in the cause of Christ.

John M'Millan and David Ferguson, who returned to the north bank of the Ken, after they parted with Mr Renwick, were hastening along the margin of the river, when they were met by a company of horsemen. They turned to flee ; David Ferguson concealed himself under a brow by the waters edge, and John M'Millan retreated to a thicket at a short distance from the place. The soldiers observing the flight of M'Millan, pursued him, but he escaped. Ferguson, however, was never more heard of ; it is supposed that he was swept away by the strength of the stream, and found a watery grave, and thus he died a martyr, though not by the immediate hand of his persecutors.

THE MAID OF LIVINGSTONE.

Edward Glendinning, the young Portioner of Ernfillan, had been bred, from a child, in the hall of his chief. His father had fallen on the banks of the Orr, in a fray with a band of English marauders ; his tower had been at the same time demolished, his cattle driven away, and every cottage on his estate laid in ruins. The tower was partially repaired by the kindness of his relation and chief, Glendinning of Glendinning ; and the widow and her young family of four sons, continued to inhabit it under the protection of a trusty clansman.—Edward, the eldest, as has already been mentioned, was taken when a child, of eight years, home to the hall of Glendinning,—where, as the chief was childless, he was bred and educated as befitted the heir of one of the most powerful and warlike barons on the Scottish border. The strict discipline maintained in the family of the border chief had prevented Edward from visiting his mother and his brethren except on rare and important occasions,—so that when in his twenty-first year, after the death of his patron had put him in possession of one of the most splendid fortunes in Scotland, he found himself on his return to Ernfillan, almost a stranger in that district.

The return of the young chief to the mansion of his fathers, was celebrated with every demonstration of joy peculiar to that period. It was on the third morning after his arrival,

that Edward and his companions had resolved to hunt the red-deer, and a muster took place, accordingly, at day-break, on the green-hill top, rising immediately behind the tower of Ernfillan. Whilst settling the outlines of the day's sport, the sun arose, upon them in all his splendour, and, as Edward had been accompanied to Galloway not only by a considerable number of his retainers, but also by several youthful gallants of the first families of the border, the rays of the morning sun has seldom shone upon a more gallant band.

Amid the rattling of armour, the neighing of steeds, the baying of dogs, and the other sounds of sylvan war-fare—all half drowned in the loud and cheerful notes of the bugle, the young company rode briskly down the hill, and crossed the Dee at about a mile's distance. A great number of the vassals of Glendinning had been out since before day-break for the purpose of collecting a herd, in order to facilitate the sport,—so that by the time the party had crossed the river, the *tinckell*, as it was called in hunting phrase, was crowded together on a low hill called, from this circumstance, the GANNOCH,* and in a few minutes, the fattest, and best antlered roe-buck selected, the chase commenced with all its characteristic enthusiasm. It is not our design, however, to follow them through all the animating events

* Literally the place where the deer make their last stand before separating.

of a successful day's hunting. Had the sport ended in nothing more interesting the voice of tradition had been silent on the subject of our tale, and the name of the "Maid of Livingstone," to whom I must now introduce my readers, had never more than the other Gallovidian maidens, of the 15th or 16th century, (for the date is rather uncertain) been *orally* communicated to this generation.

Helen was the only child of Sir Aléxander Livingstone of Livingstone, and is represented by tradition as the most beautiful and interesting maiden of the age in which she lived. On the fine evenings of summer, it is said, she was accustomed to array herself in a robe of green silk richly embroidered, and on her head a cap of the same materials fancifully adorned with wild-flowers—over all she would throw a scarf of the purest lawn—slight and transparent as the film of the gossamer,—and thus equipped, stray along the wooded margin of the Dee, where she was often seen by the neighbouring peasants, and sometimes mistaken for a spirit. This romantic turn she probably owed to the secluded manner in which she had been bred—indeed that enthusiastic love of natural beauty, for which it appears she was so remarkable, could not fail to be greatly enhanced by the rich varied scenery amid which she had been conversant from her childhood.

Be this as it may, the tinge of romance thus added to her character, together with

her great beauty, and the extreme simplicity and affability of her manners, had the effect of rendering her an object of uncommon interest to all the neighbourhood.

On the afternoon of that morning, on which our story commences, it happened that as Helen was taking one of her accustomed rambles through the extensive woods that surrounded her father's mansion, her attention was suddenly arrested by the mingled din of hounds and horns, and all the jovial bustle which accompanies the chase. As hunting was in those days, the favourite amusement of the Nobles and Gentry of Scotland, and as Helen had sometimes shared in this diversion in the company of her father and his friends, there was to her nothing novel,—far less startling in this incident—only as her father was at that time from home, and as, from courtesy, it was not usual for the neighbouring gentry to approach so near each others habitations without notice previously given,—she was at a loss to guess who the party might be, by whom her walks were likely to be interrupted.

The sounds, every moment, approached nearer and nearer, till they seemed to be on the very verge of the wood; and from the direction they were taking, she became aware that the deer would, in all probability, pass through the opening in which she then was. Her conjectures were well founded. In a little, the sounds were heard at the entrance of the glade,—at the bottom of which she now at-

tempted to conceal herself. Wearied and scarcely able to drag himself along, the deer made his appearance, but followed so closely, by the forerunners of the pack, that it was evident to the not unskilful eye of Helen, that his race was nearly run. Accordingly having reached a thicket opposite to where she stood, he wheeled himself about, and tossing his antlers majestically, and stamping the ground with an air of defiance, stood at bay.

None of the hunters had as yet arrived, and Helen, to escape from a situation so little suited to an unprotected female, inconsiderately issuing from the place of her concealment, hurried rapidly across the avenue, and just in front of the infuriated animal, with the design of gaining an opening on the other side which led towards her home. As only a few of the dogs had as yet come in, the deer, more intent on annoyance than defence, no sooner perceived her in front of him, than he darted towards her with such fury that had not the rapidity of her flight caused him to miss his aim, the beautiful and kind-hearted Helen, of Livingstone, had been laid on the earth a lifeless corse. Ere he had time to rally himself for another attack, a horseman darted from the opening, sprung from his horse, unsheathed his weapon, and getting behind him, at one blow cut his hamstrings—then leaping dexterously upon his back, seizing his horns with one hand drew from his belt a short knife, with which he cut his throat, and he was

dead in an instant. Though the act had been as speedy as it was well-timed, yet when her deliverer turned himself to look for her—Helen was no where to be seen. He hastened to the entrance of the opening whence he had so recently issued to her rescue, and there he found her lying on the green sward, in a state of insensibility. He lifted her in his arms, and bore her to a fountain nigh at hand, which to this day bears the name of ‘Helen’s Well’; and sprinkled her temples and beautiful forehead with the cold water, she almost instantaneously regained life and sense. Upon opening her eyes she gazed confusedly,—first at her deliverer, and then at the other objects around her, as if unconscious of what had passed, and uncertain as to where she was, Edward, (for it was he who had come so opportunely to her aid) assured her that she was now in perfect safety, and begged whither she would be conducted. “I scarcely know,” (was the reply) “where I am, I only know that I have lately escaped the most imminent peril, and, if I am not indeed, very much mistaken, escaped through your generous interference. At present I can only thank you. I am the daughter of Sir A. Livingstone, whose house is at but a little distance, I shall not need to be further troublesome to you;—but may I make so bold as to enquire the name of him to whom I undoubtedly owe my life.” My name is Glendinning,” answered the huntsman. “I am no stranger to your father from whom I parted

only a few days ago in the palace of Holyrood. My family must not be entirely unknown to you, as they are your near neighbours; as for myself, being brought up in the family of my late chief, it has been my unhappiness that I have had no opportunity, as yet, of cultivating the acquaintance of those to whom my family owes so many acts of kindness and good neighbourhood. I arrived at Ernfillan only three days ago: and having your father's permission to hunt the red deer of Livingstone, I have already afforded him sufficient reason to repent his favour, by bringing the life of his only child into such jeopardy.—Being better mounted than my brothers and other companions, I left them behind;—when my ignorance of the ground caused me to take a shorter, though probably more difficult course—by which good fortune I arrived in time to avert a catastrophe which I yet shudder to think of.” While he spoke, the rest of the party, who had kept nearly in a body, arrived at the spot—where finding the deer already dead, and Edward's horse turned loose, began to shout his name at the very top of their lungs. “Edward, ho! Edward,” shouted William Glendinning, “where the devil can Edward be gone! This is one of the border tricks now, who ever left the deer in such an unseemly condition as this! Why he has gone about the business like a Kirkeudbright butcher! ho! Edward I say.—Edward, who had but a few steps to take to

bring himself within view of his companions, beckoned his brother William. William hastened to the place, where recognizing Helen, who was well known to him, as faint and colourless, she leaned against a decayed tree, he exclaimed "good God Edward—what unlucky accident has taken place?"—"Nothing serious William," said Helen, "only I have been acting the forest Queen as usual, and my subjects have rebelled: and had your brother Edward been such a laggard as you, one of them had slain his sovereign," The playful manner in which Helen was thus able to treat the subject, was the best proof that she had sustained no serious injury.—They were now joined by the whole party, many of whom were Helen's acquaintance. While Edward related the particulars of her narrow escape, more than one of the bystanders regretted that the adventurous fate had not fallen to his lot, and each of them internally concluded that Edward Glendinning was a happy man.

The day being pretty far spent; and the chace having been long and arduous, the company, which had been much augmented since morning agreed to disperse. Helen was escorted home by the Glendinnings and their friends—who after consigning her to the care of her servants, and receiving her assurance that she was now perfectly recovered from her fright, mounted their horses, and directed their course homewards. Their way lay

along the banks of the Dee, in those days richly wooded to the very margin. The sun, sinking in the west, cast his yellow rays, broken and chequered, by the boughs of the forest trees,—on their path, as now it swept round some fairy knoll, embroidered with blooming furze, wild roses and honeysuckle, and vocal with the evening song of the throstle and woodlark; anon penetrating an overarching alley, and approaching to the very edge of the river;—thus eking out the distance from the tower of Livingstone, to the ford where they were to cross the Dee, which now measures something short of two miles, to more than double that length.—The younger Glendinnings and their friends, —buoyant with the unchecked spirit of youth, and exhilarated by the exercise of the chace, were pushing their horses onwards at a brisk rate,—when Edward called upon them to rein up, complained of fatigue, and proposed proceeding at a more leisurely pace. “I’ll wager my best golden spurred falcon,” said William Glendinning, “that our brother Edward is worse hurt by the bright eyes of the fair maid of Livingstone, than she is by the unceremonious compliment of yonder uncourteous buck:—and little wonder it should be so; I question if “the flower of yarrow” herself, about whom we have all heard so much, or all the long-legged, eagle-beaked beauties of the Border put together, possess half the charms of our own Gallovidian lily;

but have a care ! brother of mine,—“ she’s a dangerous bird to fly at—for if there is aught in witch-love to be trusted, the man who aspires to her hand is doomed.”—“ Thou art a chattering daw, William,” replied Edward, “ but truce with thy impertinences, I am not in a humour to relish them at present ”—“ Be not offended, our most sovereign chief,” returned the light-hearted William, “ go on, and prosper. I only meant to let thee know the risk at which thou art to run for this fair prize,”—then composing his mirthful countenance into an expression of mock solemnity, he chanted, in a ludicrous manner, the following rude lines :—

The slime of the Dee for his bridal couch,
For his pillow a cold cold stone;
And heirless remains his wide domain,
Who would wed the May of Livingstone.

“ And where didst thou find that precious ditty,” said Edward, “ I learnt it,” replied William, “ from Anaple Nabony, the witch of Ernanity,—old Anaple, you know, who used to spae our fortunes, and tell us, for our comfort, that the sword of the false Southron should never be red with our blood, as it was with that of our sire, but yet, that not one of all our mother’s four sons should die in his bed—so brother, beware ! since you see the word falls not on thee alone, but also on all thy father’s house,” and laughing aloud, he gave his horse the spur, wheeled him to the left, and dashed into the ford at a full trot.

From that day, the mind of Edward Glendinning became the seat of a deep rooted passion: and love to which he had formerly been a stranger came not unaccompanied with its usual effects. The noise and festivity of a feudal hall,—the athletic sports of youth, and the chace to which he had been so enthusiastically attached—all became alike uninteresting to him. He loved to wander alone, among the woods and glens of Ernfillan, and to muse on her whose image he found to be indelibly impressed upon his heart. The young, the brave, and the fortunate, however, are seldom doomed to nourish a hopeless passion; and Edward soon sought, and found an opportunity of declaring the warmth and purity of affection.

The soul of Helen was open and sincere, as her person was beautiful, and her manners simple and bewitching. Her heart had been given to Edward at their first interview, and her troth was pledged to him on the second. Still they did not immediately resolve on marriage. They were young;—they had no cross purposes of friends or of fortune to fear. They met in public under the sanction of her father;—and they met and parted in secret, under the silvery beams of the moon, amid the green dells, and grassy glades of the woods of Livingstone—and their hours glided away in the calm transport of a mutual trusting affection. Edward had been more than once summoned to the defence of his country

from the inroads of the turbulent Northumbrians, on which occasions the trump of fame was loud in praise of his heroic achievements

At the end of 12 months from their acquaintance, the marriage was fixed, and the usual preparations went on, for celebrating the nuptials in a style becoming the rank and influence of the parties. The knot was to be tied at Glenlochar, an Abbey, situated on the eastern side of the Dee, and dedicated to Saint Michael.*

The wedding parties were to meet, at an early hour, at a ford of the river at the distance of about half a mile above the Abbey. In the course of the night, heavy showers had fallen in the uplands, and when in the morning they met at the appointed place, it was discovered that the river had considerably swoln—although it was still considered

* The foundation of a very large convent was lately discovered, about which record and tradition are silent.—SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S STATISTICAL ACCOUNT.

It is singular how such a large structure as this appears to have been, should be entirely forgotten, and never mentioned either in history or tradition. The building must have been demolished at a very early period, perhaps about the year 1300, when the castle of Threave was built, and the stones taken away to build that edifice, about a mile and a half distant, as there is no other place visible near the spot where they could be disposed of. The Editor has little doubt but this is the place where the first Christian church in the parish of Cross-michael stood.

to be fordable. Both parties made a halt ere proceeding to enter the water. Most felt rather alarmed, but every one concealed his fears—and each wished that the alarm should be expressed by his neighbour rather than by himself. At this moment William Glendinning shouted to the opposite party not to move till he should join them; for that he had resolved no one should conduct his brother's bride across the river but himself. He had gone only a short way ere it was seen that the water was deeper than any one present had permitted himself to believe;—and several voices called upon him to return, for that the attempt was likely to prove dangerous. To this warning he gave no heed; but before he gained the middle of the ford, the water had reached as high as his saddle-laps. The alarm now became universal, and Edward directed him to lay his horse steadily to the stream, and if he should get beyond his depth, to give him rein enough, and he would bring him infallibly to the shore.

These hints had scarcely reached the ear of the unfortunate youth, when his horse stumbled, fell, and with his rider was precipitated into the pool below. In an instant, his three brothers (all said to be expert swimmers were seen dashing to the place where he went down. The steed now made his appearance, and swam to the side, but the rider rose not. Edward first reached the place—and sustained himself for a short time on the surface, as if waiting

for his brother's re appearance, then dived but rose no more. By the time the two younger brothers had swam to where the current was most rapid, the youngest a youth of sixteen, was heard to call to the elder for assistance.

He turned, and they made towards each other, each caught the other in his arms as they sank, and the deep stream rolled placidly over all the four! A shout of horror burst from both sides of the river, which was heard for miles around,—but there rose *one*, and *but one* shriek—so wild, so piercing, and so full of agony, as to become distinguishable from, and in expression dissimilar to all the rest. It was the voice of Helen! Boats were procured and the pool dragged with as little delay as possible. The bodies were brought up by two-and-two, locked in each others arms, but life had long been extinct. They were interred with great pomp, by torch-light, in the Abbey of Saint Michael, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole surrounding country. The fate of Helen is variously represented, but all accounts agree in stating that from the overwhelming shock, her reason never again recovered. As confirmatory of the general truth of our story, the ford at which this heart-rending scene took place is known by the name of the *Kin ford* to this day. The following stanzas of an old ballad, of which the writer of this tale has heard much more in his youth, seems in all probability to allude to the heroine of the story.

And it was my bridal morn, my love,
 And the sun rose bright and fair,
 'Twas the last sun of joy that rose on my sight,
 For lang lang ere he had sunk in night,
 There was joy to me nae mair, my love,—
 There was joy to me nae mair!

Now the Livingstone bowers are green my love
 And green its birken shaw :
 And the wild rose blooms in Fininess dell,
 And the heath flower is red on Duchtrae fell,
 But joy is far awa, my love,
 But joy is far awa !

Here's a tear to our broken hopes, my love,
 The last that shall lea' my ee ;
 For lo ! secure from all rude alarms
 Sound sound I will sleep in my William's arms,
 In the deep and the faithless Dee, my love,
 In the deep and the faithless Dee !

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD.

“ We know that all things work together for good to them
 that love God.”—Romans, viii. 28.

There is nothing more requisite for the young Christian than a serious contemplation of the providences of God, as they pass by in the varied incidents of life,—an exercise which, although it is more easy of attainment to the experienced than to the youthful soul, still it is equally needful to both, to the furtherance of their knowledge and growth in grace; “beholding as in a glass the glory of God,” his watchful care over his creatures, his direction in the most trivial as well as the most weighty affairs of the universe; his goodness, his power,

his mercy, his pity, and his love ; giving us faith and hope, and a perfect assurance of safety in the stormy warfare of life, and courage and confidence in death.

O, it cannot but lift up that soul with gratitude and praise, who marks with serious attention the workings of an Almighty providence, with regard to the circumstances of life. There will be no more surprise at unforeseen occurrences, no seeming accidents, no changes of joy or sorrow ; but all will be beheld as the perfect arrangement of the Lord, who wields the mighty universe at his will, yet careth for us, and for the meanest insect, that is even too minute for human observation ; enabling the heart to put an entire trust in the sustaining hand of God.

The aged Christian will draw this confidence from the various events of his own chequered life : the young will be so instructed by the volume of divine inspiration, beholding in the history of God's chosen people, a striking portraiture of human vicissitude ; giving them a lesson of consideration of the Almighty's watchfulness and care, in their own passing lot.

Let us pray, then earnestly, that we may be enabled to behold our heavenly Father in all his varied providences, in his blessings, in his bereavements, in his chastisements and judgements ; and to fall down prostrate, and adore : to see his will, and to do his will, as far as our frail imperfect nature can attain,

knowing that Christ our Lord can and will help us, and that he is the stay of all who trust in him in sincerity and faith.

When spiritual blessings are bestowed plentifully upon the young Christian, he ought thankfully to rejoice in the Lord, and with a prayerful spirit-seeking aid, strive to nourish all the gifts and graces of the renewed soul, to his own advancement, and to the progress of others. But if his consolations are withdrawn—and God often departs for a season, in order to try our love, and increase our watchfulness—he must not despair, but turn to the stronghold as a prisoner of hope, believing that the Lord will again be gracious. He must search his heart, from the perfect conviction that sin has been the occasion of his present darkness; be earnest in prayer, entreating the return of the Holy Spirit; nor cease from his supplications until the “day of consolation from on high arises, and the shadows flee away, as he welcomes again his well-beloved; and O, how clearly will he then see the wisdom of that Providence which has renewed his light seven fold—who has said, “I will not leave you comfortless—I will come again unto you.”

In the like manner should the young Christian receive his temporal blessings with gratitude, and as the means of furthering his spiritual estate by their proper disposal. If he is allotted wealth, he should behold the various providences of God in its dispensation, either

in the increase of spiritual instruction, or in the relief of individual suffering. If he is fated not to give, but to receive, he should accept with all humility and gratitude every benefit, as the sent gift of God, to which he has no claim. There cannot be a greater proof of an unrenewed mind, than an unthankfulness in accepting of the Almighty's blessings, because, perhaps, they have flowed through a channel from which the proud heart feels humbled to receive, like a spoiled child turning from its meal, because not given in its own way; while we should see, in his providences, that our Lord, in his wisdom, but increases the benefit by the chastisement of the haughty soul — Alas ! too often blessings ill received become our stumbling-blocks, estranging our hearts from God. He knoweth best in what way to dispense his blessings; and we are bound to say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." It is essential for the young Christian to reply, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." We may weep when our cherished friends and relatives are taken from us, for a Saviour wept; but it must not be with a repining spirit: we should read in our afflictive providences the hand of love, removing from our souls our dearest attachments, only for a season, that our affections may follow them beyond the grave. It is good for them to depart; it is good for us to remain a while in our desolation, that we may all meet to-

gether in the eternal world, to part no more, ransomed, purified ones, inheriting the blessing of everlasting glory. They are with Christ—it is far better; we are on earth until it is meet for us also to be united unto the church triumphant in the heavens.

If worldly goods are taken from us, if worldly estimation,—or if earthly disappointments prevail,—we may rest assured that they are wisely ordered, as best suited to our soul's need; our worldly trials preparing us for everlasting benefits; present privation, for future happiness.

And, above all, we should look unto the providences of God, when his chastisements and his judgments are sent abroad upon the earth,—when we see, and when we feel, as all must do, that we are most worthy of correction. We should then strive to flee from every besetting sin, and every evil way,—to lift up our supplications with anxious voice for ourselves and others, that he would turn from his fierce anger, lest we perish, and the evil one get the mastery over us. Alas, alas! it is when the Lord ariseth in wrath, that the nations tremble. It is then that we feel our utter dependence on him who is the strength of ages,—that we are like the moth in the whirlwind, or the sere leaf on the tempestuous billow,—that it is “of his mercy that we are not consumed,” and that “by his stripes we are healed.”

We live in eventful times. They are young

indeed who have not marked the terrible majesty of God, in the pestilence, and in the hurricane, and have not trembled beneath the scourge,—and yet (alas! that it can so be said,) how little do we seem to remember the mercy which was mingled with the judgments of God in this favoured land, in giving us, in his warning, long space for repentance,—little attended to by the giddy thoughtless throng.

When, in 1817, the cholera broke out in a remote corner of the East, and ten thousand died in the space of a few days, it was heard here as the alarming melancholy occurrence of a far distant land; but few spoke of it as a warning to repentance, and of turning of the thoughts unto God.

As it continued its frightful ravages from right to left over hot countries, destroying, not thousands, but millions in its progress, the general idea was expressed that it could not exist in a cold climate, and excepting the mourners' tears for the loss of relatives and friends who had fallen its victims, it was minded not. "One went to his farm, another to his merchandise," without anxiety or concern.

For sixteen long years, the Lord, in his infinite compassion, kept it from our shores, letting us hear only the history of its desolations; but we did not, like the men of Nineveh, repent at the preaching of Jonah. We were like the deaf adder, stopping the ear;

like the blind Pharisee, we would not see, until the cry arose that the fearful pestilence had entered into the cold regions of Russia, unsubdued in its virulence; and then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.

Its flight into Britain, from that period, was awfully swift, and our former healthy, happy land stood aghast, as, with withering influence, it flew from city to city, along the margins of our seas and rivers, sending abroad the thrill of horror and the cry of agonizing despair, as death, in all its ghastliness, sent multitudes on multitudes to their dread account, before the judgment seat of God.

O, who can ever forget that period of awful visitation, who has beheld and has survived it? when from the alarm of general disease, the eye and the ear were directed to the observation of individual suffering, and shrinking from it in the expectation of being the next hour in death, who can forget the heavy rumbling noise of the cholera cart, moving slowly up and down from street to street, and from house to house, in order to receive the dead?

"Thankful I am," said an aged Christian, "when I awake in the night, and all in the house are still; I feel that I have yet another day to live!"

In a town of no great population, a person thus wrote: "Eighteen funerals have already passed my window, and it is not yet noon! You may consider how many will be ere

night, for they do not diminish ! But I know not if I shall live to see the night !”

A young, loving, virtuous couple saw parents, sisters, brothers, swept away ; bestowing upon all unrestrained attendance. The last blow smote to his heart ! with his little infant in his arms, he gazed on the corpse of its beloved mother, with the fixed gaze of abstraction ! “ My Janet,” he exclaimed, as they were about to hurry her into the coffin, “ thou shalt not want a winding sheet ; for he who loved thee in life can attire thee in death ;” and laying down the little baby, deliberately dressed her corpse, and placed it gently and carefully into its narrow cell.

In the close streets and alleys of Scottish cities, where, in tiers of stories, or lands as they are called, with a common staircase, often fourteen or fifteen families are sheltered under one roof, all would be silent at the midnight hour, when suddenly the call has arisen from every dwelling, “ Light, light !” and in a short space the cry of agonizing wailing has told the sad tale, that a corpse was laid in every abode !

O, it was a time of marked visitation : “ One was taken and another left !” No situation, however insulated, escaped. The wealthy, who could sit with closed gates, and keep from all intercourse with the world, knew not safety, but, seized in the dews of the evening, would, ere another day had rolled to its close, be laid in the dark cold grave !

The fearless would invite to the feast, the day would come, and death also, an unbidden guest ! and as one by one arrived, they would be seen to turn in flight from the gate ; for the pestilence had entered the dwelling, and the family head was lowly laid !

Many were the sad scenes of wretchedness which met the gaze. One cold, cheerless winter morning, through the dense fog, an aged man was seen, weeping as he went along, bearing on a wheel-barrow an unpainted chest, containing some cherished one, to deposit it into the cholera-pit ! The heart of the beholder sickened with apprehension, and the prayer of supplication was mingled with the tear of pity.

The youthful girl went for a month to harvest work, leaving behind her a happy industrious family of seven brothers and sisters, and parents kind and affectionate. She returned to a cold hearth, an empty home, and shut door ! Tearless, stupified, and astonished, she was seen beating her breast in frantic desolation !

Need we continue the picture ? The sudden scream of the way-faring man calling for assistance in death !

The dead and the dying huddled together in the receptacles of disease !

The long dark grave, with its tiers of coffins ! The bodies they contained scarce cold ! Heaps upon heaps, until filled for a grassy covering !

The adieu bestowed on relatives or friends for an hour, for a day, for a week ; but vain was the hope of expectation,—they were gone to return no more in this world for ever !

Such were those days of appalling visitation, and still the Lord waited to be gracious. He heard our cry, He listened to our petitions, He sent health and plenty again to our shores : “ Yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.” Can it be believed that many who have heard the cry, as in Egypt for the first-born, have forgotten it as though it had never been ? that the drunkard, and the swearer, and the Sabbath breaker, go about in the riot route of wickedness ? that the thief, and the robber, and the prostitute are still in our land ? Yet “ Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord, and turn away your faces from all your abominations.” For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation. God is full of compassion and tender mercy : He will still pardon those who ask Him with true contrition of heart. But remember that God will not be mocked. Let the regardless tremble lest he again arise in vengeance, to shake terribly the earth.

And O, remember the fearful hurricane which lately sent devastation around,—when the mighty giants of the forests fell like stripling wands !—when the habitations of men shook unto their foundations, or tumbled to the ground, bearing death amidst their ruins !—when the roaring waves seemed to

minge with the driving clouds in foaming fury, "while the poor sailors stood aghast and trembling," until the yawning gulphs buried their creaking vessels in their dark caverns, to spread their shattered wrecks on the bosom of the angry billows ! Who did not perceive then the providences of the Lord, in the saving and in the loss of life, and, when beholding the Almighty in the terrors of the tempest, was not led to exclaim, "The voice of the Lord is powerful ; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty ; the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, yea the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon ; the voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire ? Who must not then both trust and fear ? Will we not see that it is of his mercy that we are not consumed ? Will we not think of that dread awful day of coming doom, when the wicked shall be driven away as the chaff before the wind, and universal nature shall be dissolved,—when the heavens shall depart as a scroll when it is rolled together. and every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places,—and, kneeling down at the footstool of divine mercy, deprecate the wrath of an offended God, entreating of Him to let the light of his everlasting countenance shine upon us, to take us graciously into his favour, and our sins and our iniquities to remember against us no more ? Amen.

"The Lord's throne is in heaven ; his eyes

behold, his eyelids try the children of men.”
—Psalm xi. 4.

“He ruleth in his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations.”—Psalm lxvi. 7.

“Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne.”—Psalm xcvi. 2.

“With righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.”—Psalm xcvi. 9.

“The Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.”—Isaiah, xxviii. 29.

“Who has saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given to us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.”—2 Timothy, i. 9.

“Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee; for thy judgments are made manifest.”
—Revelation, xv. 4.

“The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance.”—Psalm xciv. 14.

“But judgment shall return unto righteousness, and all the upright in heart shall follow it.”—Psalm xciv. 15.

MAGGY O' THE MOSS.

(Concluded from page 125.)

Now to the northern Simon flies,
 Like smoke that floats 'tween earth and skies,
 Or like November's misty rain,
 That speedy drifts amongst the plain;
 Wi' Maggy mounted on his back,
 As sicker as a pedlar's pack;
 Wi' rape about his head and neck,
 Her human pony to direct;
 And in the other wither'd hand
 A hazel cudgel did command;
 With which she play'd upon him sweetly,
 And leather'd Simon's sides completely!

Not sweet for him, alas, poor Simon!
 Fain wad he thought he was but dreamin' ;—
 Fain thought his brain was in confusion,
 And nothing but a wild delusion!
 A man might fancy, that he star'd,—
 A man might fancy, that he heard;
 But there was one of no denying,
 Which prov'd to Simon he was flying;
 And tho' he knew not, where nor whence,
 Convincing feeling—noblest sense,
 In no ways could be disbelieved—
 He felt too well to be deceived.

The night, which had been calm before,
 Now chang'd, and winds began to roar:
 The moon had set clean out o' sight,
 And dark and dismal grew the night;
 And ay the louder blew the blast,
 Our flying hero flew mair fast;
 And furious rush'd, wi' whizzing din,
 Against the frosty northern win',

Which round that head devoted, blows,
Enough to split his very nose!

And thus 'tween heaven and earth they swept,
Meg at no regular distance kept;
But whiles ascended, till our Planet
Seem'd to the sight as wee's a wa'nut;
Then sinking lower by degrees,
She rubs his nose against the trees;
Or dips his wame in some moss hole,
Wi' nose still pointed to the pole!

Like swallows near the gloaming light,
As o'er a lake they take their flight;
How swift they skim the liquid plain,
Then mount up high in air again!
Now down themselves again they fling,
And skiff the water on the wing;
So, o'er our Isle, and far ayont it,
Poor Simon flew, wi' Maggy mounted!
For as the precious hours o' night
Flew by, sae Meg increas'd her flight;
And o'er the frozen ocean vast,
The domicile of many a blast,
She darts away o'er frozen sails,
O'er shaggy bears, and spouting whales.
Here icy mountains huge are seen,
There struggling ships were jamm'd between,
And onward still she takes the rout
O'er seas no British charts laid out,
And skims the icy rattling tide,
Wi' icicles on every side:
Her nose and chin, her auld gown tail
Were cased in ice like coat o' mail.
A magnet made by magic art,
Gat frae the deil in some black part,
Made Meg acquainted wi' the sphere,
And tald the pole was drawing near,

Till by the streamer's flitting light,
 Which glented brightly through the night,
 She spied at length the vera part,
 And like a bird wi' cheerful heart
 Alighted gently on a knoll,
 Beside the much-sought arctic pole.
 What pencil could the picture draw !
 What tongue could tell what Simon saw !
 What multitudes were gather'd here
 Frae every airt the wind can steer :
 Here mounted upon bears in raws,
 Appear'd the hardy Esquimaux ;
 Here Indian carlins on bamboos,
 And south sea hags on kangaroos ;
 Here sturdy witches of the arctic,
 Kiss'd warlocks frae the far antarctic ;
 And mony a Caledonian grannie,
 Flown aff wi' some auld neibour Sawnie ;
 Some rode on ragworts, some on docks,
 Some lang kail runts and cabbage stocks :
 Some on a cat, some on a hen,
 And some upon their ain guidmen ;
 For tho' the power lay wi' themselfs,
 To ride but ought wad brake their spells,
 So some had ponys wanting saddles,
 Some cuddies—some on wooden laddles.
 What shouts and yells rose wildy there !
 A thousand lingos rent the air !
 When rising like a swarm of bees,
 Or craws when hame-bound to their trees,
 At once the solid earth they leave,
 To meet the fiend wha ruin'd Eve.
 Soon out o' sight o' earth they fly,
 And now they canna see the sky,
 Quick flying—straining—sweating—frothing,
 They stretch, they strive, 'twas neck or nothing ;
 For wha got first they ken'd fu' weel,
 Wad get some present frae the Deil.

But now to tell of things below,
 A while my muse must let them go,
 Pursuing on their destinations,
 Wi' nae zigzag oscillations,
 But onward furious fast they fly,
 As Time's wings to Eternity.

By this time Nick, the great arch fiend,
 In hell a meeting did convene;
 And mounting on a brumstane rock,
 Thus to the other fiends he spoke;
 And tho' got rather hoarse wi' reek,
 His farthest subjects heard him speak,
 And heard him with a due respect,
 His words which were to this effect:

"Doom'd sons below, the time draws near,
 When your arch brother must appear,
 Far in the empty realms o' space
 And there meet at a certain place,
 A heterogeneous set o' bitches,
 Whom their own race designate witches,
 That race of which our share we claim,
 Sprung from that planet—Earth by name.
 Now Bluefire, ane o' my best deils,
 This moment you must ply your heels,
 Put on your best and swiftest wing
 Fly up to earth, and you must bring
 Twa kegs o' best Jamaica rum,
 (We'll meet you half road as you come,)
 With which I'll treat, as sure's I'm curst,
 The clever jade that meets me first,"
 Then rising up away he started,
 Still leaving charges as he parted,
 And soon came to (upon his pinions)
 The John O' Groat's o' his dominions:
 The porters knew their master weel,
 The gates were op'd—out flew the deil—

Charg'd them to warn him of disorders,
 Then at a dart he clear'd the borders,
 And far in emptiness set sail,
 With a long retinue at's tail.

Ah Nick ! I doubt—yea, maist can tell,
 Ye dinna rule your family well !
 For had it been but rightly headed,
 Ye surely never wad hae dreaded
 A wild rebellion rise within it,
 In your being absent for a minute !

Alas ! man should take thy example,
 And strive on fellow man to trample—
 'Tis plain that both in hell, and here,
 A despot always rules in fear !

Far far in space, and void of sky,
 The ruins of some world gone by ;
 (Or what perhaps had been a sun,
 But now for want o' fuel done,)
 Composed of lava, in and out,
 Upon its centre, wheel'd about,
 Wi' nothing living on its face,
 Nor did it alter from the place ;
 But whirl'd in darkness evermore.
 So to that spot did Satan soar,
 And, carving out a cinder throne,
 Sat down and waited for his own.

But to our witches,—on they flew,
 And lo ! what's this appears in view ?
 'Tis fire—'tis light—'tis coming fast,
 It must be day—alas ! 'tis past !
 At first poor Simon's heart grew fain,
 He thought it was the world again :
 But human hopes are often vain,
 And fancied pleasures turn to pain ;
 Nae world was here, nae light o' day,
 'Twas but a comet on its way ;

Which gleam'd one moment on the core,
 And left them darker than before :
 Wi' nought to light them to the prize,
 Except the gleam o' Satan's eyes:
 Which now, at distance 'pear'd in sight,
 Like glow-worms in a gloomy night :
 Making our witches fly like win',
 Leaving the wizards far behin' ;
 For warlocks tho' they wear the breeches,
 Hae never ony chance wi' witches.

Wi' joyful heart Nick spied them comin',
 And roar'd out—" O delightful woman !
 Tho' whiles I've lost a point by thee,
 You've been a charming friend to me :"
 Then betted part o' his dominions,
 Upon the race and his opinions ;
 Whilst different members o' his clan,
 Oft times wad bet him three to one.

Cries one upon his bended knees,
 " My liege, I'll bet you if you please,
 'That Bess o' Borgue will Meg defy."
 " She may," quo' Nick, " but time will try."
 " A murderer's head I'll bet she lose it."
 " Psha ! psha," cries Nick—" Meg wons the
 brose yet,"
 " What's you she rides wi' stretched lim' ?"
 " What ! pray sir, do you no ken him ?
 'Tis auld herd Simon o' the Bent,
 Ane whom I think will ne'er repent ;
 For many a wicked trick, you know,
 He's in our ledger long ago."
 " That's right," quo' Nick, " I mind right weel,
 When teaching some young aukward deil ;—
 I'm sure it must be half a centry—
 We had his name in double entry."

Whilst thus they betted, far ahead,
 Four carlins seem'd to take the lead
 'Twas "Bess o' Borgue," and "Glencairn Kate;"
 Wha baith on Broomsticks had their seat;
 Our auld acquaintance made out three,
 The fourth cam' frae the Southern sea,
 A wrinkled hag o' visage copper,
 And firm resolved nae ane should stop her;—
 Weel mounted on a kangaroo,
 And at a furious rate she flew:—
 Strove sair—but couldna gain an inch,
 Even Satan's sel' was at a pinch
 To name the winner—loud he swore;
 He ne'er saw sic anither four;
 Till getting nearer to himsel',
 In shorter time than tongue can tell;
 They spring—they dart—now quick, then quicker;
 'Twas now or never for the liquor.
 Now Bessy seems to tak' the lead,
 Now Maggy's first by half a head:
 Now Katie's winning plain's can be;
 Now Copper beats the other three;
 The vera twinkling o' an eye
 Behind, and Bessy will get by,—
 One final effort—three must lose,
 'Tis won by—"Maggy o' the moss,"
 Who bounding off her fainting steed,
 Sprang forth to Nick wi' lightning speed;
 Who clasping Meg in warm embrace,
 Proclaim'd her winner o' the race.

Few minutes had got time to wear,
 Till witch and wizard a' was there,
 The loud harangue of welcome o'er,
 For dancing they prepar'd a floor.
 Nick gave the orders to his band,
 And taking Maggy by the hand,
 (His greatest fav'rite a' the night,
 While ither pairs were plac'd aright)

Inquir'd what tune she pleas'd to ha'e,
 What tune, quo Maggy—"Clean pea strae;"
 Or there's anither which I prize,
 "Yersel' flown aff wi' the excise."
 Weel spokē my partner, cried the Deil,
 Nought beats a good Scotch dance or reel:
 Now rose the music soft and sweet,
 Now Maggy starts, and what a treat!
 As round she flies wi' Satan's sel',
 Though whyles nigh tripped by his tail;
 Whilst he beat nimble with his cloots,
 In spite of breeding and of boots,
 Till mony a carlin envied Meg,
 And wish'd to see her break her leg.

The dance scarce o'er, Nick did begin
 A Solo on his violin,
 And sweetly play'd upon ae string,
 While Maggy danc'd the "Highlan' fling;"
 He play'd his shifts wi' sic an art,
 And Meg sae supple did her part,
 As wou'd have sham'd, if shame there in is;
 Your German and Italian "ninis."

By this time Blue-fire had arriv'd,
 And down amidst the black throng divid—
 Brought forth twa kegs without delay,
 Presenting Maggy wi' the twae:
 He'd snatch'd them off a smuggler's nag,
 And brain'd its driver o'er a crag;
 Which did his master sae delight,
 He made him on that instant knight,
 Wi' star and ribbon quite a swell,
 The "order" Simon couldna tell;
 For 'twas enough from what he saw,
 To fright sense, memory, and a'.

Yet Simon recollected well,
 And many a lang year liv'd to tell

What reels they danc'd, and how they play'd
 Strange antic tricks in masquerade;
 And how the gloomy caverns rang,
 Re-echoing the witch's sang.
 And how before they would retire,
 Of earth's affairs Nick did inquire,
 Which they as willing did unfold,
 And many a horrid tale they told,
 Of many a dark device and plan,
 The cruel tricks of man to man;
 Of stretched necks and broken banes;
 Of poison'd wives and smother'd weans;
 Of widows where there should been nane;
 Of orphans cheated o' their ain;
 Of deeds did I but tell a part,
 The blood would curdle round my heart.

Loud laugh'd auld Nick, and danc'd and reel'd,
 And cleverly his pains conceal'd;
 For could his black heart been laid bare,
 Wretch'd fiend, nae frolic lodged there.
 Ah! Satan is it thus with thee?
 Above, below, thou'rt never free.
 Could leagues unnumbered frae thy den
 Not in the least appease thy pain?
 Could dancing witches, which did please thee,
 Not in the least iota ease thee,?
 Ah! no, through distant frae thy hame,
 Thou art a demon still the same:
 Locality's a small affair,
 When hell is with thee every where.

Prepar'd at last to take their flight,
 Yet loath to bid his friends good night,
 Nick bade his menials go and look,
 If Simon still was in their book.
 Down dropt our hero as if shot,
 His cares and fears were a' forgot;
 His nostrils seem'd devoid of breath,
 And every muscle cold as death,

Yet life was there, and death would win him;
 His soul was scarcely out or in him;
 Hard struggled death and life for sway;
 Till life victorious won the day,
 His senses gather'd by degrees;
 He first felt life, tho' not at ease;
 His ears niest caught the roaring main,
 And recollection came again,
 When bold at length to ope his eyes,
 What joys, what transports, what surprise!
 He spied, which made his pulse to play,
 The dark blue hills o' Galloway;
 And by his sides the twa prize kegs,
 Strapp'd o'er his back wi' Maggy's legs;
 Who sat atween the twa erected,
 Smoking her cutty quite collected,
 Flying alongst the way they came,
 Within a mile or twa o' hame.

Our herò and our heroine
 Had now reach'd where they left yestreen;
 When some kind cock, to morning true,
 As if by more than instinct crew:
 Loud screigh'd auld Meg, the cantrip spell
 Was broke, and down baith birling fell;
 But by good luck the kegs o' rum
 Fell happily beneath his bum,
 Or in a moss hole out o' sight
 Poor Sim had finished his flight;
 And never liv'd to tell what past,
 A tale o' wonders that may last,
 Whilst witches dwell upon the earth,
 While Orr flows to the Solway Firth;
 Till death's wark's done, and Nick has got him;
 And time's lung sinks lie at the bottom.

Yet should some future sceptic sinner,
 As fond of doubling as his dinner,

To show the clearness o' his brain,
 Strive to confute our story—when
 The village Blacksmith and the Bard;
 And parish Sexton's nae mair heard;
 When Jamie nae mair tolls the bell,
 And Johnie's hammers cease to knell;
 When Robin quits his plough and toil,
 And rests his banes beneath the soil;
 When mony a wife that could declare
 The truth is gane the Lord knows where.
 Tis then, perhaps, some rising twig,
 Wi' bumps of learning unco big,
 May prove, prove what? why prove no more
 Than what has oft been shown before;
 That Maggy doesna rank alone,
 Nor yet is Nick the only one,
 Who oft has guiltless caught the blame;
 By having first a wicked name.

THE SIEGE OF CAERLAVEROCK.

A. D. 1300.

Caerlaverock Castle, which, it is admitted,
 furnished the antitype to the old Castle of
 Ellangowan in "GUY MANNERING," is sit-
 uated in the parish of the same name, on the
 shore of the Solway Frith, about nine miles
 below the flourishing town of Dumfries, at
 the south-eastern extremity of an irregular
 peninsula formed by the estuary of the Nith
 on the west, and the river and Moss of Lochar
 on the east. It was the seat of the powerful
 family of Maxwell as early as the reign of

Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century, when "Evan Macuswell of Caerlaverock" is recorded to have been at the siege of Alnwick in 1093. His successors retained the barony for many generations, distinguishing themselves in the wars of their times, and increasing their influence and hereditary possessions by matrimonial alliances and military services. The origin of this castle, now a massive ruin, and standing in solitude, the venerable relic of a thousand years, is uncertain. The Romans possessed a station near it, and the remains of a camp are still seen a little to the west, but history does not record its masters from the sixth to the eleventh century. Its situation and natural defences are such as to have induced the rude inhabitants of the country to select it as a place of strength in those desolating wars and forays, when men had to dispute the possession of their homes with foreign invaders and predatory neighbours. Its venerable appearance and localities, at the present day, are in the highest degree interesting. To the south of the Castle lies the Solway Frith, to the nightly bark struggling among the perilous waves of which it once formed a beacon; and beyond the Solway appear the lofty mountains of Cumberland in the vicinity of the Lakes. On the west is the mouth of the Nith, forming a magnificent bay, skirted with the woods of Newabbey and Kirkconnel; on the east are the river and wide expanse of the Moss of

Lochar; and in the back ground rises Criffel, the termination of a range of undulating hills which inclose the fertile vale of the Nith like an amphitheatre.

In the time of Herbert, eleventh Lord Maxwell, the Castle of Caerlaverock was besieged in person by Edward I., in one of his expeditions to conquer the Scottish nation: He was already in possession of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dunbar, Dundee, Brechin, and Dunnottar; and indeed almost every stronghold between Berwick and the Moray Frith had fallen into his hands. In Dumfries-shire, which, from its frontier situation, severely suffered in these wars, almost every fortress had yielded to the victorious arms of the English monarch, and probably Caerlaverock was the only remaining retreat of Scottish independence in the country. To reduce this bulwark was therefore the fixed determination of Edward I., while its garrison was no less disposed to offer him an obstinate resistance.

All the nobility and barons of England, who owed military service, or held of the crown by military tenure, were summoned by writ to repair to Carlisle with their respective levies, at the festival of St John the Baptist, A. D. 1300, which is celebrated on the 24th of June. A summons had been previously sent to the Castle, demanding its surrender, and the haughty refusal determined the King to appear before it in person.—The royal mandate was punctually obeyed,

and never perhaps had the ancient city of Carlisle such an array of royalty and chivalry within its walls. Edward I., one of the greatest princes who ever sat on the throne of England, his son the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Hereford, the Earl of Warren, and his nephew Henry de Percy, the Earl of Warwick, John of Brittany, nephew of the King, Hugh de Vere, son of the Earl of Oxford, Lord Clifford, Hugh le Despenser, Hugh de Courtenay, Walter de Beauchamp, the Earl of Arundel, Maurice de Berkeley, and many other peers and knights, all assembled at the summons of their sovereign, whose exasperation against the Scots had been increased by the heroism of Wallace, and their indomitable courage in opposing the English sway.

Edward well knew the strength of Caerlaverock, and the preparations he made for the siege, corresponded to the magnitude of the enterprise. As cannon were then unknown, engines of various constructions for discharging large stones, beams of wood, battering rams, robinets, and springalds, were collected from different quarters. Some were brought from Carlisle and Skinburness, others from the Castles of Lochmaben, Jedburgh, and Roxburgh, accompanied by and under the charge of a retinue of engineers, smiths, carpenters, miners, armourers, and other artizans to work the machinery. At that time the English used much the same mode of attack

as the Greeks and Romans. The *robinets*, *springalds*, or *espringalls*, were the *catapultæ* or *balistæ* of the ancients—large cross-bows, wrought by machinery, capable of throwing stones, beams, and huge darts; and they were numbered among the heavy military engines of the age. They had also ponderous machines, moving on wheels, resembling the Roman *testudo*, formed with wooden planks, and covered with hides. The machine called a *sow* was of this description, and is thus noticed in an old ballad published in the “Border Minstrelsy :”—

“They laid their sowies to the wall
Wi’ many a heavy peal;
But he threw o’er to them again
Both pitch and tar barrel.”

In the ancient poem entitled “The Siege of Caerlaverock,” and supposed to have been written by Walter of Exeter, a celebrated Franciscan friar, who is also said to have been the author of the romantic history of Guy Earl of Warwick, there is an interesting account of the enterprise. About the 1st of July 1300, the English army left Carlisle commanded by Edward I., in person, attended by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., and the most distinguished peers and knights of the kingdom, to the number of eighty-seven. The men at arms amounted to 3000 chosen warriors, and this splendid array of chivalry, which “quite filled the roads to Caerlaverock,” presented an impos-

ing spectacle to the rustic peasantry. The poet informs us that they "set forward against the Scots, not in coats and surtouts, but on powerful and noble chargers; and that they might not be taken by surprise, well and securely armed. There were many rich caparisons embroidered on silks and satins, many a beautiful pennon fixed to a lance, and many a banner displayed. And afar off was the noise heard of the neighing of horses: mountains and valleys were every where covered with sumpter horses, and waggons with provisions, and sacks of tents and pavilions; and the days were long and fine."

The English army was divided into four squadrons, in which manner they marched by easy journeys into Scotland. The first squadron was commanded by Henry, the "good Earl of Lincoln," namely, Henry de Lacy, a distinguished nobleman, whose name occupies a prominent place in the records of almost every event of his time. John, the "good" Earl of Warren and Surrey, a powerful nobleman and celebrated soldier, headed the second squadron; the third was commanded by Edward in person: and the Prince of Wales, then in his seventeenth year, and bearing arms for the first time, led the fourth. In all these divisions or squadrons were the peers and knights of England, carrying their banners, with pennons streaming, and the whole resembled rather a military triumph

than a formidable array to reduce the strong Castle of Caerlaverock.

The exact time of the siege is not mentioned, but it is conjectured that it must have taken place between the 6th and 14th of July; for it appears from entries in the book of the King's Wardrobe, that Edward was at Dumfries on the 10th of that month, at Caerlaverock on the 13th and 14th, and at Lochrutton on the 17th. During his march, the King visited various churches and shrines, and made many oblations at the altars to propitiate the saints for success in the enterprise. At length this imposing array of England's chivalry appeared before Caerlaverock, and the picture of the Castle and its situation as given by the poet, is worthy of attention for its accuracy:—"Caerlaverock," he says, "was so strong a castle that it did not fear a siege—it was always prepared for its defence whenever it was required with men, engines, and provisions. Its shape was that of a shield (triangular,) for it had only three sides all round, with a tower on each angle; but one of them was a double one, so high, so long, and so large, that under it was the gate with the drawbridge, well made and strong, and a sufficiency of other defences. It had good walls and good ditches filled to the edge with water; and I believe there never was seen a castle more beautifully situated, for at once could be seen the Irish sea towards the west, and to

the north a fine country, surrounded by an arm of the sea: so that no creature born could approach it on two sides, without putting himself in danger of the sea. Towards the south it was not easy, because there were numerous dangerous defiles of wood, and marshes, and ditches, where the sea is on each side of it, and where the river reaches it; and therefore it was necessary for the host to approach it towards the east, where the hill slopes."

As soon as the English army appeared before Caerlaverock, it was formed into three divisions by the King's command, and quartered by the marshal, and the soldiers proceeded to erect huts for their accommodation, of which the poet gives us a very picturesque account—the *coup d'œil* of ancient chivalry:—"There might be seen houses built without carpenters or masons, of many different fashions; and many a cord stretched with white and coloured cloth, with many pins driven into the ground; many a large tree cut down to make huts; and leaves, herbs, and flowers, gathered in the woods, which were strewn within; and there our people took up their quarters." The military engines and provisions were brought soon afterwards by the fleet, and it was not long before the siege was commenced. The footmen marched against the castle, and a sharp skirmish took place of about an hour's duration, in which several were killed and wounded.

The men-at-arms hastened to sustain the footmen or infantry in breathless silence, and "then there might be seen such kind of stones thrown, as if they would beat hats and helmets to powder, and break shields and helmets in pieces; for to kill and wound was the game at which they played. Great shouts were among them when they perceived that any mischief had occurred." At this stage of the enterprise several knights distinguished themselves—the "good Bertram de Montbouchier," with him Gerard de Gondronville, an "active and handsome bachelor," who threw up many a stone, and suffered many a heavy blow."

The first body engaged in the assault was formed of Bretons, and the second of soldiers of Lorraine, who rivalled each other in their heroic achievements, and pushed their way to the ditches. At that moment the soldiers of Sir Thomas de Richmond passed close up to the drawbridge, and summoned the garrison to surrender, but the only answer was a discharge of ponderous stones and other missiles. Sir Robert de Willoughby was wounded in the breast by a stone, and the valour of some other knights is specially mentioned. Ralph de Gorges fell "more than once to the ground from stones and the crowd, for he was of so haughty a spirit that he would not deign to retire." Sir John Fitz-Marmaduke was "like a post, but his banner received many stones, and many a rend difficult to mend."

Sir Robert Hamsart "bore himself so nobly, that from his shield fragments might often be seen to fly in the air;" and "the good Baron of Wigton (John de Wigton,) received such blows that it was the astonishment of all that he was not stunned, and, without excepting any lord present, none showed a more resolute or unembarrassed countenance."

Stones flew as "thick as rain;" blows were alternately given and received; and there were few that "remained unhurt, or brought back their shields entire."

The whole narrative in reality bears a strong resemblance to the storming of Front-de-Bœufs' castle in "Ivanhoe." The soldiers actively engaged were reinforced by the followers of the King and of the prince of Wales, who conducted themselves with the greatest gallantry. Sir Adam de la Forde mined the walls with considerable effect, and many a heavy and crushing stone did Sir Richard de Kirkbride receive. Of this knight it was said, "so stoutly was the castle assailed by him that never did smith with his hammer strike his iron as he and his did there." The soldiers emulated the gallantry of their leaders, and were indefatigable in their assaults on the massive stronghold.

The bravery and perseverance of the besieged were no less conspicuous. They showered upon their assailants such "huge stones, quarrels, and arrows, and with wounds and bruises they were so hurt and exhausted,

that it was with very great difficulty they were able to retire." At this juncture Lord Robert Clifford sent his banner and many of his retinue, with Sir Bartholomew de Badlesmere, and Sir John Cromwell, to supply the places of those who retreated. But the besieged did not permit them to remain long; and when this party also retired, Sir Robert la Warde and Sir John de Grey renewed the attack, but the garrison was prepared to receive them, and "bent their bows and crossbows, and kept their espringalls in readiness both to throw and to hurl."

The fierce retainers of the Earl of Brittany recommenced the assault, supported by the followers of Lord Hastings, and soon covered the entrance to the castle. The courage of the garrison was not subdued. We are told that as one of them became fatigued another supplied his place, and they defended the fortress the whole of one day and night, and until about nine o'clock in the morning of the following day, but the numerous stones thrown from the robinet "without cessation, from the dawn of the preceding day till the evening," depressed their courage. They were farther intimidated by the erection of three large battering engines "of great power and very destructive, which cut down and clave whatever they struck;" and every stroke, by "piercing, rending, and overturning the stones, caused the pieces to fall in such a manner that neither an iron hat nor wooden

target" could protect them. The erection of these battering engines was the chief cause of their surrender. Finding resistance to be hopeless, and some of their number killed, they requested a cessation of hostilities, and hung out a pennon to that effect, but the soldier who exhibited it was shot through his hand to his face by an arrow. The rest demanded quarter, surrendered the castle, and submitted to the mercy of the King of England. The Marshal and Constable of the King of the English forces immediately ordered hostilities to cease, and took possession of the place. The banner of Edward, with those of St Edmund, St George, and St Edward, and those of Segrave, Hereford, and Clifford, waved over the towers of Caerlaverock.

The English were amazed to find that the garrison amounted to only sixty men, and if we are to credit our poet's statement, Edward behaved on this occasion, with great clemency, not only pardoning but rewarding this gallant band. "They were all kept," he says, "and guarded till the King commanded that life and limb should be given to them, and ordered to each of them a new garment."—But in the Chronicle of Lanercost the account of their fate is entirely different, and it is affirmed that Edward ordered many of them to be hanged. As soon as the castle surrendered, Edward proceeded to Galloway, where he

continued some weeks, visiting Kirkcudbright; Twynham, Fleet, and other places, and making several votive offerings to the altars in the churches to the saints, for their fancied assistance after the capitulation of the castle.

He returned to Caerlaverock on the 29th of August, where he found his queen, and Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come at the express command of the Pope with an epistle from his Holiness to the King in favour of the Scots, recommending peace. This led to a truce, and Edward finally left Caerlaverock for Carlisle on the 3d of November.

The Castle was entrusted to Lord Clifford who had particularly distinguished himself during the siege, in consequence of which his banner was placed on its battlements. This nobleman served in the third squadron, which was led by the King in person; and the poet who celebrates his valour, descent, and prudence, says that if he were a young maiden, he would bestow on him his heart and person in consideration of his renown — Clifford was then little more than twenty-five years of age. The fortress of Caerlaverock remained in the possession of the English for several years; and it appears that in 1312, Sir Eustace Maxwell, its then proprietor, joined the English interest, though he soon after distinguished himself in the rescue of Robert Bruce. It was again in consequence

besieged, and was defended for several weeks, the assailants being compelled to retire.—Fearing that it might again fall into the hands of the English, Sir Eustace Maxwell demolished a part of the fortifications, for which he was rewarded by King Robert Bruce. His son, Sir Herbert Maxwell, in 1347, swore fealty to Edward III. In 1353 the castle was taken from the English by Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who resided in it till he was barbarously murdered in 1357. The present Castle of Caerlaverock is supposed to have been erected by Sir Robert Maxwell, the son of Sir John, who was the cousin of Sir Herbert, in whose family it still remains.

Such is the account of the siege of Caerlaverock by Edward I., as related by Walter of Exeter, the author of the History of Guy, Earl of Warwick—at least, that the account was written by an eye witness who was an ecclesiastic, is confirmed from his laboured eulogium on Antony Beck, the famous military Bishop of Durham, who is celebrated in the wars and state politics of Edward I.—This warlike prelate was not present at the siege of Caerlaverock, but a number of his retinue was in the army, as it is mentioned that he sent the King one hundred and sixty men-at-arms. It is said by one authority, that “the Bishop of Durham is described in the roll of Caerlaverock as being absent from the siege on account of a wound,” but it rath-

er appears that he was detained in England in consequence of some public transaction.

STANZAS ON VISITING THE RUINS OF CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

Illustrious fortress ! once the pride of kings,
What ancient splendour doth thy wreck display !
Still to thy walls some royal vestige clings
That shows the glory of thy former day ;
But now, alas ! thy strength must fade away,
(Ah ! reckless Time, what hast thou here been
doing ?)

Yet thou art lovely even in decay,
And while I stand thy hoary grandeur viewing,
My soul is charmed with thee—all hail, thou stately
ruin !

Yes, still there is a princely look displayed
In thy lone walls, and yet a noble mien ;
What though thy former grandeur be decayed,
In what thou art we see what thou hast been.
Delightful spot ! how beautiful the scene
Where chieftains dwelt—where now the raven
dwells !

Here all around are Nature's beauties seen ;
Before—the tide of mighty océan swells,
Behind—the woods, the glens, the everlasting hills !

Ah me ! how oft have heroes from afar
With giant prowess strode these vales below,
While the loud-pealing instruments of war
Thundered destruction on the daring foe !
But Time at last hath struck the fatal blow,
And hushed to peace the warrings of the brave ;

And now these lonely towers no discord know,
 But all is still and peaceful as the grave,
 Save the far distant sound of Solway's dashing
 wave:

Majestic fabric ! there alone thou art,
 While those who have the imperial sceptre swayed,
 Who deem'd themselves more lasting than thou
 wert,
 Are buried in Oblivion's thickest shade ;
 The warrior too, in terror's form arrayed,
 Hath meekly fallen, as if he'd ne'er been tried
 In freedom's cause—the priest that often prayed
 In wrapt devotion, slumber side by side,
 And not a stone is seen to tell they lived—and died.

Yes, they are gone, but thou 'rt a palace still,
 And in thy sad and desolate remains
 All undisturbed the fowls of heaven dwell,
 Nor rank nor precedence their honour stains ;
 The fleecy flocks that roam the flowery plains,
 Within thy vaulted caverns freely stroll,
 Where once the captive's spirit-bending chains,
 (Who saw no day—beheld no planet roll)
 Clank'd in the gloomy vault, that chilled his manly
 soul.

But kings and subjects all alike must go
 Down to the dust, from whence at first they came ;
 Palace and cottage both are humbled low
 Together in the all-devouring flame,
 Fed by corrosive Time—and scarce a name
 They leave, to tell the anxious lookers back,
 That it *has* been, and still *must* be the same,—
 Through mightiest barriers Destiny will break,
 Nor art nor wealth procure salvation from the wreck !

DESCRIPTION OF CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

Caerlaverock Castle stood in the parish of the same name, about nine miles south from Dumfries, on the north shore of Solway Frith, between the confluence of the rivers Nith and Locher.

This castle is said to have been originally founded in the sixth century by Lewarch Ogg, son of Lewarch Hen, a famous British poet, and after him to have been called Caer Lewarch Ogg, which, in the Gallic, signified the city or fortress of Lewarch Ogg; since corrupted to Caerlaverock: but whether the word Caer was ever used to signify a fortress, is by some held questionable; and it does not appear here was ever any thing like a city.

Caerlaverock Castle was the chief seat of the family of Maxwell, in the days of King Malcolm Canmore, as appears from an ancient pedigree of that family, in the possession of Captain Riddel of Glen-Riddell, F. S. A. wherein Eugen Maxwell, of Caerlaverock, is said to have been at the siege of Alnwick with that King in the 26th year of his reign, A. D. 1097; it continued ever since in that family, till it passed by an heiress, Lady Winifred Maxwell, in marriage to Hager-ton Constable, Esq., to whom it now belongs.

There was likewise a second castle of that name above mentioned, whose site and foundations are still very conspicuous, and

easy to be traced out in a wood about three hundred yards to the south-east of the present building. From these foundations it appears to have been somewhat less than the present castle, but of similar figure, and that it was surrounded by a double ditch. Its form and situation are particularly described in an ancient heraldic French poem, reciting the names and armorial bearings of the Knights and Barons who accompanied King Edward I. in his inroad into Scotland, by the western marches, in the year 1300, when this castle was attacked and taken. The original is preserved in the British Museum, and may be thus translated.

Caerlaverock was a castle so strong, that it did not fear a seige, therefore, on the King's arrival, it refused to surrender; it being well furnished against sudden attempts, with soldiers, engines, and provision. Its figure was like that of a shield*, for it had only three sides, with a tower on each angle, one of them a jumellated or double one, so high, so long, and so spacious, that under it was the gate, with a turning or drawbridge, well made and strong, with a sufficiency of other defences. There were also good walls and ditches filled to the brim with water. And, it is my opinion, no one will ever see a castle more beautifully

* The ancient shields were triangular; hence frequently called heater shields, from their resemblance to heaters used by the women for ironing linen.

situated ; for at one view one might behold towards the west the Irish Sea, towards the north a beautiful country, encompassed by an arm of the sea, so that no creature born could approach it, on two sides, without putting himself in danger from the sea ; nor was it an easy matter towards the south, it being, as by the sea on the other side, there encircled by the river, woods, bogs, and trenches ; wherefore the army was obliged to attack it on the east, where there was a mount.

The castle, after having been battered by all the warlike machines then in use, at length surrendered, when the remainder of the garrison, being only sixty in number, where, on account of their gallant defence, taken into the King's favour, and were not only pardoned and released, ransom free, but to each of them was given a new garment.

Some time after its surrender it was retaken by the Scotch, and was in the possession of Sir Eustace Maxwell a steady friend to King Robert Brus. He held it against the English for many weeks, and at last obliged them to raise the siege ; but lest it should afterwards fall into the hands of the enemies, he himself demolished all the fortifications of it : for which generous action King Robert Brus nobly rewarded him with the grants of several lands, *pro fractione & prostratione Castri de Carlaveroch*, &c. He also remitted him the sum of ten pounds sterling, which was payable to the crown yearly out of the lands

of Caerlaverock. This he remitted to the said Eustace and his heirs for ever.

This castle, however, seems to have been again fortified; for in the year 1355, it was taken by Roger Kirkpatrick, and, as Major says levelled with the ground. Probably it was never more repaired, but its materials employed to erect a new building. The frequent sieges and dismantlings it had undergone might, in all likelihood, have injured its foundations.

The precise time when the new castle was built is not ascertained, but must have been before the year 1425. In the reign of James I., from the appellation of Murdoc's Tower, given to the great round tower on the south-west angle, which it obtained from the circumstance of Murdoc, Duke of Albany, being confined in it that year: and this is farther corroborated by the pedigree before mentioned, wherein Robert Maxwell, who was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, A. D. 1448, is called the compleator of the batteling of Caerlaverock.

This castle again experienced the miseries of war, being, according to Camden in his annals, in the month of August, A. D. 1570, ruined by the Earl of Sussex, who was sent with an English army to support King James VI., after the murder of the Regent. The same author, in his *Britannia*, written about A. D. 1607, calls it a weak house of the Barons of Maxwell, whence it is probable

that only the fortifications of this castle were demolished by Sussex; or, that if the whole was destroyed, only the mansion was rebuilt.

The fortifications of this place were, it is said, once more reinstated by Robert, the first Earl of Nithsdale, in the year 1638; and, during the troubles under Charles I., its owner nobly supported the cause of royalty, in which he expended his whole fortune; nor did he lay down his arms till he, in 1640, received the King's letters, directing and authorising him to deliver up the castles of Thrieve and Caerlaverock on the best conditions he could obtain: in both which castles the Earl maintained considerable garrisons at his own expence; namely, in Caerlaverock, an hundred, and in Thrieve eighty men, besides officers. The ordnance, arms, ammunition, and victuals, were also provided at his cost.

The following particulars, respecting the articles of capitulation, and furniture left in this castle, are copied from a curious manuscript, in the possession of Captain Riddel before mentioned.

Copy of the Capitulation between the Earl of Nithsdale and Colonel Home, at Dumfries, the 1st day of October, 1640.

The 1st day pns. of the Committee of Nithsdale, residing at Dumfries, compeared Lieutenant-Colonel Home, and gave in and produced the articles of capitulation past be-

twixt Robert Earl of Nithsdale and the said Lieutenant Colonel, at the castle of Caerlaverock, the 26th day of September last by past, and desired the said articles to be insert and registrate in the bukes of the said Committee, and that the extract yr. of might be patent to any party havand interest, and the principal articles redelivered to him qlk the said Committee thought reasonable, of the qlk articles the tenor follows, viz:—Articles condescended upon betwixt the Earl of Nithsdale and Lieutenant-Colonel Home, the 26th day of September, 1640, at the castle of Caerlaverock. For the first article it is condescended on, that for my lord, his friends, and followers, that there shall no other course be taken with him and them in their religions, than with others of his or their professions.—Whereas it is desired be my lord, that he, his friends, and followers, be no farther trouble in their persons, houses, and estates, house guides therein; then according to the common course of the kingdom; it is agreed unto, that no other course shall be taken with him and his foresaids, then with others of his and their professions. Whereas it is desired he and they may sorte out with bag and baggage; it is agreed, that he, his friends, and followers, and soldiers, with each of them their arms and shott, with all their bag and baggage, trunks, household stuff, belonging on their honour and credit to his Lordship, and them wt. safe conduct to the Langholm,

or any other place within Nithsdale, is granted. Whereas it is desired be my Lord, that guides intromitt with, belonging to his Lordship's friends and followers, restitution thereof be made ; it is agreed to what course shall be taken with others of his and yr. condition shall be taken with him and them. It is condescended upon be my lord takend the burden on him for himself, his friends, and followers, that he nor they sall not, in any time coming, tack arms in prejudice of this kingdom, nor shall have any intelligence with any prejudice thereof, upon their honour and credit. It is condescended on be my Lord, and his friends and followers, that they sall contribute and do every thing lying incumbent on them, according to the general course of the kingdom. Lastly, it is condescended on be my Lord, his friends, and followers, that he and they sall deliver up the house and fortalice of Caerlaverock to Lieutenant-Colonel Home, wt. the cannon, superplus of ammunition, and other provisions ; and that he shall remove himself, officers, and whole garrison and followers, out of the said castle and fortalice ; and this his Lordship obliest himself and his to perform upon his honour and credit, betwixt this and the 29th day of September instant, 1640,

SIC SUBSCRIBITUR, NITHSDALE,
JON. HOME.

This is the just copy of the said articles of

capitulation, extract forth of the books of the said Committee, by me, Mr. Cuthbert Cunningham, notter clerk yr. of underscribing.

(Signed) CUTHBERT CUNNINGHAME, Clerk,

No. 16.

A note of such things as were left in the house of Caerlaverock, at my Lord's departure, in the year of God, 1640.

Imprimis, in the wine sellar, 4 barrels of Seake. *Item*, in the other sellar, 3 hogsheads of French wine, and an iron grate. *Item*, mare, 30 bolls of meal. *Item*, in the end of the kitchen, 2 barrels of herring. *Item*, In the high wardrop, 1 locked trunk, and three timber beds, and 1 iron window—Mare, 1 stoller, 1 old katell, and 2 picks, and a mould. *Item*, up high, four cubords, and a crucifix—Mare in a warehouse, a crok-pin. *Item*, in chamber, a cubard. In my Lord Maxwell's chamber, two beds and a cubord, and a locked chest, and another chest. The outer room, two trunks and a bed, and a great tow. Mare in the musket chamber, a bed and a belows; in the turnpike, a cubord. Mare in the new wardrope, 3 beds. *Item*, in the master's chamber, a bed and a cubord. Mare in the damask bed chamber, a bed, and a cubord, and a targe, and a fire chavell — *Item*, in the kitchen, a chimney and grate, and a pair of long raxes. In the new hall, a leid, and a masken fatt, and a study, and a

pair of bellies. *Item*, in the long hall, 6 cases of windows, with 22 pikes, 13 lances, and 2 sakes of white stiles. *Item*, mare in Sander's chamber, 4 beds. Mare in my Lord's hall, a burds, and 6 turkies, fowls.—*Item*, mare in the round chamber, without my Lord's chamber, 5 feder beds, 9 bolsters, 4 cods, 5 pair of blankets, and 4 rugs, 6 pieces of buckram, with my Lord's arms, and 2 - - - -, and another bed with black fringed and a painted brods, a cuburd, 9 stools covered with cloth of silver, 2 great chairs of silver cloth; mare, a green caniby bed; mare, a sumber cloth; mare, 3 great and little - - - -, and 4 stoles, and a long coussin, ail of black and white stuff; mare, 4 stools, and 2 chairs, coveret with brune cloth passementet gealow; mare, a great lock, and a wauroke net; mare, there is one great chair, 4 stiles coveret reid with black passment; mare, 22 curtain rods a trunk locked full, and 2 of virginals; mare, in the drawing room, a brace of iron and canaby bed, with a fender, bed, and a bolster, and 3 tronks locket, a Turkey stile, and a rich work stile, and ane old chair, with a cod nailed on; mare, a frame of a chair. *Item*, in fire house, is 7 covers of Turkey work for stiles, and a coffer, 2 chests, 15 chamber pots, 5 pots for easment, a mortar and a pistol, a brazen pot, a brazen laddle, a bed pan, 4 wine sellers, a little chopin pot, and my lord and my ladies pictures; mare, a chest, with some glasses, and 5 fedder beds, 5 bolsters, three char pots, 2

red window curtings; mare, there is in the dining room before my ladys chamber a burd and a falling bed, 2 Turkey stools, a blue ----- on the case of the knock; mare, in my Lord's chamber there is a bed furnished of damask, and lead our with gold lace; mare, there is 2 chairs, and 3 stools of damask, and a cuburd, and a carpet, and a chair coveret with brune cloth, and a chamber all hanged, a water pot, a tongs and bellies, 1 knoke, 28 muskets, 28 bandlers, and 2 2-handed swords, and 9 collers for deggers; mare in Conheathis chamber, a bed, and cuburd, and sundries; mare in the ould house, 38 spades of iron.

This is the true inventory of the goods left in Caerlaverock, taken there be Arthur M'Machan and William Sleath; there was one locked trunk in the high wardrop, which was full of mens cloathes; and in that great trunk mentioned to be in the round chamber, there was a great wrought bed, a suit of cloaths of silver, chairs and stools to be made up, and an embroidered cannabie of grey sattin to be made up too: as for the other trunks, which were left in the open rooms, it cannot be remembered in particular what was left into them: and that this is all true, we under-written can witness.

WILLIAM WOOD, Witness.

(Signed) WILLIAM MAXWELL, Witness.

THOMAS MAXWELL, Witness.

No. 17.

*A note of the household stuff intromitten
with by Lieutenant Colonel Home at
Caerlaverock.*

IMPRIMIS—He has intromitten with five suit of hangings, there being eight pieces in every suit, the price of every suit overheid estimate three-score pounds sterling.

ITEM—Has intromitten with five beddies, twa of silk and three of cloth, every bed consisting of five coverings, course rugs, three over ballens, and ane long - - - - -; with masse silk fringes of half quarter deep, and ane counter point of the same stuff, all laid with braid silk lace, and a small fringe about, with chairs and stools answerable, laid with lace and fringe. with feather bed and bolster, blankets and rugs, pillars, and bedsteid of timber answerable; every bed estimate to be worth an hundred and ten pounds sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitten with ten lesser bedies qr. of four are cloth cortens, and six with stuff or serge, every bed furnished with bottoms, valens, and testes, fedder bed, bolster, rugge, blankets, and pillors, and bedsteid of timber answerable; every bed estimate to fifteen pounds sterling overheid.

ITEM—He has intromitten with seventy other beds for servants, consisting of sether bed, bolster, rug, blankets, and estimate to seven pound sterling a piece.

ITEM—He has intromitten with forty

carpets, estimate overheid to forty shillings sterling a piece.

ITEM—He has intromitted with the furniture of ane drawing room of cloth of silver, consisting of an entire bed - - - - - cobbert and six stools, all with silk and silver fringe, estimate to one hundred pounds sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitted with twa dozen of chairs and stools covered with red velvet, with fringes of crimson silk and gilt nails, estimate to three score pounds sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitten with five dozen of Turkey work chairs and stools, every chair estimate to fifteen shillings sterling, and every stool to nine shillings sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitten with an library of books, qlk stood my lord to two hundred pounds sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitten with twa ope trunks full of Hollond shirts, and pillabers, and dorock - - - - - damask table cloths, and gallons, and towells, to the number of forty pair of shittes, or thereby, and seventy stand of neprey, every pair of sheets consisting of seven ells of cloth, at six shillings sterling the ell, amounts to 5l. 2s. ster. the pair. Inde 704 sterling.

ITEM—The stand of neprey, consisting of ane table cloth, of twa dozen of nepkins, twa lang towells, estimate to XX pound ster.

ITEM—He has intromitten with an knock that stands upon ane table, estimate to XX pound sterling.

ITEM—He has suffered his followers to spoil me ane coach - - - - - of the furniture qlk stood me fifty pounds sterling.

ITEM—He has intromitten with other twa trunks full of coarse sheets and neprie, to the number of forty pair, or thereby of sheets; and twenty - - - - - stand of coarse neprie, or thereby; the pair of sheets and thé furniture consisting of twelve ells, at half crown an ell, amounnts threttie shillings sterling the the pair. Inde VII and XX pound.

ITEM—The stand of neprie, consisting of table cloth, twa dozen of nepkins, and ane towel, estimate to - - - - - the stand. Inde - - - - -

ITEM—He has intromitten with an trunk full of suits of apparel, qr. of there was eight suits of apparel, or thereby, some of velvet, some of saten, and some of cloth, every suit consisting of cloaths, bricks, and close dublets with velvet, estimate at - - - - - the suit. Inde - - - - - 11=viij—iiij lib.

To this and other complaints of a breach of the articles of capitulation, Col. Home, among various excuses, answered, that what he did was by order of the Committee of Estates; by whose particular directions this place was demolished. on their being informed that the Earl's officers and soldiers had broken their parole, and were then actually in arms.

This castle, like the old one, is triangular, and surrounded by a wet ditch; it had a large round tower on each angle; that on the

east is demolished ; that on the western angle is called Murdoc's tower, from Murdoc, Duke of Albany being confined there, as has been before mentioned. The entrance into the castle-yard lies through a gate on the northernmost angle, machicollated and flanked by two circular towers. Over the arch of the gate is the crest of the Maxwells, with the date of the last repairs : and this motto, " I bid ye fair." The residence of the family was on the east side, which measures 123 feet. It is elegantly built, in the stile of James VI. It has three stories, the doors and window cases handsomely adorned with sculpture ; over those of the ground floor are the coats of arms and initials of the Maxwells, and the different branches of that family ; over the windows of the second story are representations of legendary tales ; and over the third, fables from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ; in the front is a handsome door case leading to the great hall, which is 91 feet by 26.

At a considerable distance towards the north-east of the area, on which the castle stands, and near the farm house, is a handsome gate of squared stone, having a circular arch.

The building towards the right was the part wherein the Earl resided.*

* We have given a full description of Caerlaverock castle, in order to afford the reader some idea of the wealth and splendour that characterized the baronial mansions of Scotland.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE, MINISTER OF IRONGRAY.

There is nothing, my dear friend, for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books—For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould, from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age—inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant, to look back upon the ready good will, the heart-felt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with the tale. Of their many traditions which I have thus received, I select

for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical, for that, while I prize you as a poet, I esteem you as an upright and worthy man. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing, and altered nothing, in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr Chalmers, I received a charge, from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter, when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus entrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady and enquired for her daughter.—The servant who admitted me, mistaking my

inquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment : and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away. When I looked around, expecting some one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not been opened and no one had entered ; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plated ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For, as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a moveable eye which was carried along the pirn by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in a high office in London : for she had so much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to

her solitude to employ herself with a spinning wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relic of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by, curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak: besides, feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate. Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her.— I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize; and as I touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand-uncle,

who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the invasions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach. When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to pious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles the Second when the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the Kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house

and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like the Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require the ordained ministers of the word to shut their mouths and cease from preaching the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the head of the church whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them. The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house, was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyr's crown, and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And

at the same time a proclamation was made at the Cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one under peril of instant destruction from the castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland.— This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body. Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing, by his intrepidity, the garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God,

my venerable narrator staid not to tell, but as he vowed he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body. Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred, and the steadfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search, which was set on foot; and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head.— Finding this to be almost impossible, in the hotness of the search which the lord provost, zealous in the cause of prelacy, whereof he was a partizan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations and follow their religion in foreign parts, than by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their house-

holds and tutors to their children, and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ, and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honorable shelter and occupation in a foreign land — But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening danger than to accept the protection of any noble family or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched with the grace of God, and abhorring the legal doctrine of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their

dearest affections to the will of God. She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's search: and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days.— And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved; there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom most she honoured, from slaying the man whom

most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled, but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centered in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father, also, bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence. But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befell this faithful but much tried lady. Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centered in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some hon-

ourable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to have seen her united, but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way, until at length, what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men, leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom. At length, when his patience was nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that it should not be gainsayed. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet, at times, she would hope from a father's kindness. But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief

magistrate, which had been braved by that young man ; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers ; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land ; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose together in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain she pleaded a christian woman's duty, not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband. But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betroth themselves without their father's consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true-heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after-kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas ! it fared with her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a

father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death, and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet, not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy, written with her dying hand: "I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man."

This, all this misery, had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death warrant had issued and vigilant search gone out against him. But shortly after things were consummated, a full opportunity

was given to him and every brave hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration which was made by William of Orange for the protestant cause in Britain. Without delay, William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers of the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow. Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the "Trial of the saving Interest in Christ," with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said that he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens. They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his gift and calling, of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing

only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since, to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever. His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining; and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty, from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief,

they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well educated and well principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment or exile. And as they spoke to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many, should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, in a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway. In this hollow are to be seen, at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont

to assemble from the face of their enemies, and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord; for which they are called, to this day, the communion tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors. To these communion tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What dost thou here, Elias?" Now, it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of His glory, and hiding of His face, in his soul.— Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus; the seat of his fathers; driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball in a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries:

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the

west, a home and a rallying place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt, and His feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion tables of stone, from which so many saints—famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Iron-gray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a Providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness, unto a well deserving and much enduring parish, shown more, than in that Providence which drew this much tried and faithful youth to their borders. Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, “What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses, wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the gospel? What

would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore strugglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the church and the idolatry of a departed saint, whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish and was ordained over the flock. Yet, so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman.— Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart, but after this long separation unto the memory of her who had proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to the affections of the living and married a wife. "Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to any besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonder-

ful narrative which I had heard ; and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment, and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or her husband, who was minister of the parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible on which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a queen of England. I took my leave ; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave : so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our sires !

INVOCATION TO THE EVENING STAR.

Oh thou, whose holy light is softly streaming,
Forth from the portals of the fading West !
Lulling the wild heart, by thy placid beaming
To rest,—yet not to calm and dreamless rest—
But, twined with many a vision from afar,
What art thou, wondrous star ?

Wakener of many thoughts !—that, upward swelling,
Spurn the thick veil which wrapped them all
day long,
And round the Spirit's throne their silent dwellings,
In vivid, freshening, living lustre throng ;—

Whence is thy mighty power,—thine influence,—
say ?

What art thou, glorious ray ?

Whence and what art thou ? What the secret spell
That draws our mortal nature still to thee ?

Whence are the visions in thy train that dwell,—
The crowding thoughts that strive for mastery ?

How art thou linked, in thy far distant reign,
With human joy or pain ?

How art thou blent with all mysterious things,
All aspirations of the glowing breast ?

With all the dreams that spread their lightning
wings

And vainly, vainly, seek on earth for rest ?

Why turns to thee,—all heaven's bright host above,
The adoring gaze of Love ?

Why,—when thy thrilling beams at eve are trem-
bling

Far in the distance of the blue serene,—

Then rise the memories of the heart, assembling

To tell the soul of all that once hath been ?

Or bright,—or desolate,—whate'er they be,

Why come they still with thee ?

Why bring'st thou voices that have long been fled,—

And beams from eyes, that *now* are beaming not ?

Why call'st thou back the dead ;—or worse than
dead,

The lost,—the false,—but ah !—the unforgot ?—

And bid'st the heart,—companionless,—again

Pine for the past in vain ?

Why is thy speaking ray, tho' sad, yet dear ?

Why doth the spirit, all alone below,

The fervid soul that finds no kindred here,

Pour forth to night and thee its love and woe ?

Why, driven the cold and heartless world to flee,

Finds it a friend in thee ?

Strange that it should be thus! Is *thine* the place,
 Where all the soul's young dreams are garnered in
 Its pure first loves, that scarce retained a trace
 Of human selfishness, or grief,—or sin?
 All, all of bright, of holy, and of pure,—
 That might not here endure?

Art thou in essence like that wondrous flame
 That lives and burns within the human breast?
 Another,—a more glorious,—yet the same,—
 So—worn with earth,—we turn to thee for rest;
 Turn from the turbid streams of care and strife,
 To quaff thy fount of Life?

Whate'er thou be,—whom hallowing dreams sur-
 round,—

Hail to thee! hail! love's own,—his guardian star;
 Thine is the lustre,—'mid the blue profound,—
 Than all the orbs of night, more beauteous far,—
 Thine is the power to speak,—with thrilling tone
 Unto the heart alone!

‘TAKING THE BEUK.’

To describe this sublime ceremony of devotion to God, a picture of the Cottars Ha', taken from the more primitive times of rustic simplicity, will be most expressive and effectual.

On entering a neat thatched cottage, when past the partition or hallan, a wide, far projecting chimney-piece, garnished with smoked meat, met your eye. The fire, a good space removed from the end wall, was placed against a large whinstone, called the cat-hud.

Behind this was a bench stretching along the gabel, which, on trysting nights, was occupied by the children; the best seat being courteously proffered to strangers. The Cottar Sire was placed on the left of the fire, removed from the bustle of housewifery. — A settee of oak, antiquesly carved and strewn with favourite texts of scripture, was the good man's seat, where he rested after the day's fatigue, nursing and instructing his children. His library shelf above him displayed his folio Bible, covered with rough calf skin, wherein were registered his children's names and hour of birth; some histories of the old reforming worthies, (divines who waded through the blood and peril of persecution) the sacred books of his fathers lay carefully adjusted and pretty much used: and the acts and deeds of Scotland's saviour, Wallace, and the immortal Bruce, were deemed worthy of holding a place among the heroic divines who had won the heavenly crown of martyrdom. Above these were hung a broad sword and targe, the remains of ancient warfare, which happily the hand of peace had long forgot to wield. From the same pin depended the kirk-cut of corn,* curiously braided and adorned with ribbons. — Beside him was his fawling-piece, which, before the enaction of Game Laws, supplied his family with venison and fowls in their

* The name sometimes given to the last handful of grain cut down on the harvest field.

season. At the end of the lang settle was the window, which displayed a few panes of glass and two oaken boards, that opened like shutters, for the admission of air. On the gudewife's side appeared her articles of economy and thrift. A dresser, replenished with pewter plates, with a large meal chest of carved oak, extended along the side wall; bunches of yarn hung from a loft or flooring, made of small wood or ryse, spread across the joisting, and covered with moor turf. The walls, white with lime, were garnished with dairy utensils (every Cottar almost having one or two kye.) At each side of the middle entry was a bed, sometimes of very curious and ingenious workmanship, being posted with oak, and lined with barley straw, finely cleaned and inwoven with thread; these were remarkably warm and much valued.

Family worship was performed every evening, but on the Sabbath morning it was attended with peculiar solemnity. At that season all the family, and frequently some of the neighbours, presented themselves before the aged village apostle. He seated himself on the lang-settle, laying aside his bonnet and plaid. His eldest child came submissively forward, and unclasping the Bible, placed it across his father's knees. After a few minutes of religious silence, he meekly lifts his eyes over his family to mark if they are all around him, and decorous. Opening the Bible he says—in a tone of simple and holy

meekness—‘Let us reverently worship our God by singing the (eighth) Psalm.’ He reads it aloud; then gives or recites line after line, leading the tune himself. The *Martyrs* is a chosen air, so called in honour of those men who displayed a zeal worthy of the name, and perished in the persecution.—All the family join in this exquisitely mournful tune till the sacred song is finished. A selected portion of Scripture is then read from the sublime soarings of Isaiah, or the solemn morality of Job. As the divine precepts of his Saviour are the sacred rules by which the good man shapes the conduct of his children, Isaiah’s fifty-third chapter, where the coming of the Redeemer is foretold, is the soul-lifting favourite of rustic devotion. It is read with an exalted inspiration of voice, accordant with the subject. The family rise as he clasps the book, fall down on their knees, bowing their heads to the ground. The good man, kneeling over his Bible, pours his prayer to heaven in a strain of feeling and fervent eloquence. His severity of church discipline relaxes in the warmth of his heart,—‘May our swords become plowshares, and our spears reaping hooks:—May all find grace before thee!’

There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish sabbath morn presents, when the wind is low, the summer sun newly risen, and all the flocks at krowse by the waters and by the woods:—how glorious

then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chant of the Cottarman's psalm spreading from hamlet and village !

This noble scene has been painted in never fading colours by the vigorous and masterly genius of Burns. It was a subject dear to his heart ;—a parental scene. He has touched it with the poetic inspiration of divine rapture, and with the fidelity of truth itself.

'The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn
 air.'

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

The eminent archbishop Usher being once on a visit in Scotland, heard a great deal of the piety and devotion of the famous Mr. Sam. Rutherford, who, he understood, spent whole nights in prayer, especially before the sabbath. The bishop wished much to witness such extraordinary down-pouring of the Spirit ; but was utterly at a loss how to accomplish his design. At length, it came into his mind to

dress himself like a pauper ; and on a Saturday evening, when turning dark, he called at Mr. Rutherford's house, and asked if he could get quarters for a night, since he could not go to other houses, at so late an hour for that purpose. Mr Rutherford consented to give the poor man a bed for the night ; and desired him to sit down in the kitchen, which he did cheerfully. Mrs Rutherford, according to custom, on Saturday evening, that her servants might be prepared for the Sabbath, called them together and examined them.— In the course of examination that evening, she asked the stranger how many commandments there were ? To which he answered, ' eleven.' Upon receiving this answer, she replied, " What a shame it is for you ! a man with grey hairs, living in a Christian country not to know how many commandments there are ! There is not a child of six years old in this parish, but could answer this question properly." She troubled the poor man no more, thinking him so very ignorant ; but lamented his condition to her servants : and after giving him some supper, desired the servant to show him up to a bed in the garret. This was the very situation in which he desired to be placed, that he might hear Mr Rutherford at his secret devotion.— However, he was disappointed, for that night the good man went to bed, but did not fall asleep for some hours. The stranger did not go to bed, but sat listening, always hoping to

hear Mr Rutherford at prayer ; and at length concluding that he and all the family were asleep, the bishop thought, if he had been disappointed of hearing another offering up his desires to God at a throne of grace, he would embrace the opportunity himself ; and poured out his heart to God with so much liberty and enlargement, that Mr Rutherford immediately below him, overheard him : and getting up, put on his clothes. Should this have awakened Mrs Rutherford, she would have suspected nothing of his design, seeing he rose commonly every day at three o'clock in the morning ; and if she could have heard one at prayer afterwards, she would have naturally concluded it was her husband — Mr Rutherford went up stairs, and stood waiting at the garret door till the bishop had concluded his devotion : upon which he knocked gently at the door : and the other opened it in surprise, thinking none were witness to his devotion. Mr Rutherford took him by the hand, saying, “ Sir, I am persuaded you can be none other than archbishop Usher ; and you must certainly preach for me to day, being now Sabbath morning.” The bishop confessed who he was ; and after telling Mr Rutherford what induced him to take such a step, said he would preach for him on condition that he would not discover who he was. Happy union of souls, although of different persuasions ! yet not marvellous. — God makes but two distinctions among mankind, — the righteous and the wicked.

Mr Rutherford furnished the bishop with a suit of his own clothes, and early in the morning he went out into the fields; the other followed, and brought him in as a strange minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him. Mrs Rutherford found the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast the family went out to kirk; and the bishop had for his text (John xiii. 34.) "A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another." A suitable subject for the occasion. In the course of his sermon, he observed that this might be reckoned the *eleventh* commandment. Upon which Mrs Rutherford said to herself, "That is the answer the poor man gave me last night;" and looking up to the pulpit, said, "It cannot be possible that this is he." After public service the strange minister and Mr Rutherford spent the evening in mutual satisfaction; and on Monday morning the former went away in the dress he came in, and was not discovered.

CARDONESS CASTLE.

The old Castle of Cardoness, which stands on a lofty eminence overhanging the Dumfries and Portpatrick road, about a mile and a half from Gatehouse, is a strong substantial building of considerable dimensions, which

still rears its entire but roofless walls from amidst the ruins of the offices and smaller houses, that in days of turbulence and rapine found peace and protection under its shelter. Those days of violence have long passed away and with them the principal use of such gloomy abodes as the Tower of Cardoness. The humble herdsman with his faithful dog now affords a better security to his flock, than strong walls and armed men could give in those lawless times. And every peasant in the land is as safe in his lowly cottage, as ever was a Douglas in his castle of Threave.

Fondly as the tales and traditions connected with old castles are cherished and preserved by the people of Scotland, and not less fondly by the natives of our district than by our neighbours, time or fortune seems to have dealt somewhat hardly by old Cardoness Castle. Little remains in book or tale by which we can trace its early history. The name of its builder and the period of its erection are alike unknown. The only tradition that has survived is not very flattering to its ancient owners, and would seem to imply that pride and poverty, defects of which our southern countrymen impeach us, were even then national characteristics. For the story runs that the erection of the castle exhausted the resources of three successive lairds, none of whom was able to finish it; and the fourth laird was reduced to such a state of indigence as to be obliged to cover it with heather,

which his necessities compelled him to convey on his own back from the adjoining moor of Glenquicken.

This perseverance however, at length met its due reward. Matters began to take a turn, and every thing seemed to prosper in his hands. The imposing appearance of the Castle had many advantages. It gave consequence to the Laird amongst the neighbouring gentry, and inspired confidence in his dependents. The thriving farmer courted his protection with Christmas bullocks and Easter lambs. The cock laird looked up to him as to his liege lord, drank his ale, and swore his oaths. The man of mettle with small means, but many wants, who preferred the casual fruits of plunder, to the returns of regular industry, found encouragement and employment. The laird rapidly rose in the estimation of his neighbours, added acre to acre and field to field, and at length found himself in possession of a large estate, and at the head of a numerous band of retainers, men of willing heart and ready hand.

Of course the laird had many associates, by the help of whose boisterous mirth and pliant humour, he could wile away the hours of indolence and inactivity in which most of the time of the gentry of that period was passed. The chief of these companions was Græme the Border Outlaw, who held a small and nearly ruinous castle at the head of the Vale of Fleet. What the offence was

for which he had been obliged to flee was never exactly known. But it was currently reported and generally believed, that he had committed sacrilege by robbing the church of Abbey-Holme of its massive communion plate—a crime in those days considered so heinous, that even the lawless borderers feared to shelter him. He was indeed a man of a profane, scornful spirit, all laws, human and divine, were to him a sport and a mockery.

Such was the man whom the laird delighted to honour. The outlaw, as we have said, was a constant visitor at the castle. The laird had even promised him Marjory his eldest daughter in marriage. No wonder then that whispers were sometimes heard that “the laird was nae better than he sud be;” and that fears were often expressed that no good would ever come out of his connection with so desperate and irreligious a character as Græme.

At this time he had been some twenty years married to a lady, who had brought him a fair fortune, and had blessed his bed with nine children, but to the laird’s great mortification they were all daughters. At first he bore the disappointment with some degree of patience, in hopes that fortune, which had favoured his views in other respects, would not desert him in that which was to consolidate and establish his name and family.—But as his hopes were successively frustrated by the birth of daughter after daughter, his

temper became soured, and he could not help showing much irritation and resentment against his poor lady. Again his hopes revived, for she was again approaching her confinement. On this occasion, a singular fancy took possession of the laird's head; he thought some good effects might arise from telling her a little of his mind. He therefore declared that if she should crown his hopes by presenting him with an heir to his name and honours, every kindness should be lavished on herself and her daughters during his life, and that at his death handsome provision should be left for all of them. But, if on the other hand she repeated her former tricks, and produced another daughter, he swore by the silver image of the Blessed Virgin at Dundrennan, that he would drown them all in the Black Loch.

Time wore on, and, as it may be supposed, the anxiety of the lady increased. She knew her husband was not a man to use idle threats; and she dreaded the burst of frenzied exasperation that would attend another disappointment of his hopes. Had her accouchment been much longer delayed, she must have sunk under the anguish that preyed upon her heart.

At length the day of confinement arrived—a day big with the fate of a family; full of expectation to the laird, of anxiety nearly intolerable to the lady. The wise woman of the district, who had witnessed the entrance

and exit of more than one generation, had been some days in attendance, so as to be ready at the first call. Every one was profoundly solicitous about the sex of the unborn babe. For despair predominated over hope. A portentous and fearful silence struck all at once a household, by no means notorious for lack of noise and merriment.—The Laird himself paced up and down the great hall with hurried step and restless air. No one ventured to address him. Even his favourite hound, as it caught his eye, slunk out of sight.

Meanwhile things were hastening to completion, for the blackest night will usher in the morn—the fiercest tempest be succeeded by a calm. Luckie Richardson had been some hours in the lady's chamber, when the laird heard a shout issue from the room, and immediately afterwards received the joyful announcement that a man-child was born to his house. If the laird was delighted that his utmost desires were now gratified, still more exquisite was the joy of the lady. She was relieved from a load that had well nigh crushed her; and she fully participated in the family pride of the laird: he recovered his usual good humour, and she her wonted spirits.

Great were the rejoicings at the castle, its doors were thrown hospitably open to all comers, gentle and simple alike found a hearty welcome. In the servants' hall the in-

ferior visitors drank, in heady old ale, health and prosperity to the new-born heir ; whilst the laird entertained with racy Bordeaux his own familiars. Græme was of the number. And, as rejoicings were very different then from what they are in our degenerate days, and lasted weeks without ceasing, the laird thought there could not be a more appropriate occasion for celebrating the marriage of his daughter with the outlaw, than during the festivities on account of the birth of his son. The laird's opinion was readily acquiesced in ; and accordingly, the nuptials took place with all the pomp and solemnity the parties could command. This was another subject for gratulation—an additional reason for further feasting and mirth. The country was scoured for geese, capons, and turkeys ; loch and forest were laid under contribution ; and wise men began to shake their heads, and express their fears of a famine.—Every in-door amusement and out-door sport were pursued with renewed ardour.

After a continuance for some time of these revelries, Græme and the laird proposed to wind up by giving a sort of carnival fete on the ensuing Sunday. The scene fixed on for the day's amusement was the Black Loch, which was then completely frozen over. All the country round was invited ; but, as the day appointed was the Sabbath, and as such festivities were generally considered a desecration of that holy day, few or none attended.

And happy would it have been for the Laird and his party, had they also remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. But the party went on, every one of the family and household were out on the loch. The infant heir himself was not forgotten. After some hours' sport they sat down to a repast of cold meats with ale and wine. In the midst of drinking a bumper to the confusion of all silly fanatics, a sudden crash was heard: the ice was rent all around them; chairs, tables, and human beings were plunged into one central gulf, and not one living creature reached the dry land.

Thus perished by one blow the whole family of Cardoness, at a time when all men thought it established for unborn ages. The name perished with them that bore it: and nothing of them remains but this tradition, to warn men of the danger of transgressing the laws of God, and to show the vanity of all human expectations.

A SCOTCH COOPER.

King James the Sixth, of Scotland, upon his accession to the crown of England, being a scholar himself, wished the literature of his native country to appear respectable in the estimation of his new subjects. and in discussing, in conversation with some of the English, the respective literary merits of the two coun-

tries, is said to have availed himself of a practice very prevalent in his time, that of *punning*, to gain a victory in the dispute, asserting and maintaining that he would find in Scotland a *Cooper* that would preach with any *Bishop* in all England. It is said, that a *bet* stands for an argument in England, and that, meeting them on their own ground, the king took a very considerable wager, betting in favour of a Scotch *Cooper* to preach with any bishop in England;—that time and place being agreed on, the king sent for a clergyman of the name of *Cooper*,* and that when he came, and all who took an interest in the matter were met, (and we may suppose it a pretty numerous assembly as the contest was not less honourable than a modern *set-to*) the king's *Cooper* was allowed precedence in courtesy, who, after a psalm sung, and solemn prayer extempore, in the Scotch fashion, then seated himself in silence in the pulpit; when the king in amazement, started up, calling out, "What now Cooper? What's the matter?" "Please your grace," said Cooper, "I'm only waiting till the bishops give me a text." And that after consulting together, they gave him from one of Paul's Epistles to Timothy, (2 Tim. iv. 13) "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpos, when thou comest, bring with thee, but especially the parchments." The story says, that Cooper then stood up, and made an

* Cooper, the Bishop of Galloway.

excellent discourse on the simplicity, piety, and integrity of the primitive christians, showing that in their most familiar intercourse there was no symptom of hypocrisy and deceit, and that the matters mentioned in the text, were far from being things of trivial importance,—that they were probably the evidences of the apostle's being a Roman citizen, and consequently entitled to certain privileges, which he never failed to claim on proper occasions, even before the Roman tribunals, and concluded with proposing the lives of the primitive christians as a pattern for those then present. Upon his coming down from the pulpit, the bishop that had been chosen on the opposite side, a young man, stood up; and had proceeded so far as to read out his text, when the king started up, calling out, "Stop! Here, Cooper, give the bishop a text:" when Cooper giving him, "Tarry at Jericho till your beards be grown," (2 Kings, x. 5) the bishop was silent, and the king gained the wager,

THE WITCH LADYE,

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

Gae tak' this braide frae 'mang my haire,
 And thae gowde ringes aff my hande,
 And binde my browe, my burnyinge browe,
 Wi' a quhyte safte linen bande.

For yestreene I dreamte I was quhair floweris
 Bloomt fayre 'mang the evenyinge dewe;
 But the nichte-shade hung ower the gilly-flower's
 head,
 And it withered on my view.

And I saw my William, but a braide ryver
 Row'd hym and me betweene;
 And a highe-borne dame was by his syde,
 Wi' twa dark glancyng eyne.

And aye her darke ee scho fix'd on me,
 Till I quail'd beneathe its leme:
 Is there ane, amange a' my bour maidens,
 Can rede to me my dreame?

Then out and spake scho, May Margret,
 "Gar saddle your fleetest steede,
 And knocke at the pin of the Earlstone yette,
 Let naething marre yere speed.

For lange has the Ladye of Earlstone toure
 Begrudgit ye yere William's love;
 And her witch-knottis power, in ane evyl houre,
 'Mang his heartis-strings scho has wove.

And scho's coosten her glamoury ower his ee,
 With ane art may nocht withstand—
 Till of her wee finger he noo thinks mair
 Than the haille of his Annie's hande.

Or wist ye of a wice wizzard,
 Coude crosse the witche's spelle;
 But wichte and wice he'd baithe need be
 Quha needis must stryve with helle.

For scho's gather'd witch-dewe in the Kells kirk-
 yard,
 In the myrke howe of the moone;
 And fede hyrsell with the wilde witche-milke,
 With a rede-hotte burnyinge spoone.

And scho's washit hyrselle in the ranke witche-dewe
 Till her greye eyene shyne like staris,
 Till the lip and the cheeke of that ill-woman,
 The dye of the redde-rose maris.

And scho's bath'd hyrsell in the wylde-witche-
 milk—

That woman voide of drede—
 Till the downye swelle of her heavyinge breastis
 Gars the quhyte rose hange its hede.

Then out and spake he, the papinjay,
 Hanges in fayre Annie's bowr—
 "It's ladye I'll be yere wichte wizzarde
 Will speede me to Earlstone towr.

The greene-thorne-tree, in the Earlstone-lee,
 It's I was nestled there;
 But the ladye of Earlstone herryied the nest
 That cost my dam sic care.

And scho had me to her bowr, that witche ladye,
 Quhair I conn'd a' her fiend-taught spellis;
 But I sta' the worde, quhen I took my leave,
 Quhylke a' her glamour quelles.

I'll singe siccan notes in the Earlstone woodes,
 Sall reache that ladye's boure;
 And I'll weave siccan sangs in the Earlstone
 woodes,
 Sall twyne her of her powere."

* * * * *

"And alas, and alas! for that bonnie doo
 In the Shirmars woodes sae greene;
 For the greye oulet sits within her nest,
 With her twa big glowering eyne.

And its oh, and sing oh! for that bonnie doo;
 That mournes in the Shirmars boure;

For the oulet has reaved her of her mate,
In ane evyl and lucklesse houre.

And the lone curdoo of that bonnie doo
Is herde ower the braide Loch Ken;
Quhyle her mate sits under the greye oulet's winge,
Like the chicken anunder the henne."

Then out and spake he, Lord William,
"My bonnie bird tell to me,
Quhair did ye get that waile of woe,
Or quhae taught it to thee?"

But up and spake scho, that witche ladye,
"Come, perch on this eglantyne,
And the quhytest brede shall be thy fede,
And thy drynke of the blude-red wine."

"But its nay and its nay"—sang the papinjay,
"I've tarryed here ower lange;
Yet, afore my flychte I tak' outrychte,
Hear the last note of my sange."

And he minted the worde, the awsome worde,
Reach'd nae ear butan her ain,
And sterne as deathe wax'd the ladye's wraithe,
And loude, loude was her mane.

And scho sprange through the glades, and the
deep dark shades,
Till scho reach'd the boiling lynne;*
And there, mid the howle of the wylde turmoile,
She has buryed baith schaime and synne.

* The Earlston Linn is a fine waterfall of the Ken, at a short distance from the old tower. The walls of the tower are still standing firm and gaunt, and grim as ever,—but when we saw it last, the scenery around was any thing but sylvan.—The ruthless axe had indeed preceded our *earliest* visit to a place rife with varied, and deeply interesting associations.

WILLIAM GRAHAM,

A TRUE TALE.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of July 16—, that Margaret Graham, the Gude-wife of the Townhead of Greenlaw, in the parish of Crossmichael, laid aside her rock, and, with her Bible in one hand, and a beautiful little flaxen-haired girl, her grand-daughter, in the other, betook herself to a small eminence behind her dwelling, where she might read and ruminate at leisure, over her own and children's present state and future prospects—the evening was delightful—immediately under her eye lay a wide expanse of blossoming furze, more than a mile in circuit, glittering under the chastened radiance of the summer sun now fast declining towards the summits of the Glenkens mountains.

Margaret Graham was no common woman, and it has been often remarked that uncommon women have often an uncommon fate.—Hers had verified the observation. Said to have been, in her youth, eminently beautiful, she early became the beloved wife of William Graham, a small farmer of most exemplary worth. The early part of their matrimonial life glided past unmarked by any unusual vicissitudes. Children multiplied upon them, till, at the end of ten years, they could number four boys and three girls. Riches could not be theirs, more than their neighbours, but poverty was kept at a distance through

the influence of sober, pious, and industrious habits;—and they witnessed their children springing up around them with that serene satisfaction that has its existence in the absence of ambition, and is fostered by a consciousness of having done nothing that can legitimately be productive of adversity. The “evil times” on which they had “fallen” might, and, indeed, did, mingle the cup of their blessings with a portion of alloy—but this was shared in common with all the conscientious among their acquaintance—in other respects they experienced no sorrows that deserved the name—they dreaded none. They were happy—as happy, in short, as the lot of humanity will, perhaps, admit of.

“Will wrought sair, but aye wi’ pleasure,
 Jean the haill day span and sang;
 Will and weans her constant treasure,
 Blest wi’ them nae day seemed lang.”

These beautiful lines of a late poet, so finely descriptive of rural and connubial happiness, *may* prepare our *experienced* readers for a reverse. A reverse did take place. William Graham, yet a young man, the husband of a still younger wife, and the father of a helpless family, “sickened and died.” The stroke upon his bereaved partner was overwhelming for a season—and its effects were such, as eventually, if not to produce a total change of character, at least to erase much of that which she had previously manifested, and

to substitute in its place many traits of which nobody had ever supposed her to be possessed. Such changes are not uncommon in the history of misfortune, altho' from the generally obscure lot of its subjects, they are seldom attended to—the fact is, that in prosperity we never know our own character; and thousands of every generation pass through life, and go down to the grave, without either knowing themselves, or being known by others. Consequently nothing can be more unjust than the estimate which we often form of one another. How frequently is strength of character mistaken for weakness, and weakness for strength—the blinding success of thoughtless boldness for the result of clear-headed sagacity and the cautious and often unsuccessful efforts of a mind crippled by conscientious scruples, or intimidated by a lucid perception of consequences, for helpless and hapless imbecility. We err, equally sometimes, when, by external symptoms, we would calculate the amount of suffering imparted through the channel of wounded affections,—Our power of endurance ought not to be measured by the amount of our calamity alone, but also by our susceptibility of tasting its bitterness,—nor should that susceptibility be judged of, in degree, (more than in kind) by its external effects,

“Light sorrows speak, great grief is dumb.”

It was so with Margaret Graham. The

first burst of her sorrow was like that of an ordinary woman ; but it soon became otherwise—from the moment that the corpse of her husband was borne past her bedside, to be laid in the grave, she was never seen to shed another tear. A sense of the new duties imposed upon her, seemed to have absorbed every thing of a frivolous and commonplace nature. She was never heard to complain—she seemed to place the most implicit reliance upon her own judgment in the direction of her domestic affairs. She asked not the advice of any neighbour : nor betrayed the faintest mark of indecision in the execution of her purposes. The same cool, clear, systematic arrangement, which, in a short time excited the wonder and admiration of her neighbours in the management of her little farm, was equally obvious in that of her children. No children were so clean, so quiet and inoffensive, or so intelligent as the little Grahams, nor was their any parent more promptly obeyed, or more tenderly beloved than was their widowed mother.

The era which gives date to our simple story was (as has been already hinted) one which must be ever memorable in the annals of Scotland. In the emphatic language of the period it was “the killing time”—the heat of that abominable persecution, waged upon the people of Scotland by the most heartless of kings under the direction of the vilest of counsellors

Attempts have been made of late, to ex-

hibit the characters of some of the chief actors in those diabolical scenes in a new and even an amiable point of view ; while the motives that called forth the heroic resistance of our forefathers have been attributed to the wild enthusiasm of fanatical bigotry : but the effort has been bootless. Not even genius of the mightiest order, in the most vigorous and successful moments of its inspiration, has been able, for one moment, to render the people of Scotland blind to the truth. Claverse and his fellow ruffians are still seen without a feature altered, and down to the latest generations, will they inherit the obloquy and execration they have so richly earned. Nor has the attempt been more successful in regard to the character of the oppressed than in that of the oppressor. Every person of good feeling and sound reflection will perceive, that it was from among the finest spirits of the age,—such as were “*most finely touched*”—that the victims of barbarity were ever selected. For several years before his death, William Graham had been a deeply interested observer of the many oppressions under which the South and West of Scotland had been labouring ; and had his life been spared but for a little longer, there can be no doubt that he would have had his share ;—for he had been at small pains to conceal his sentiments, had attended field meetings and conventicles, and escaped proscription only through the interest of his Landlord, Viscount

Kenmure, with whom he was a favourite, and who, it is well known,—was favourably disposed towards the persecuted party. During her husband's lifetime, Margaret Graham had evinced little apparent zeal in the cause—farther than became the wife of a zealous professor. It was observed, however, soon after his death, that a strict observance of the ritual, in private as well as in public, became one of the most prominent marks of her character ; and that, in the education of her sons, a strong sense of the value of civil and religious liberty was accounted by this high spirited woman, as the best foundation upon which a christian character could be established. “ I have four sons,” she was in the habit of saying,—“ they are poor and unnoticed, but they have been baptized into the christian church ; and the fault shall not be mine if they ever come to undervalue a christian's birthright. There is much to do in this land : there is a Zion to build up, and if mine can only further the work as stepping stones, I devote them as freely to that fate as I would to the highest.” Such lessons, from such a monitor were not likely to fall to the ground ; and accordingly, her eldest son, James, early in life, became an object of suspicion to the authorities, and, through the officious zeal of the prelatie incumbent of C——, had his name formally registered in the bloody roll of his immortal namesake Graham of Claver'se. To be suspected was

enough to warrant a search, and to be apprehended was to be doomed. Young Graham ran many narrow escapes, of which tradition yet preserves several, perhaps exaggerated particulars. One of them may be mentioned as a sample. As he was engaged in harvest work on the farm of Laigh Clauchan, in the parish of Tongland, ere any were aware of their being in the neighbourhood, a party of the dreaded life guards were within twenty yards of the unsuspecting reapers. Graham knew himself to be their object, and fled, half naked as he was, to the river's edge, plunged into the draught pool, and, without ever before having attempted to swim, crossed the river amidst a shower of balls from the carbines of the troopers, and escaped untouched. This happened a short time before the "rising" which terminated in the battle of "Bothwell Bridge." Thither, James Graham, among many others, followed the standard of Bar-magahan, carrying with him his younger brother, William, a beautiful, athletic, and high spirited youth of 19. Both brothers, and particularly the younger, attracted notice, and the sword we believe might yet be produced, with which he stabbed the horse and clave the skull of a trooper, when about to retire from the *bridge* which, from the want of ammunition and the folly of some of their number, the brave covenanters were obliged to abandon to the enemy, exposing themselves at the sametime to indiscriminate butchery.

Both the brothers returned safe, but the fact of their having been "at Bothwell" was soon known, and only a few weeks after, James fell into those hands from which few escaped after being once enclutched.—He was executed at the grass market. His "Testimony and dying declaration" with his name, designation, and place of abode, is to be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses."

There are minds on which cruelty and injustice act only as incentives to farther and higher efforts of resolute resistance; and, of this lofty order of beings was the mother of this unfortunate martyr. She attended him during the short space of his confinement, which she was permitted to do through the benevolent exertions of Lord Kenmure:—She was present at his execution, and received the body for interment with the *firmness* of a "*Grecian mother*," in the proudest days of Grecian independence, combined with the *resignation* of a *Scottish Christian* of the 17th century. There was *one* victim to the Moloch of Scottish despotism—but there behoved to be *another* still;—nor was the demand for it to be distant. After the death of his brother, William, her second son, her "beautiful and her brave"—fled to the north of England, where he remained for two years without daring to pay a single visit to his mother.—His impatience, however, to return, at last overcame every other consideration—and for some time after his reappearance in

his native place, he was allowed to go about without notice, at least unmolested, and it became the general opinion that the life of one of its members was to be considered as sufficient atonement for the non-conformity of a single family.

“Put not your faith in princes!” Tyrants are still less to be trusted. William Graham had been at Bothwell; the blood of a Lifeguardsman was upon his sword—and had the perdition of the half of Scotland been the consequence, his own must have paid the forfeit.

It was about a year before the date of the commencement of our story—and upon a Saturday evening that this family were seated round their humble, though, under all their trials, still happy hearth, and talking over indifferent matters—when all at once the mother gave a more solemn cast to the conversation by asking her son if he had resolved upon attending the meeting to be held the following day in Barscobe wood? “I dinna ken, mother,” was his answer, “I have just heard a rumour that Claver’s and his bloody hounds have crossed the Ken this morning at New-Galloway. It is said their rout is towards Dumfries—But it is more than likely that they have had a hint of what is to take place to-morrow; and I am, therefore, of opinion that it may not be altogether prudent for me, who am a marked man, to throw myself in the murderers’ path:

forbye, it is next to certain that nae meeting will take place, when 'tis known that the enemy is in that direction"—“Between yourself and your conscience be it,” exclaimed the mother: “you know I havena sought to hain you in the hottest of the harvest; neither have I urged you on. I saw you buckle on your father’s brand, and rank yourself under your Maker’s banner wi’ meikle pride; and, although, from that day to this, you hae’na enjoyed a sound sleep under your mother’s roof-tree, still I have never to this hour grudged the weird it has laid upon us. My ain een have witnessed the pouring out of the heart’s blood of *ane*; I may yet live till I see the same fate befa’ *anither*: but should the last drop that circles in the veins of the last of my kin be shed in the same cause, and my ain flow to the sealing up of the whole, I am no’ the woman should grudge the sacrifice.” “I sometimes have my fears,” returned the young man, “that we may have been too unyielding. Our enemies accuse us of obstinacy; and when I have felt my blood boiling with indignation, and my *merely human* passions roused to the utmost fury, I have been tempted to ask myself if there benna, at the root of my zeal, something too much akin to that spirit of vindictive feeling to which our frail natures are but owre often *sib*.”

“You view the matter amiss,” replied the mother, “the instruments maun work accord-

ing to their nature : and when God employs man as the agent of his purposes, it is through the human feelings and the human passions, under his own guidance and direction, that he gives energy and effect to that agency : and when you feel your ain, and your family's, and your country's wrongs, stirring you up to deeds of valour and resolution in the cause ye are now engaged in, you need not have any scruples, for you are doing no more than will be approved of in the day of reckoning." "Think not my son," she continued, "that such men as Samuel, and Phinehas, and Joshua and others under the old dispensation ; and Calvin and Knox, and, in our own days, Balfour and Rathillet, and Cameron and Cargill, under the new, felt not while they were labouring in the peculiar work of God, the preservation of his church upon earth, think not that these worthies, in the moment of trial, in the storm of councils, or amid the turmoil and affray of the battle hour, felt differently from the secular heroes of our history, the Wallace and the Bruce ! All were, all are instruments in HIS hand whose purpose must endure, and he tempers them according to the nature of the work in which they are to be engaged !"

A loud noise as of thunder interrupted the speaker, in which the clangour of arms, and the ringing of "bit and bridle" were heard to intermingle, and a thrill of horror ran through every heart. "It is the red-coats,"

exclaimed every voice at once ; and the next moment the house was surrounded by armed men.

“Surrender yourself, William ; make no resistance, my son ;” said the terrified mother ; “it would be madness against such dreadful odds ;—surrender, or your young blood must slake the ashes of your mother’s hearth.”—

“And wherefore surrender ?” replied the young man ; “had I a thousand lives they would go but a short way in satiating their vengeance.” “No ! no,” added he firmly, and at the same time seizing a rusty broad sword that hung against the wall, “*this* has helped me upon an occasion almost equally hopeless. Farewell, mother, if I fall, God will make up your loss in the duty and kindness of your other children,—if I escape, you shall soon see me again.” So saying, he posted himself behind the door, and coolly awaited the result. He heard the commanding officer direct his men to keep an eye on every window, crack, and cranny of the dwelling, to take him alive if possible, but to pistol or sabre him rather than allow him to escape. Footsteps then approached the door, and a hand was applied to the latch, which yielded without resistance, and the door flew open upon its own accord. Graham deliberated only for a moment, and then with the strength and agility of a hunted stag, bounded past the intruder, threw himself across a bourtree hedge which encompassed the kail yard, and which now served

effectually to conceal him from the view of the soldiers. His escape was effected in a manner so prompt and unexpected, that though every man fired off his piece, as there was not time to take a deliberate aim, not a shot told upon him, and he gained the whins in safety before their surprise permitted them to advance a step in the pursuit.

It is probable, indeed, that no pursuit would have been *attempted*, so tall and thick, and forest-like grew the whins over an extent of three or four hundred acres of nearly level ground, had it not been for one singular circumstance. There was among the dragoons a young man of the name of Halliday, whom his companions knew to be not only a native of the parish, but born and bred within less than a mile of the spot where they now were. Him they fixed upon as a guide in the search, which was now determined upon. Halliday, willing, as was supposed, to afford his old school-fellow a chance for his life, pretended ignorance of the ground, but he was instantly called to the front, a file of his fellows was drawn up with charged carabines, and the alternative offered him—either of having his eyes bandaged, and then being instantly shot, or of pointing out the means which he considered most likely to prevent Graham's escape from the cover till daylight. The poor fellow was, accordingly, obliged to show all the outlets from the different avenues or glades which intersected

the furze, at which sentinels were fixed, while the remainder of the troops kept patrolling the open spaces in silence, with directions to fire at every thing which evinced symptoms of animation.

Graham, aware of his danger, should day break upon him in his concealment, resolved to cross the river and seek shelter among the wilds of Balmaghie. Cautiously, therefore, did he creep from thicket to thicket, shaping his course as directly as circumstances would admit, to a point at which the Dee could be conveniently forded. While thus engaged—sometimes crawling on his feet and hands; at others bounding at full speed along a range of towering furze bushes, he became alarmed by the sudden and sharp yelp of a dog, a little behind, and evidently in the same track which he himself had so recently threaded. He knew that it was no uncommon practice among these ruffians to train dogs to assist them in tracing their prey; and judging this to be one of them, and that of course, the animal would be followed by his master, he instantly sprung from the opening where he stood, as far into the heart of the thicket as a single vigorous leap could carry him, where, crouching himself close, he resolved to await the issue. In a moment the dog was upon his last footsteps, and finding no farther scent, he ran backwards and forwards, yelping all the while with the utmost eagerness, and ever and anon returning

to the point whence he had set out: at last he sprang into the bush where Graham lay concealed, who, though alarmed, as he well might be, was not long in recognizing his own faithful *colly*. The poor animal, on finding himself in the arms of his master, set up a loud protracted howl of joy, which unfortunately reached the ears of a dismounted trooper. This fellow the dog had passed sometime before, and having sagacity enough to suspect the connection which really did exist between it and the object of his pursuit, he followed close upon the tract, which the many windings and doublings the dog had to take in tracing his master's course, allowed him to do with perfect ease, and thus was he led to the very spot where Graham lay concealed. The latter, unconscious of the near approach of danger, endeavoured to suppress the whimpering of his overjoyed companion; but it was too late. The trooper could now distinguish the individual thicket whence the sounds emanated. He approached it, and, with a volley of horrible oaths, summoned him to surrender on pain of being immediately shot through the heart. The dog now became furious and uncontrollable; and his master finding it impossible longer to conceal himself, resolved to brave the danger which he was unable to shun. But ere he had time to extricate himself, the ruffian poured his shot into the heart of the thicket, which, though it missed the man, pierced the body

of the faithful animal as he lay struggling in his master's bosom. Had Graham stood in need of further excitement, this would have supplied it. He sprang from his lurking place, sword in hand, and the deadly strife commenced without parley or preliminary. As has happened on many occasions of a similar kind, the science of the trooper was of small service to him against such an opponent as William Graham, who, long-armed, muscular, and athletic, and, moreover, strung for the contest by feelings which may be more easily imagined than described, literally bore him down by the sheer exertion of moral as well as physical power. Not a word had been exchanged between the combatants; but the discharge of the carabine had probably attracted the soldiers to the spot, for Graham could now distinguish the rapid advance of horse from different points. It was no time to hesitate—he fled towards the ford, but hearing sounds in that quarter, he suddenly changed his course. The distance from the river was not great, but the ground was no longer covered with whins, as it consisted of a piece of smooth and level meadow, affording him but a slight chance of escape, should he be discovered by his pursuers. Over this space he shot with the speed of a meteor, but proceeded only a short way, when one of the troopers reaching the spot where his companion lay mortally wounded, had his horse frightened by a groan from the

dying man. Discovering the cause, and burning with a desire of revenge, he spurred on at random ; but having cleared the whins, he stopped to reconnoitre, and his eye caught Graham, distinctly visible in the light of a beautiful summer evening, as he plied his way towards the river, at a pace which urged the dragoon to the very utmost of his horse's power.

Graham felt his hopes of escape growing faint, and would have turned upon and braved his pursuer, but for the chance of the latter's being reinforced by his companions. A deep morass lay a little to his right, known to us, and, we have no doubt, to many of our readers, by the name of the "*Paddock-pipe-hole*." Thither he bent his course. The trooper, seeing him change his direction, did the same in a still further degree, with the intention of getting between him and the river. As he neared the morass, Graham slackened his speed, but the other spurred onwards, utterly unaware of the impediment which awaited him. In a moment after, the fugitive had the satisfaction of hearing the expected plunge,—not drowning, however, the accompanying oath of the barbarian ; and well knowing himself to be now secure against farther pursuit, from *him* at least, he ran directly to the deep strait of the river, threw himself in, and, by a few vigorous strokes, made his retreat good among the Boreland whins.

Would that here we could terminate our story; but truth, tradition, and history, all alike forbid. We introduced our readers, it will be remembered, to the unfortunate mother of our hero,—seated upon a small eminence behind her dwelling, upon a summer afternoon,—and our story must return to its commencement, in order to relate the few particulars which yet remain to be told. From the date of the events which we have just been relating, till the time to which we now revert, was about a twelvemonth, during which period the young man had not dared to return to his native place, but had kept himself concealed in the remotest parts of Northumberland, among some distant relations of his father. Upon *this* day his mother expected his return; nor had she long remained upon the spot where our story takes her up, ere she could descry his well-known form on the summit of a little hill, at about a quarter of a mile's distance. He was soon in her arms, and mother and son felt their joy to be complete. They walked to their house, asking each other fond, eager, and unanswered questions. As they turned the gable, their ears were stunned with sounds, the nature of which *both* were too well qualified to construe aright. The brutal troopers were again upon them, headed by the fiend Lagg. The mother sank into the arms of her son, while she exclaimed, "Flee, my son, you may yet escape!"—"Why should I flee,

mother?" he answered; "my hour is come. I have returned, like the simple hare, to be butchered in my native place."—"Oh! flee; flee to the whins; they are thick, tall, and in full bloom; they will hide you in pity from the fangs of the devourers!" He fled; but there was nothing to impede the progress of the murderers, who had him full in view—He had not run above two hundred paces from his mother's door, till he was fired upon by a score of his enemies at once. Only *one* ball took effect, but it was enough; It pierced his brain. Upon the spot where he fell, we have stood a hundred times, and mused upon the mysteries of an inscrutable Providence. It is situated about seventy paces to the west of the second milestone on the road leading from Castle-Douglas to Crossmichael Village. A small head stone in the Church-yard of Crossmichael records a few particulars of his fate; and the bare facts are also to be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses." For the leading incidents we were indebted, thirty years ago, to an old woman then upwards of ninety years of age.

THE LADY OF PLUNTON,

A TALE FOUNDED ON TRADITION.

Deep midnight is reigning in Plunton's dark tower,
And the Lady of Plunton has sought her lone bower;

For the night brings the morning no longer with
glee,
Since the barons scowl fell on his faithless ladye.

Silent, and sadly she sits there alone ;
No kindred eye beaming to light up her own ;
With guilt at her heart, and with features aghast,
She shrank as the turret told midnight was past.
Ere the dull, drowsy echoes had died on her ear,
That pale one grew paler and paler with fear ;
The red wine is by her, a goblet is fill'd,
And she drinks to the work her wild passions had
will'd.

“ Why comes not he, Gilbert ? ” the lady has cried,
And the words are scarce uttered when one's by
her side ;

Though his face it be shrouded, his step is elate,
And his dark eye is gleaming—in *love* or in *hate* !
He has bow'd to the lady, in courtesy's mein,
But when he embraced her he shudder'd, I ween :
A bumper, a bumper—one bumper, quoth he,
To the memory of him who hath left thee to me !
Hush ! hark ! said the lady, what is it I hear ?
Methought it arose from the murder'd one's beir !
But loud laugh'd the paramour—“ meant I to jest ?
My hand on his throat, and my knee on his breast.”
And louder he laughed, “ ay ! 'twas mirthful to see
How his fast-glazing eye sought for mercy of me.—
As it seem'd to say *spare* for her sake that is mine,
My hands round his throat did but closer entwine ;
His eye now grew dimmer, I grappled him fast,
He struggled to curse me, but breath would not
last.

Then fill up the goblet, my leman so brave,
Thine eyes for the baron no silly tears crave.
He died as became him—a craven at heart”—
“ Alas ! ” said the lady, “ but let us depart,

The baron's retainers are sunk in repose ;
 (Why they slumber so soundly their lady best
 knows—)

And the clock from the turret now chides our delay ;
 Then hast thee, bold Gilbert, for morning brings
 day."

But now the black Gilbert seems alter'd in mood,
 He *sits* by the lady, while ready she *stood*—

"O haste thee, brave Gilbert, the moon rises
 high"—

"First blood for blood, lady !" her lord did reply.
 A glance at the window the lady now threw,
 The plot is unravell'd—for, full in her view,
 From the castle's high turret a body hangs down—
 She knew it, 'twas Gilbert, sans corslet or gown.
 An arm's round her waist—it is *loving* I trow !
 But that *loving* arm scarce a breath doth allow ;
 And while to the turret he bore his light-love,
 As light did she seem in his hand as her glove.
 A splash in the water, a shriek in the air,
 Another ! the waters have clos'd o'er the pair :
 As withdraws the stern baron, his aspect is chang'd,
 The guilty are punish'd, his honor aveng'd.

RUSCO CASTLE,

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

But, lo ! a little ruined tower,
 Erected by forgotten hands,
 Though once the abode of pride and power,
 Hard by the river's margin stands.
 Of old the Lords of Lochinvar
 Here dwelt in peace, but armed for war ;
 And Rusco Castle could declare
 That valiant chief and lady fair
 Had often wooed and wedded there.

Upon the eastern bank of Fleet,
 Carstramont smiles—a hamlet sweet,
 Just fronting Rusco tower,
 Of peace and war two emblems meet :
 None fairer than the first we meet,
 The other seems a dark retreat,
 Where savage passions lower.

THE RIVERS OF GALLOWAY.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Sir Hugh Gordon, a younger branch of the Gordons of Lochinvar, possessed the Castle of Rusco, which is situated in a sweet part of the Vale of Fleet. He enjoyed much consideration in his neighbourhood, and lived with that rude and plentiful hospitality, which distinguished the old gentry of Scotland. His retainers were numerous—more numerous indeed than his circumstances could have well warranted. But that was a fault of the times : and, before we condemn it too severely, it might be well first to ask ourselves, if there was not a kindness and generosity in this patronage and mutual interchange of good offices, too seldom to be met with in modern Halls ; and if the poor of those times would have exchanged their dependence for the pittance doled out by a Session, or the cold comfort of a Workhouse ? Whether or not, in other respects, we have gained by the change of manners, it is no part of our present purpose to enquire. We leave that subject to the politician and the economist, and now proceed to our story.

Among the inferior farm or outdoor servants of Sir Hugh, was one called Andrew Dennistoun, who had married a young woman of the name of Barbara Bell. Barbara was a rustic beauty. While the snood bound her golden locks, her name was a toast at every meeting of young fellows far and near: and some of a station much above her own solicited her love, and would have thought themselves very fortunate, could they have obtained it. But Barbara was endowed with no less sense than beauty; and her own confined neighbourhood having supplied her with instances of unequal matches, which had turned out unhappy ones, she resolved not to trust her own happiness to such a hazard. She therefore married Andrew Dennistoun, who was a quiet steady youth, who had loved her ever since they used to pluck primroses in the woods, or gather blaeberries on the knolls near the cottages of their parents.

If she pleased one, however, many were disappointed; beauties, in this respect, resembling kings and ministers, who, when they confer an office on one claimant, must disappoint twenty. But time, which takes away our joys and hopes, takes away also our sorrows and disappointments: and it is only the unmanly that brood over sorrows which cannot be remedied; and it is only the bold ungodly man that is exasperated by disappointments which cannot be reversed, yet attempts to re-

verse them. Such a man was Peter Carnochan. He held a situation of some trust under Sir Hugh, the duties of which were probably of the same kind as those of our modern griever or bailiff. This man, Carnochan, had long admired Barbara, and had vainly endeavoured to induce her to become his wife ; but there mingled in his regard for her far more of the fury of lawless passion, than of the steady current of virtuous love. Enraged at being rejected by her, and rejected for one whom he considered greatly his inferior, he determined to compass the ruin of the husband, if he could not succeed in his designs on the wife. Every art was tried to undermine Barbara's virtue, but every art failed. Thwarted in this scheme, he at once had recourse to the other. Nor was he long in devising a plan for putting it in execution. Sheep stealing was an offence as capital then as it was once in our own days. Late one night, Carnochan went out upon his master's moor, and after a long search, but a short run, caught a fat wether, which he threw on its back, and then slaughtered. This done, he was a little puzzled how to carry it. At length a thought struck him. He tied its four legs together, which he accomplished by means of his garter. He then passed his head through between the body and the legs of the sheep, and carrying it thus upon his back, he bore it along till he arrived at Andrew's cottage. Behind the cottage grew

a thick furse cover, and in it he concealed the sheep.

On the following morning the sheep was missed. As it was thought that the animal had only strayed from the flock, search was made for it, and was continued for some hours, till at length Carnochan artfully led the party to the spot, where he had slaughtered it on the preceding night. There blood was found covering the grass, and the marks of a man's and sheep's feet all about it, which left no doubt that the sheep had been butchered and not strayed. The next point to be ascertained, was, who had committed the crime.—Several were suspected, as is usually the case in such matters; but, here again, Carnochan turned their suspicions to the direction he wished them to take; and after a short search the sheep was found in the spot in which it had been hidden the night before. Poor Andrew was one of the party, and none of them all was half so much amazed at the discovery as himself. He was confounded and could not utter a word. The perilous situation in which he stood might have staggered men of more undaunted courage. His very innocence increased his confusion, for there passed darkly through his mind the features of some mysterious plot for his destruction, contrived with the cunning and malice of a devil. He made no answer therefore to the charge which Carnochan was the first to urge against him, but quietly surrendered himself to his fate.

In Scotland at the period of which we speak, trials were not conducted with that formality and decorum to which we are accustomed. They had indeed one advantage over ours in most offences—the trial followed at a very short interval after the apprehension of the offender: and of this advantage Andrew had the full benefit. We all know with what wonderful expedition a miserable poacher is caught, tried, convicted, and incarcerated, by virtue of a *simple* Justice of the Peace's warrant for snaring a rabbit or a hare. With not less precipitation was Andrew caught, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the gallows for stealing a sheep, by Sir Hugh Gordon, with a few neighbouring Lairds, whom he had summoned, less to assist him on the bench, than to afford them an agreeable recreation. In vain did poor Andrew utter the loudest protestations of his innocence; and as vainly did he entreat a week's respite from death. His execution was ordered to take place on the following day. A gallows was to be instantly erected on the Back Hill, if a tree could not be found suitable for the purpose. "Shall a lying varlet defeat justice," exclaimed Sir Hugh, "shall a thieving rogue escape death? No, by the head of St. Anthony he shall die, if wood and rope are to be found on Rusco." Every thing indeed betokened that Andrew's days were numbered, that he had no longer to deal with time, that he was at the portals of eternity.

During these appalling scenes poor Barbara's heart was torn with anguish, and her mind driven almost to distraction. Of her husband's innocence she was as thoroughly convinced as she was of her own. But of what avail was the negative nature of her testimony to her condemned, but distractedly beloved husband? could it account for the sheep being found close by their cottage? she acknowledged it could not, and that reduced her to despair. She felt they had got involved in the meshes of some hellish plot, which had been too artfully woven for them to escape from with any thing less than ruin.— On the other hand, Carnochan felt a diabolical satisfaction, and exulted with inward delight that his schemes had thus far succeeded. "Grant a few days for the widow to expend her tears, and to estimate the full amount of the privation that has befallen her, then a pound to a plack, she will surrender at discretion."

So thought Carnochan. But the eye of Providence was upon him and his intended victim—that eye, which never closes, which is ever watchful over all the children of men. He had succeeded thus far; but the hour was hurrying on which was to expose his execrable designs at the very moment he was congratulating himself on their success.

Lady Gordon, shocked at the idea of an execution taking place so near her own residence, and moreover interested for one who

up to that time had borne an unblemished character, and who was now doomed to an ignominious death, felt anxious and unhappy. A weight pressed upon her spirits, and a vague and indescribable feeling impelled her to go to the spot where the sheep had been discovered, and also to examine the sheep.— Her attendants were surprised when she mentioned her intention of doing so. And well they might; for indolence and inactivity formed much stronger ingredients in her character, than an active humanity or an overflowing benevolence. But therein was the hand of God visible. Nothing could dissuade her from her intended purpose. And accordingly she went, accompanied by one of her servants. The garter with which the legs of the sheep had been fastened at once engaged her attention. From the value of the materials and the superior workmanship she was convinced it belonged to some one in a higher condition of life than Andrew Dennistoun; and whoever the owner of the garter turned out to be, he it must have been who slaughtered the sheep. The garter was taken to the castle by Lady Gordon, in order that inquiries might be made after its owner. All the servants were summoned and strictly questioned, but none of them had seen one of the same pattern, or what the Scotch would call its neighbour. Lady Gordon was not to be baffled, for she was actuated by a spirit and intelligence superior to her own. The garter

had evidently been made by a person well skilled in weaving; and it now occurring to her mind that Jeanie Livingstone might be able to throw some light upon the subject, she desired that she might be instantly brought to the Castle.

Jeannie Livingstone was an old woman who lived in a small cottage belonging to the estate, and who supported herself by weaving many trifling articles such as belts and garters on a small hand-loom.* And a very good livelihood she made; for in those days belts and garters of various colours, finely figured and diced, were worn by every man who had any pretensions to independence or gentility: and Jeanie was famous for the beauty and variety of her manufactures. On the old woman's arrival at the castle, she was shown the garter, and asked if she knew to whom it belonged. "I should know," said she, after having examined it, "for it was me that wrought it. I'm much mista'en if it doesna' belang to Peter Carnochan, the griever." On being asked if she was quite certain as to that point, and if she entertained no doubt on the subject,—she answered that she could put the matter beyond all doubt, for if it belonged to him,

* The narrator of this story remembers small hand-loomes being in use by some old women in his early days. They may now be numbered amongst the things that are not. Garters of the same description as those mentioned in the text, are still worn by the Highland Regiments.

his name would be woven on it, but in such a cunning and ingenious way, it required some art to show it. She then seized one end of the garter, drew it out in a particular way, and holding it out to Lady Gordon, showed her Carnochan's name inwoven.

This discovery was immediately communicated to Sir Hugh, who gave orders that Carnochan should be instantly seized, and his person and house rigorously searched for further proofs of his guilt. These were not wanting: an old gaberdine was found in his house, with blood on the back, and a bloody knife was taken out of one of his pockets. If Andrew's trial was short, Carnochan's was still shorter. He was sentenced to be hanged on the gallows which he had intended for his victim. Thus was the "engineer hoist by his own petard," while Andrew was rewarded for his sufferings by getting the vacant situation of grieve,

DEATH OF MAXWELL, LAIRD OF TROQUHANE,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE RIVER FLEET,
NOVEMBER, 1699.

This ballad was a great favourite in Galloway and the south of Scotland during the last century, and the publisher remembers hearing his mother and other old people, singing it when a boy.

'Twas in November ninety-nine
This tragedy befel,

Which o' Troquhane that gentleman,
Now dulefully I tell.

The subtile brok and tod he killed,*
That did our herds destroy,
Likewise the stag with nimble leg
He often did annoy.

Frae aff our grounds he with his hounds,
Oft' chased them speedily,
While woodlands rung and echo sung
With sweetest melody.

But fast did haste the fatal hour
That closed his career,
As he to pleasure did attend
His end was drawing near.

As he abroad did hunt the tod
Upon the day I name,
By duleful fate was drown'd in Fleet,
That fiercely running stream.

At Busabiel, Lag, Rusco place,
It was so bad a day,
At all the three most kindly he
Invited was to stay.

But formerly had trysted he
To meet some gentlemen,
To hunt on Dee, and so was he
Thus hurried to his en'.

He late did ride without a guide
Along a lanesome stank,
His stumbling horse fell from his course
Out owre the water's bank.†

* Galloway at this time was greatly overrun with badgers, foxes, and other beasts of prey. The wild deer were so numerous as often to destroy the crops, and were otherwise a great annoyance.

† The place is still pointed out on the Fleet where the accident occurred,

The nicht was dark, the water stark,
 And nane to help the man,
 Death did accost : and there was lost,
 Brave Maxwell o' Troquhane.

All those who loved the princely sport
 Of hunting was his friend,
 For they did find him always kind,
 And friendly to the end.

But now he's gane to his lang hame,
 And follow sune maun we ;
 How fleeting is the life o' man,
 How sure eternity !

Ye poets with your trumps o' fame,
 Now loud and rapidly
 Proclaim the man, I mean Troquhane,
 Of glorious memory.

THE MASTER OF LOGAN.

Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.—GRAY.

One summer's eve, as I passed through a burial ground in the south of Scotland, I saw an old man resting on a broad flat stone which covered a grave. The church itself was gone and but a matter of memory : yet the church-yard was still reverentially preserved, and several families of name and standing continued to inter in the same place with their fathers.* Some one had that day been buried, and less care than is usual had been taken in closing up the grave, for, as I went forward, my foot struck the fragment of a

* To the knowledge of the publisher, there are ten or twelve church-yards similarly used in Galloway.

bone. I lifted it hastily, and was about to throw it away, when the old man said, "Stay, thoughtless boy, that which you touch so carelessly was once part of a living creature, born in pain and nursed tenderly, was beloved and had a body to rot in the grave, and a soul to ascend into heaven—touch not, therefore, the dust of thy brother rudely." So he took the bone, and, lifting a portion of the green sod, which covered the grave, replaced it in the earth. I was very young, and maybe thoughtless, but I was touched with the patriarchal look of the man, and also by his scriptural mode of expressing himself. I remained by him, and was in no haste to be gone.

"My child," he said, "I have a melancholy kind of pleasure in wandering about this old burying place. In my youth I have sat with hundreds of the old and young in the church to which this ground belonged—they are all lying here save one whom the sea drowned, and two who perished in a foreign battle, and I am the last of the congregation who lives to say it. I am grown sapless, and I am become leafless. There is not one hair on a head ninety years old and odd—look, my child, it was once covered with locks as dark as the back of yon hooded crow." He removed his hat as he spoke, and his bald head shone, in the light of the sun, like that of an apostle in a religious painting.—
"I love to converse," he said, "with children

such as yourself. The young men of this generation mock the words of age ; it would be well if they mocked nothing else ; but what can we expect of those who doubt all and believe nothing ? If you will sit on this grave-stone and listen patiently, I shall relate a tradition, pertaining to this burial-ground, which has the merit of a beneficial moral :—A tale which you will remember at eighty, as well as I do now, and which will show what befalls those who meddle, unwisely, with the dust of poor mute human nature.” I sat down as he desired, and he told me the following story.

“ In the summer of the last year of the reign of James Stuart, it happened that John Telfer was making a grave in this burial-ground. The church was standing then, and there were grave-stones in rank succeeding rank—for this is a place of old repute, and Douglasses and Maxwells and Morrisons and Logans and [M'Dowalls and M'Cullochs] lie round ye thick and threefold.—John as I said, was digging a grave, and as he shovelled out the black mould, mixed with bones, he muttered, ‘ Ay ! ay ! It was a sad and an eerie day when the earth was laid over the fair but sinful body which I put here last. The clouds lowered, the thunder-plump fell, and the fire flew, and heaven and earth seemed ready to come together. It's no' for nought that nature expresses her wrath, the very gaping ground shuddered as if unwilling to take such sinful dust into its

bosom. I remember the day well, though an old story now. He was a douce man, John Telfer, and had fought in great battles which the people waged with the nobles, in the days of Montrose and David Lesley. He continued to dig till a skull appeared; he looked at it and said, 'Thou empty tabernacle, sore art thou changed since I saw thee amongst the splendid Madams of thy day! Where are thy bright eyes, thy long tresses, which even monarchs loved, and the lips which spake so witchingly and sang so sweet? Thou art become hideous to behold!—How art thou fallen since the days of thy youth, and how ghastly thou art in the sunny air, amid the church yard grass!' and he threw it with his shovel among the grass and daisies growing thick around.

"Now there came to the kirk-yard a young man of an ancient kindred, who had blood in his veins of those who had wrought good deeds of old for Scotland. But he was a wild and a dissolute youth, who loved gay dresses and drunken companions: his blood was hot, his hand often on the sword-hilt, and his chief delight was in chambering and in visits at midnight to the ladies' bower.—Your father and your mother have warned you to beware of the master of Logan—his name hath become a proverb and a warning in the land. It is of him I speak.

"And he came, as I said, into the kirk-yard, and as he came he whistled. He touch-

ed the fleshless skull with the toe of his Turkey shoe till the earth fell out of the eye-holes, and he said, 'John, whose skull is this?'—A woman's Sir,' said John, and wrought away with his shovel; for he was a good man, and disliked to be questioned by one whom he hated. 'A woman's!' said the Master of Logan, 'some presser of curd and creamer of milk! yet a dainty one in her day, I'll warrant.'—Deed, Sir,' answered John, 'the woman was well to look at, and a dainty one was she. I have seen gowd and jewels aboon that brow, and such a pair of een beneath, as would have wiled the bird from the brier or the lark from the sky.'—'O, I can guess the rest,' said the Master of Logan—'an alluring damsel, with sinful black eyes—who excelled in the dance—could sing a merry ballad—had made no captious vow against the company of men—was sometimes visited by the minister, and came to the kirk when the Sessions sat. Am I right?'

"John looked at him for half-a-minute's space, and then answered, 'Ay! right—wool sellers, ken wool buyers—wha would have thought, now, that the living could look on a sample of gross dust and claim relationship in spirit? It's e'en a true tale,' Master of Logan—so go home and repent. Dust is what ye maun come to; some unhallowed foot will yet kick your skull, and cry "Here was a man who had wit in his day, but what

is he now ?"—'Why, John, ye can preach nearly as well as the parson'—'Preach !' said John ; 'I have preached, Sir, in my day—it was during the times of the Godly Covenant, and I behoved to speak ; for one of Cromwell's troopers pulled that hen hearted body, Bryce Bornagain, out of the pulpit, and set up his southern crest I trow I sobered him—I trow I sobered him—what I couldna do with the word I accomplished with another weapon,' and John threw the earth into the air, out of the bottom of a ten-foot grave, with an energy which those days of double controversy recalled—'Ye would like to have those days back again, I think, John ?' inquired the other. 'Back again ! na troth, no, said he, 'I would have nought back again that's anes awa—the days of Cromwell are weel away, if they bide—and so is Phemie Morison there, whase skull ye're handling—she's weel awa, too, if she bide,'—'Bonnie Phemie Morison !' replied the Master of Logan, 'and is this her ! she seems fairly enough away. What should bring her back again ?'—'Oh just love of evil,' said the conqueror of Cromwell's preaching dragoon,—'to visit the haunts of early joys, maybe—or of unrepented sins. It's said her spirit finds a pleasure of its own in coming back to the good green earth. We're no dead when we are dust, Master of Logan.' And he laid his hand on the brink of the lowly dwelling he had prepared, and leaped out with avidity which seemed to arise from

an apprehension that the dust on which he trode was ready to be reanimated.

“The Master of Logan placed the skull on the tomb-stone of one of his ancestors, and said, ‘Now, John, between you and me, do you really think that our fair friend, here, takes a walk in the spirit occasionally—saunters, as she did of old, in the cool of the summer twilight—stalks round the grave of some unhappy youth, whom her charms consigned to early rest, and enjoys again, in idea, the love which she inspired?’—‘Ha’ done,’ said John, ha’ done, Master of Logan, now but ye talk fearfully. Look an’ yere wild words be not inspiring that crumbling bone as if with life. I could maist take my oath that it looked at me.’ John’s brow grew moist, and he said, ‘I wish the corpse would come, for this is an unsonsie place.’—‘Particularly,’ said the other, ‘when Phemie Morison, here, walks about and pays visits’—‘O heart-hardened creature!’ cried John, ‘yere folly will get a sobering.—I have kenned as bold lads as your honour made humble enough in spirit about the middle watches of the night. There was Frank Wamfray, a soldier, who neither feared God nor man. A spirit, in likeness of a woman, came to him in the dead hour of the night, and caroused with him out of his canteen, at the gates of Proud Preston—I could go blindfold to the spot—and what came of him? He lived and died demented—he was a humbling spectacle.’

Loud laughed the master of Logan, and cried 'Here's fair Phemie Morison. I wish she would come and sup with me to-night?' He was observed to change colour, he turned to walk away, and the old man exclaimed, 'See! there is an unearthly light in the sockets. Sir, repent and pray, else ye will sup with an evil spirit'

'The master went away, and as he spurred his horse he could not prevent his thoughts from returning to the scene which he had just witnessed. He imagined that he saw the old man, the open grave, and the mouldering skull placed on the tombstone. He slackened the rein of his horse, and after a fit of unusual moodiness. muttered, 'I am as mad as Cromwell's old adversary, John the Bedrell, himself—there can be no life in a rotten bone, nor light in the eyes of an empty skull'—he galloped away, and his mind was soon occupied with gayer subjects, and looks of another kind than those of death and the grave.

"He had a cup of wine to drink with a companion, a fair dame to visit, and when he reached the gate of his own tower, the clock was striking ten. He threw his rein to his servant and entered—rang his bell violently, as was his wont when angry, and said, 'Lockerbie, how is this? here is a table covered and dishes set for two—fool! I sup alone—how comes this?'—'Even so as was ordered,' replied Lockerbie; 'between light and dark,

a messenger rode to the gate, rang the porch bell, and said, "A lady sups with the Master to night, so let the table be spread for two." This, as your honour knows, is a message neither sae startling nor uncommon, sae I gied orders, and moreover I said, ladies love music, nor do they hate wine, let both be had, and'——'Lockerbie,' said his young master, 'what manner of person was this messenger?'——'Oh, a pleasant man, with a red face,' replied the servant, 'but he merely delivered the message, and rode. I wish he had stopped, had it only been to eschew the thunder plump which fell when the loud clap was. And that's weel minded—there's Dick Sorbie swears through the castle wa', and yere honour kens it's twelve feet thick, that the messenger was a braw bouncing lass, with a scarlet cloak on and een like elf candles—but I say a man, a pleasant man, with a ruddy countenance.'

"The master, when he heard this, wore a serious brow—he paced up and down the room—looked at the covered table—gazed out into the night—the moon was there with all her stars; the stream was running its course—the owl was hooting on the castle wall, and the relics of the thundercloud were melting slowly away on the hills of Tinwald. 'A wild delusion!' he muttered to himself—'my ear was poisoned by weak old Martha who nursed me. See! nature continues her course—the moon shines—the stars are all a-

broad—the stream runs—and how can I imagine that a wild word, said in jest, should change the common course of nature. I cannot, shall not believe it !

“ He threw himself on a settee of carved oak, and looked on the walls and on the ceiling of the apartment. On the former hung the arms and the portraits of his ancestors—and grim and stately they looked. On the latter was painted a rude representation of the Day of Judgment—from which this room had, in early days, acquired the name of Judgment hall. Graves were opening and giving up their dead, and some were ascending to a sad and some to a saving sentence. He had never looked seriously on this composition before—nor did he desire to peruse it now; but he could not keep his eyes off it. From one of the graves which opened on the left hand of the great Judge, he saw a skull ascend—and he thought there was a wild light in its eyeless sockets, resembling what he had seen that afternoon in the burial-ground.

“ The Master of Logan went to a cabinet of ebony and took out a Bible with clasps of gold—he touched it now for the second time, and opened it for the first—it had belonged to his mother—but of his mother he seldom thought, and if he remembered his fathers, it was but to recall their deeds in battle and dwell on those actions which had more affinity to violence than to virtue. He opened the Bible, but he did not read :—the sight of his

mother's writing, and the entry of his own birth and baptism, in her small and elegant hand, made his eyes moist, though no tears fell :—as he sat with it open on his knee, he thought there was more light in the chamber than the candles shed, and lifting his head, he imagined that a female form, shadowy and pure, dissolved away into air as he looked. 'That was, at least, a real phantom of the imagination,' he said mentally,— 'the remembrance of my mother created her shape, and it is thus that our affections fool us.' He closed and clasped the Bible, and lifting a small silver bell from the table rang it twice. A venerable and grey-headed man came tottering in, saying, 'What is your will?'

" 'I rang for you, Rodan, to ask your advice,' said he,— 'sit down and listen.'— 'Alas! Sir, it's lang lang now since ony body asked it,' said the other with a shake of his silvery hairs, though I have given advice, as your good and gallant father, rest his soul, experienced, both in the house and on the edge of battle'— 'But this,' said the Master, 'is neither matters of worldly wisdom, nor pertaining to battle.'— 'Then,' said the old man, rising, 'it's no for me, it's no for me. If it's a question of folly, ask yere sworn companion, young Darisdeer— if it be a matter of salvation, whilk I rather hope than expect, ask the minister, godly Gabriel Burgess—he'll make darkness clear t'ye; he'll rid up the mystery of death and the grave, and for laying spirits!—but we're

no fashed with spirits, I trow, and I am no sure that I ever saw aue, unless I might call the corpse light of old Nanse Kennedy a spirit. I would rather trust my cause with Gabriel Burgess than with ony dozen divines of these dancing and fiddling days.'— Bid Sorbie saddle a horse, a quiet one and quick footed,' said the Master, 'and lead it over the hill to Kirk-Logan, and bring the minister to me. He will show this Bible, and say the owner desires to see him as fast as speed can bring him.' The old man bowed, and retired.

“ ‘I have often ridden on an errand to a lady,’ said Sorbie, and it seems natural that an errand to the parson should follow—though what my master can want with him is beyond my knowledge—he’s nane of the praying sort—as little is he of the marrying sort—and I think he wadna send for a good divine, to make fun of him over the bottle with his wild comrades. He mauna try to crack his fun on godly Gabriel Burgess. I wad rather face the Master of Logan himself, when kindled with drink and inflamed with contradiction. The minister’s the man for handling a refractory sinner. I think I see him fit to spring out of the pulpit, like a fiery dragon—his hands held out, his eyes shining, his grey hair rising like eagles’ wings, and his voice coming down among sinners like a thunder-clap. And then there is a power given him of combating the spirits of darkness—an open Bible, a drawn sword, a circle of chalk and some wise words

—so Gabriel prevails. I wonder what puts spirits in my head in this lonesome place.' He spurred his horse, and looking right and left, before and behind like one keeping watch in suspicious places, entered a wild ravine, partly occupied by a brook and wound his way along the banks chanting the gallant Graemes, with all the courage he could muster; he pitched the tune low, for he desired to have the entire use of ear and eye in his ride down the Deadman's Gill, for so the Glen was called.

"His horse snorted and snuffed, and Sorbie saw, to his infinite delight, that a lady riding on a little palfrey, and attended by a single servant had entered the gorge of the glen, and was coming towards him. 'Now in the name of fun, what soft customer can this be?' said he to himself: she's mantled and veiled as if afraid of the night air. But what the fiend is the matter with the beasts?—softly, softly, Galloway Tam, else ye'll tumble me and coup the lady—confound the horses that I should say sae, and me in an eerie place and on the way to the minister too, quietly, quietly.' The road luckily widened at the place where he met this wandering dame, else, such was the irritable temper of the horses which he rode and led, that he would have certainly lost his seat. He bowed as she came up, and said, 'Good even, fair Mistress, ye ride late.'—'And good even to thee, good fellow,' said the lady in a tone of great natural sweetness, 'it

is late, but I have not far to go, if the Master of Logan be at home?'—'He's at home, and alone,' answered Dick, with a low bow, 'and expecting some one, for I saw a table spread for two: I know not who is the invited guest.' The lady laughed, and lifting her veil, showed a youthful and lovely face, with bright eyes, and flaxen ringlets—then dropped the veil and continued her journey. 'It's a face I have never seen before,' said Sorbie to himself, but such a face as that will aye be welcome to the Master of Logan. I maun spur on for the minister, since such a sweet dame as yon is on a visit. My master will scarcely wait for his coming to say grace afore meat—she's a shiner.' And away rode the messenger at a round pace.

"Just as he emerged from the glen, he saw a dark figure riding slowly towards him; and it seemed to his sight that horse and rider were one, for both were dark. 'Now,' muttered he, 'the auld saying's come to pass,—“Meet wi' a woman at night, and then ye're fit to meet with the Deil”—for here He comes—riding, I dare be sworn, on Andrew Johnston of Elfsfield.' The rider approached, and said, 'Turn—turn—I am on my way to thy master.' 'Be merciful, but this is wondrous!' exclaimed the other, in ecstasy. 'Is this you, Minister? O, but ye are welcome!' and he took off his hat and shook back his hair, more to cool his burning brow, on which drops of terror had gathered, than out

of respect to the clergyman. ‘Come, turn thy bridle back, Richard Sorbie,’ said Gabriel,—‘Thou hast seen something, such as human sight cannot behold without fear, which hath moved thee thus.

“Sorbie had, however, recovered all his ordinary audacity, and answered very gaily, ‘Indeed, Minister, to tell ye the truth, ye were the object of terror yourself: for seeing ye coming, riding along in this haunted place, all dark. horse and man, I e’en set ye down for the Enemy instead of the friend of mankind, and I’m free to own that I did na like to face ye. Faith, but my horses, poor things, were wiser than me; they took it calmly enough, and ye ken yourself a horse is no willing to ride up to an emissary of the other world, or emissaries of this world either, Minister, else Galloway Tam wouldna have made sic a work. He nearly laid me on the gowans, when I met a wandering Queen of Sheba, in the Deadman’s Gill, some ten minutes since.’ ‘A wandering lady at this hour, in this wild glen!’ said Gabriel: ‘and what manner of woman was she?’—‘Oh a lass wi’ manners enough, Minister,’ said Sorbie; ‘and veiled, as ye may guess, with an armful of lint-white locks about her bonnie blue een. But ye’ll see her, Minister, ye’ll see her; she’s awa to sup with the Master of Logan, and if ye makena the mair speed, he’ll hae commenced the meat. I was sent off with such speed, to bring ye, as I never was sent

afore—mair by token, there's a memorial that the Master's in earnest.' And he put the little clasped Bible into his hands. 'Let us ride faster, said the Minister, 'I may be too late ; and they rode onward.

" 'It was here,' said Sorbie, pointing to a wider part of the way, 'that I met the lady with the lint-white locks—and this too is the place, they say, Minister, where the Lords of Logan had a summer-bower of old, and where one of them had for his companion, one of the wanton lasses of Ae, a frail twig of the auld tree of the Morisons.' 'Hush !' said Gabriel—'give not the thought utterance—such scenes should not be recalled. Bid what is good live again—let the memory of what is evil perish.'—'Aweel,' said Sorbie, 'e'en let it be sae—but such things canna aye be accomplished—an' yonder's the lights of Logan tower, a glad sight in such a lonesome place as this: but will ye tell me, Minister, how ye came to ken that the Master wanted ye?—I was sent to bring ye—and I'm sure the tower sent out no other messenger.'—'A blessed creature warned me,' said Gabriel—'yea, a blessed creature.' And he looked at the Bible as he spoke. 'I would have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth to do her bidding, while she lived, and now shall I refuse her when she is a ministering spirit?'—'He's got into one of his fits of communings with the invisible world,' thought Sorbie, 'and it's wisdom to let him alone, lest

he should cause me to see something whilk I have no wish to see. Yet I marvel who this b'essed creature could be who told him—he's owre deep for me to deal with, this Minister of ours.'

"While they were on their way down the Deadman's Gill, the Master of Logan heard the neighing of a palfrey at his tower-gate, and a bustle among his servants. He presently heard the sound of a woman's voice—very low, very soft, and as liquid as music, giving some directions to the attendants; and soon a light foot accompanied by the rustling of silks approached his apartment. The door opened, and a young Lady, richly dressed and of great beauty, was ushered in—she lifted her veil from her person, threw it backwards over her shoulders, carrying with it a whole stream of ringlets. and occupying the settee of oak, to which she was conducted, said, 'Master of Logan, I must be your guest for an hour. You have your table ready furnished—your silver censers burning, and the wine ready. Ah, Sir, was this feast spread for a lady?' And she gave her head, with its innumerable curls, a pleasant toss, and threw a comic archness into the glance of her eye. and waited for an answer. 'Truly, Lady Anne,' said he, 'I must not say that it was spread for you, since I did not expect this honour, but it could not be spread for any one more lovely or more welcome.'—'Master,' answered the young lady, with some dignity,

‘I am not now as I have been—I am now mistress of my own actions, with no guardian to control me. I go where I wish, and journey as I will—but I am not here altogether of my own choice—for, look out on the night—yon huge black cloud cannot choose but rain by pailfuls, and I would rather throw myself on your hospitality than trust the treacherous storm. It would have no mercy upon our female falderols and our round tires like the moon.’

“‘Dear Lady Anne,’ replied the Master of Logan, ‘whatever be the cause of your coming, your presence here is most welcome—not the less so since the elements constrained a little that dear quick-silvering disposition of thine—which, now I think on’t, used to wrong me with suspicions and attack me with sarcasms. But all that only renders the present visit more welcome. Lay your veil aside, and allow those fair prisoners, those luxuriant tresses, a little liberty—the cloud, which you dreaded, grows darker and darker: and you may be thankful if you are released till midnight.’ She unveiled, and removed a broad fillet which enclosed her tresses, allowing them to descend in abundance on her shoulders—then, raising her white arms, caught them up ringlet after ringlet, and confined them around her brows and beneath the fillet, only allowing a tress or two to scatter negligently down her long white neck. He knew enough of human

nature to know that all this apparent care was but a stratagem to show her charms to advantage, and he looked at her with much earnestness and an increasing regard, which he did not desire to conceal. It is true that once or twice he said, mentally, ‘What but admiration of me would have possessed this young and modest lady—she who always repelled, with cold tranquillity, the compliments and attentions I paid her,—what has happened to induce her to overstep the limits of maidenly discretion? But nature’s nature, and I have often seen the will that was restrained by parents set itself free with a vengeance, and make ample amends for early constraint. I must comfort her as well as I can; I wish I had not sent for that severe divine—this will furnish a text for another lecture—he will make me the common speech of the pulpit—and, what is worse, this young lady too will be a sufferer.’ The Master seemed to have dismissed from his mind all the fears which lately distressed him; the intoxication of woman’s beauty o’ermastered all other emotions.

“The domestics of the Tower meanwhile indulged in abundance of wild speculations. ‘I marvel what will happen next?’ said the first servant. ‘Our master has sent for a divine: and young Lady Anne Dalzel has ome wandering hither under the cloud o’night, like an errant damsel in the auld ballads—it canna be for good that he’s grown godly and

she's grown daft.'—'I wonder what puts it into your head,' said the second servant, 'that this young tramping lass, with the lint-white hair and licentious een, is Lady Anne Dalzel? Do you think that her douce mother's æ daughter would sae far forget rank and virtue, and e'en prudence, as to come cantering awa here in the dark hour o' the night? Na, na! the dove will never flee into the nest of the gore-falcon.'—'Ye say true,' said a third menial; 'this quean, whoe'er she may be—and for looks, she might be an earl's daughter—savours nothing of the auld house of Dalzel. Why, man, there's a saucy sort of grace—a kind of John come-woo-me-now kind of look about her, which never belonged to the name.'—'And who, then, can she be?' inquired a dozen of domestics, gathering round the other speakers in a circle:

“‘I ken what I ken,’ said an old woman, who had charge of the poultry; ‘and I know what I know! Ay! ay! they’re well guided whom God guides; and yet all that we see is not of his making. Ah, sirs, there’s mony a queer thing permitted in the earth! and this cummer, for all so young and so rosie as she looks, has nae touch of natural flesh and blood. Wha has nae heard of fair May Morison, who erred wi’ one o’ the auld Lords of Logan, and was a dweller in the summer bower down in the Deadman’s Gill? I mind her weel when I was a gilpin of a

lassie, in the yea' sax' een hundred and fifty and sax—and wha was then like Madam ? But she erred sair, and sank far, and died when she was in her prime, in unrepented sin, they say, for it's certain she came back and haunted the Deadman's Gill—and who would come back if they could bide away !— ' Hoot ! hoot ! Dame Clocken,' said several tongues at once ; ' this is all wynted milk, woman ; ye set your imagination wi' rotten eggs, and canna bring out a wholesome brood.' — ' Troth, and it would have been well for me,' said the old woman, ' had the whole been a matter of fancy ; but I saw her spirit, ye unbelievers—a sight I thought I sould never hae coost the cauld of. It was eleven at night—the place, the auld Bower—and I was on a tryste with Willie Gowdie of Gulliehill. Awa' I went, light o' heart and quick o' foot, and when I came to the appointed place, wha saw I but cummer ! There she sat, wi' her lang links of flaxen hair flowing oure her shoulders like a deluge. I thought it was one of Willie's pranks, and up I went, but through God's strength refrained from speaking. O, sirs, she looked up !—Its head was a skull, and the lights of perdition in its eyne-holes ! I shrieked, and dropped down ; and when I came to myself, I thought there was some ane giving me queer grips. I looked and it was Willie Gowdie.' To this interminable stream of wild story, the clatter of horses' hoofs first in the avenue, and then

at the gate, brought a termination. Some hurried out with lights, and presently returned, showing in Gabriel Burgess, with more than a common proportion of solemnity on his brow.

“Old Rodan showed the preacher the way to the Chamber of Judgment: and as he stopped to set his hose and neckcloth in order at one of the mirrors, he heard a soft, mild voice say, ‘You are witty and you are pleasant, Master, and, like some of your ancestors, have little mercy on woman. So this is your kirk-yard legend; it explains why your looks are hollow and your manners austere—how unlike the gayest dancer at the assembly and the rashest rider in the chase. But why should such shallow imaginings disturb a mind so strong as your’s?—Can the wisest or the wildest human word raise the dead—clothe their bones with beauty—fill their hollow eyes with the light of heaven, and put the breath o’ God between their lips—give them a taste for table dainties, and a turn for conversation?’ He held the wine-glass in his hand, when the steps of the preacher were heard in the passage, and the door began to open. ‘Appear, in likeness of a priest!’ exclaimed the young lady, laughing. And Gabriel Burgess entered, and took a seat between her and the Master of Logan.

“‘I am glad to see you, Reverend Sir,’ said the Master. ‘I have sent for you on a matter which moved me much; but I am

easier now.'—'Indeed, my young friend,' said the divine, 'no wonder that you wished for me; such a companion suggests thoughts of the altar, doubtless. And is this young lady to get command over the Tower? What fair name will she lose for the sake of the house of Logan?'—'A name of old repute,' said the Master, 'even Anne Dalzel.'—'Ah! young lady,' said the preacher, 'I reverence thee for thy mother's sake. But thou art of another Church, and I have not seen thee some years. Dalzel, a bold name and an old name; but I'm the man who changes the fair names of ladies—I hope I shall be permitted to find thee another name before we part?' The young lady looked down, the Master looked at the lady, and the Preacher at both, and then said, 'More of this presently; but I hope Lady Anne will forgive me for appearing before her in these homely garments, unlike the splendid dresses of her favourite Church.' And he sedulously smoothed up his hose, and seemed anxious to appear acceptable in the sight of a fastidious lady.

"'Truly, Parson,' said the lady, laughing, 'I am afraid you will think me vain and frivolous; these curled locks and jewelled clothes are not according to the precepts of your Church. Will you not hesitate to bind the foolish daughter of a laxer Church to one of the chosen of your own.'—'Ah! Madam,' answered the Preacher, smiling, 'your jewelled robes and curled locks become

you ; and I might as well quarrel with a rose because it blooms bonnie, or with a lily because it smells sweet, as with woman because of her loveliness. And as for marriage, some thirty score and three have I wedded in my day, and may do the good office to many yet.'—'A laborious divine,' said the young lady, 'and I dare say one who makes durable work. This Scotland of ours is, indeed, a pleasant land for matrimonial inclinations. The Kirk, with reverence be it said, is at the head of the bridal establishment ; but if the parson weds his thousands, the magistrate marries his tens of thousands ; and those who are too bashful to reveal their loves to the whole congregation, or too poor to pay the fees of the Justice—why, they make an exchange of matrimonial missives and set up their household. We have no such indulgence in our Episcopal Church.'

" 'Lady,' replied the Preacher, 'ye have laid your delicate hand on one of the sore places of our Zion. The carnal power of the State measures its strength too much with the spiritual power of the Church ; and when we war with those self-seeking people, we are accused of desiring to engross the entire disposal of man's body here and of his soul hereafter. Our Church is poor and humble ; the lowliest roof in the land is that which covers the house of God, and the commonest vestments in Scotland are those which cover her clergy. Concerning this, I repine not ; for

there are powers which even our poverty and humility give us, which exalt and strengthen us. How could I war with the effeminacy of embroidered garments, and the monstrous lavishness of our nobles and our gentry, were I to be rolled up to the controversy in a cushioned coach, attended by footmen in laced jackets ?

“ ‘That is so well and so wisely said,’ answered the young lady, ‘that I could wish the etiquette of the table admitted of our tasting of wine together before the bell rings for supper ; but the Master is become abstemious of late, he passes the cup, and shuns pleasant converse.’— ‘Perchance he hath something on his mind, which weighs heavily,’ replied the Preacher ; ‘and wine to the sick of heart is an addition of heaviness. Is there aught in which the wisdom of the devout, or the kindness of the beautiful, can be of advantage unto thee ? Here we are both,’ he said, smiling.— ‘what hurteth thee my son ? says the Church of Scotland ; and what vexeth my brother ? saith this fair vassal of a laxer kirk.’— ‘I say,’ answered the lady, ‘that we are two oracles, infallible in our way, and that our son and brother cannot open his heart, or reveal his sorrows, to two more wise and sagacious people. In truth, in some sort, he was about the unburthening of his heart when he heard your footsteps, but he wisely reserved the marrow of his misery for one more ancient in knowledge, and more col-

firmed in understanding. Something hath happened in the burial-ground of Logan kirk to disquiet his mind.'—'Speak, my son,' said the Preacher; 'there is healing for all sorrows, whether of mind or of body.' The Master of Logan, in a tone sometimes affectedly pleasant, related what had passed, and spake lightly of the gay invitation given to the dust of Phemie Morison.

"The Preacher listened attentively, but like one who had heard the tale before. 'My son,' said he, 'the evils which beset thee arise from the living, and not from the dead, and you are more in jeopardy from one ripe and rosy madam in warm flesh and blood, than from all the bones of all the dames that ever graced the courts of the Stuarts. The words which you uttered were indeed unguarded, and must be repented of; but they were uttered in a dull ear—death and the grave listen to no voice, save that of the archangel. No, no, my son, imagine not that rash words can call dust into life; can summon the spirit from the realms of bliss or of woe, or that thou art so supremely blessed, or so splendidly wicked, as to have spirits of good, or of evil, for thy boon companions. In the blinded and melancholy days of Popery, when men made their own gods, then evil spirits were rife in the land; but since the pure light of Presbyterianism arose, they have been chased into their native darkness. Even I, weak and imperfect as I am, and un-

worthy of being named with some of the chosen sons of the sanctuary, have driven the children of perdition before me. So, my son, clear thy brow, say thy prayers, seek thy pillow, and thy rest shall be sound—I have said it.’

“ ‘Holy man,’ said the young lady, ‘how fortunate was I in coming into this tower to-night; how much shall I profit by thy discourse! Ah, the professors of my Church are full fed, and of a slothful nature, and are not rigid in their visitations nor frequent in their admonitions. You have driven, you say, the children of darkness before you—excuse the forwardness of ignorance,—may a daughter of a less gifted Church inquire how this miraculous undertaking was accomplished?’— ‘Oh, most willingly, Madam, answered the Preacher—‘there was no magic in it, all was plain, and easily understood; but here comes supper, sending up a savour such as would waken hunger in an anchorite. I hope, Master, that you have not tempted me with superstitious meats or drinks—with pudding stuffed with blood, for that is unclean, or porridge made with plums, for that is Episcopalian.’

“The dishes were arranged on the table while the Preacher was still speaking; he stretched his hands over them, and over the wine, which was sparkling in silver flagons, and said, ‘God be present at this table to-night, and bless the meat and bless the drink,

and let every mouthful of the one, and every drop of the other, be to thy glory alone.—Now my fair foe,' said the Clergyman, 'to what shall I help thee? A wing of this fowl, or a slice of this salmon?'—'Most reverend and learned Sir,' said she, with a smile, 'I consider supper to be an undue indulgence, which inflames the blood and makes the complexion coarse. As I desire to be loved, I avoid the vulgar practice, and am surprised to see it countenanced by a stickler for all manner of simple and plain things.'—'Madam,' replied the Preacher, 'corrupt and craving nature must be relieved; to fast entirely is Popish, to have a meal of particular and staid dishes is Prelatical, but to take what comes is a trusting in Providence, and is Presbyterian. 'This wild-fowl, now,' he said, smiling, 'has fattened itself on the heather top, and might supper a prophet; and this sauce is fit for the General Assembly, and ought to be restricted to divines.' He ate away with an excellent appetite, neither looking to the right nor to the left, till he had rendered the bones worthy of admission to a museum of anatomy.

"'Most holy Preacher,' said the lady, 'there is a fair fish before you and a flagon of wine; as they are both permitted by your Church, they will, no doubt, be agreeable to your stomach. While you are occupied silently and laboriously upon them, allow me, a daughter of self denial, to touch this little

musical instrument, and chaunt you a song; and as I make it while I sing it, it shall be measured by your meal.' The preacher had helped himself to a weighty slice of salmon; had deluged it in sauce; had filled up his glass to the brim in a challenge from his entertainer—and giving an approving nod, fell anxiously on, lest the poetic resources of the lady should fail early. Thus permitted, she lifted a cittern, touched it with exquisite skill, and began to sing the following ballad, in a voice which could only be matched by the united notes of the blackbird and the thrush.

SANDY HARG.

The night-star shines clearly,
 The tide's in the bay,
 My boat, like the the sea-mew,
 Takes wing and away.
 Though the pellock rolls free
 Through the moon-lighted brine,
 The silver-finn'd salmon
 And herling are mine—
 My fair one shall taste them,
 May Morley of Larg,
 I've said, and I've sworn it,
 Quoth young Sandy Harg.

He spread his broad net
 Where, 'tis said, in the brine,
 The mermaidens sport
 Mid the merry moonshine:
 He drew it and laugh'd,
 For he found 'mongst the meshes
 A fish and a maiden
 With silken eye-lashes—

And she sang with a voice,
 Like May Morley's of Larg,
 "A maid and a salmon
 For young Sandy Harg."

Oh white were her arms,
 And far whiter her neck—
 Her long locks in armfuls
 Overflowed all the deck;
 One hand on the rudder
 She pleasantly laid,
 Another on Sandy,
 And merrily said
 "Thy halve-net has wrought thee
 A gallant day's darg—
 Thou 'rt monarch of Solway,
 My young Sandy Harg."

Oh loud laugh'd young Sandy,
 And swore by the inass,
 "I'll never reign king,
 But 'mid gowans and grass."
 Oh loud laugh'd young Sandy,
 And swore, "By thy hand,
 My May Morley, I'm thine,
 Both by water and land:
 'Twere marvel if mer-woman
 Slimy and slarg,
 Could change the true love
 Of young Sandy Harg."

She knotted one ringlet,
 Syne knotted she twain,
 And sang --lo! thick darkness
 Dropp'd down on the main—
 She knotted three ringlets,
 Syne knotted she nine,
 A tempest stoop'd sudden
 And sharp on the brine,

An l away flew the boat—
 There's a damsel in Larg
 Will wonder what's come of thee,
 Young Sandy Harg.

“The sky's spitting fire,”
 Cried Sandy—“and see
 Green Criffel reels round
 And will choke up the sea ;
 From their bottles of tempest
 The fiends draw the corks,
 Wide Solway is barmy,
 Like ale when it works ;
 There sits Satan's daughter,
 Who works the dread darg,
 To mar my blythe bridal,”
 Quoth young Sandy Harg.

From his bosom a spell
 To work wonders he took
 Thrice kiss'd it, and smiled,
 Then triumphantly shook
 The boat by the rudder,
 The maid by the hair,
 With wailings and shrieks
 She bewildered the air ;
 He flung her far seaward—
 Then sailed off to Larg
 There was mirth at the bridal
 Of young Sandy Harg.

“The Master of Logan was unable to resist the influence of this wild ballad, and the sweet and bewitching voice which embodied it. The supper table, the wines and fine dishes, were unregarded things : his hands, as the infection stole through him, kept temperate time, and his right foot beat, but

not audibly, an accompaniment to the melody. Nor did the lady seem at all unconscious of her delicate witchery; she gradually silenced the cittern as the song proceeded, and before it ended, her voice, and her voice alone, was heard; and filled the chamber, and penetrated to the remotest rooms and galleries. The servants hung listening in a crowd over each other's shoulders at the door of the room. The Preacher alone seemed untouched by the song and the voice; his hand and mouth kept accurate time; with a knowing eye and a careful hand did he minister to his own necessities, giving no other indication of his sense of the accompaniment than an acquiescent nod, as much as to say, 'Good, good!' At length he desisted; leaned back on the chair, and reposed, thankful and appeased. The Master wondered to see a man, accounted austere and abstemious, yield so pleasantly to the temptations of carnal comforts; and the domestic who attended—a faithful follower of the Kirk—shook his head amongst his companions, and said, 'There's an awful meaning in the Minister's way of eating this blessed night.' The young lady seemed to take much pleasure in what she called drawing the black snail out of its shell. No sooner had she finished her song—which concluded with the supper—than she took her seat at the table, and the conversation was resumed.

"It was now nigh twelve o'clock; the

night, which had hitherto been wild and gusty, refused to submit to the rule of morning without strife: the wind grew louder; the rain fell faster; the thunder of the augmenting streams increased; and now and then a flash of lightning rushed from a cloud in the east to one in the west, showing, by a momentary flame, the rustling agitation of the pines, and the foaming plunges which the mountain streams made from precipice to precipice. 'The prince and power of the air is at work to-night,' said old Rodan, 'and there will be sad news from the sea'—'From the sea, said ye?' replied a matron, who presided over the duties of the dairy; 'him whom ye speak of, and I mauna name, is none sae far off as the sea. I wouldna gang down the Deadman's Gill this blessed night for the worth of Scotland's crown.'—'Whisht, for God's sake! whisht,' said the dame who ruled amongst the poultry; 'the fiend has long lugs, and is a sad listener; but, cummers, there's something about to come to pass in this tower to-night, that will be tauld in tale and ballad when the youngest of us is stiff and streeket. But we're safe—the buckler of the Gospel is extended before us, and the thick tempest will fall from us, like rain from a wild swan's wings. Lord send that the auld Tower may haud aboon our heads!'

"Never, from the time the tower was founded, did it contain a more joyous party; the Master had drowned the memory of his

fears in song and wine; the preacher had, apparently, sweetened down the severity of his manners by converse with the young lady and by the social cup; and the lady herself gave a loose to her mirth and her eyes, and was willing to imagine that she had laid upon both the necks of her companions the pleasing yoke of her bondage. 'Minister,' said she, 'I have long mistaken your character. I thought you a melancholy, merose man, given to long preachments and much abstinence, and one who thought that a glad-some heart was an offence worthy of punishment hereafter. Come, now, let me ask you a question or two in your own vocation. What manner of woman was the witch of Endor?' There was a sparkling humour in the lady's eye when she asked this—there was still a slyer humour in the Preacher's when he answered it: 'On her personal looks, scripture is silent: but I conceive her to have been a lovely young widow with a glorious jointure.'—'Well, now, Parson,' she said, 'I like you for this; we must be better acquainted; you must come and visit me; I have heard that you are famous for discomfiting evil spirits, and for warring hand to hand with aerial enemies.'—'Ay, truly, young lady,' answered the Preacher; 'but that was when this land was in the bonds of iniquity: with our Kirk establishment, a new dispensation hath come upon the land. Master, the wine tarries with you.'

“ ‘Well, now,’ said the young lady, there’s our friend of the Tower here—he imagined to-night that something evil would break right through all your new dispensations: he expected a visit from the grave—a social dame, in her winding-sheet, was invited to supper. Parson, are you man enough for her, should she come bounce in upon us? I am alarmed at the very image I have drawn.’—‘And let her come,’ said the Preacher, pouring out a brimming cup of wine—e’en, young lady, let her come—I trow I should soon sort her—this wine is exquisite now, and must be as old as the accession of the Stuarts—I trow I should sort her—I know the way, lady, how to send refractory spirits a-trooping—I have learned the art frae a sure hand. It would do your heart good, were a spirit to appear, to see how neatly I would go to work. Ah! the precious art will perish for want of subjects—witchcraft will die a natural death for lack of witches, and my art will perish from the same cause. I hope the art of making wine will be long remembered—for this is worthy of Calvin.’

“ ‘Minister,’ said the young lady, looking slyly while she spoke at the Master ‘let not such gifts perish. Suppose this chair, with the saint carved on the back, to be a spirit, and show us how you would deal with it.’—‘Ye are a cunning dame,’ said the Preacher; ‘d’ye think that I can make a timber utensil

dissolve and depart like a spirit? Awa with your Episcopal wit—and if you will grow daft, drink wine.’ He took another sip.—‘Thou art a most original parson,’ said the young lady, laughing; ‘but I am desirous of becoming a disciple. Come! this chair is a spirit—take to your tools.’—‘Weel, weel, lady,’ said the Preacher, impatiently, ‘I shall e’en waste so much precious time for your amusement. But ye must not grow feared as I grow bold and serious’—‘Are you sure that you will not be afraid yourself?—such things have happened,’ said the young lady. He only answered, ‘Verily, I have heard so,’ and then began.

“He took a sword from the wall, and described a circle, in the centre of which he stood himself. ‘Over a line drawn with an instrument on which the name of God is written, nought unholy can pass. Master, stand beside me, and bear ye the sword.’ He next filled a cup with water, and said, ‘Emblem of purity, and resembling God, for he is pure, as nought unholy can pass over thee whilst thou runnest in thy native fountain, neither shall aught unholy abide thy touch, thus consecrated—as thou art the emblem of God, go and do his good work—Amen.’ So saying, he turned suddenly round and dashed the cupful of water in the face and bosom of the young lady—fell on his knees, and bowed his head in prayer. She uttered scream upon scream; her complexion changed; her

long locks twined and writhed like serpents; the flesh seemed to shrivel on her body; and a light shone in her eyes which the Master trembled to look upon. She tried to pass the circle towards him, but could not; a burning flame seemed to encompass and consume her; and as she dissolved away, he heard a voice saying, 'But for that subtle priest, thou hadst supped with me in hell!'

"'Young man,' said the Preacher, rising from his knees, 'give praise to God, and not to me—we have vanquished, through him, one of the strongest and most subtle of Satan's emissaries. Thy good angel, thy blessed mother, sent me to thee in thy need, and it behoved me to deal warily with the artificer of falsehood. Aid me in prayer, I beseech thee, for forgiveness for putting on the sinful man to-night—for swilling of wine and wallowing in creature comforts, and for uttering profane speeches. Ah! the evil one thought he had put on a disguise through which even penetration could not penetrate; but I discerned him from the first, and could scarce forbear assailing him at once, so full was I of loathing. He was witty to his own confusion' The Master knelt, and prayed loud and fervently: the domestics were called in, and the worship of God was, from that night, established in his household.

"Look on me, my child," said the old man, when he had concluded his wild story; "I could have told this tale in a soberer

fashion—yea, I could even have told it to thee in a merrier shape—nathless the end and upshot would have been the same. I tell it to thee now, lest its memory should perish on the earth and its moral warning cease. Tell it to thy children, and to thy children's children, as I have told it, and do not lend an ear to the glozing versions which the witty and profane relate. Harken to them, and you will believe that this fair and evil spirit was a piece of lascivious flesh and blood, and that the power which the Preacher and the Master of Logan laboured to subdue was a batch of old wine, which proved the conqueror, and laid them in joy side by side, while the head domestic, a clever and a sagacious man, invented this wondrous tale to cover their infirmities. Nay, an thou smilest, even relate it as thou wilt. Laughter is happiness, and sorrow is admonition—and why should not a story have its merry side and its sad, as well as human life? Farewell, my son—when thou tellest this story, say it was related to thee by an old man with a grey head, whose left foot was in the grave and the right one breaking the brink—the last of the house of Logan.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.*

“O wha will shoe my bonnie foot?

And wha will glove my hand?

And wha will lace my middle jimp

Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

* Lochryan in Galloway.

“ O wha will kame my yellow hair,
 Wi’ a new-made silver kame ?
 And wha will father my young son
 Till Lord Gregory come hame ? ”

“ Thy father will shoe thy bonnie foot,—
 Thy mother will glove thy hand,
 Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
 Till Lord Gregory come to land.

“ Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair,
 Wi’ a new made silver kame,—
 And God will be thy bairn’s father
 Till Lord Gregory come hame.”

“ But I will get a bonnie boat,
 And I will sail the sea,
 And I will to Lord Gregory gang,
 Since he canna come hame to me.”

Syne she’s gar’d build a bonnie boat,
 To sail the salt, salt sea :
 The sails were o’ the light green silk,
 The tows o’ taffety.

She hadna sail’d but twenty leagues—
 But twenty leagues and three,
 When she met wi’ a rank robber,
 And a’ his companie.

“ Now, whether art thou the queen hersel,
 (For sae you weel might be)
 Or art thou the Lass o’ Lochroyan,
 Seekin’ Lord Gregory ? ”

“ O I am neither the queen,” she said,
 “ Nor sic seem I to be ;—
 But I am the Lass o’ Lochroyan,
 Seekin’ Lord Gregory.”

"O see'st na thou yon bonnie bower?
 Its a' co'er'd o'er wi' tin:
 When thou hast sail'd it round about,
 Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower,
 Shinin' sae clear and bright,
 Whilk stood aboon the jawin' wave,
 Built on a rock of height;—

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
 And bring me to the land!
 For yonder I see my love's castle
 Close by the salt sea strand."

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,
 And loud, loud, loud cry'd she—
 "Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
 And set my true-love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
 And to the door she's gane;
 And lang she knock'd, and sair she ca'd,
 But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
 O open, and let me in!
 For the wind blaws through my yellow hair
 And the rain draps o'er my chin."

"Awa', awa', thou ill woman!
 Thou'rt nae come here for good!
 Thou'rt but some witch or wil' warlock;
 Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch nor wil' warlock,
 Nor mermaid o' the sea;
 But I am Annie o' Lochroyan;
 O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie o' Lochroyan,
 (As I trow thou binna she)
 Now tell me some o' the love tokens
 That's past 'tween thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
 As we sat at the wine,
 We chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
 And I can shew thee thine ?

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
 But ay the best was mine ;
 For yours was o' the gude red gowd,—
 But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
 As we sat on the hill,
 Thou twin'd me o' my maidenhied
 Right sair against my will ?

"Now open the door, Lord Gregory !
 O open the door, I pray ;
 For thy young son is in my arms,
 And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be Annie o' Lochroyan,
 (As I kenna thou to be)
 Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
 Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turned her round about—
 "Weel ! since that it be sae,
 May never woman, that has borne a son,
 Hae a heart sae fu' o' wae !

"Take down, take down that mast o' gowd !
 Set up a mast o' tree !—
 It disna become a forsaken lady
 To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did
dawn,

And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise, Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

“O I hae dream’d a dream, mother,—
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonnie Lass o’ Lochroyan,
Was at the yett e’en now.

“O I hae dream’d a dream, mother,—
The thought o’t gars me greet!
That fair Annie o’ Lochroyan
Lay could dead at my feet.”

“Gin it be for Annie o’ Lochroyan,
That you make a’ this din,
She stood a’ last night at your door,
But I trow she wanna in.”

“O wae betide thee, ill woman!—
An ill death may’st thou dee!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me.”

O he’s gane down by yon shore side,
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

“And hey Annie, and how Annie!
O Annie wilt thou bide!”
But ay the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

“And hey Annie, and how Annie!
Dear Annie speak to me!”
But ay the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roar’d the sea.

The wind blew loud; the sea grew rough;
 And dash'd the boat on shore;
 Fair Annie floated through the faem;
 But the baby raise no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
 And made a heavy moan;
 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet
 Her bonnie young son was gone.—

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
 And gowden was her hair;
 But clay-cold was her rosy lips—
 Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
 And syne he kiss'd her chin,
 And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—
 There was nae breath within.

“O wae betide my cruel mother!
 An ill death may she dee!
 She turned my true love frae my door,
 Wha cam sae far to me.

“O wae betide my cruel mother!
 An ill death may she dee!
 She turned fair Annie frae my door,
 Wha died for love o' me.”

THE FOUR GLENKENS' MINISTERS.

After a long and fatiguing journey, I arrived at the Kenmure Arms Inn, New-Galloway, a small but royal burgh upon the banks of the Ken, and distant only about a quarter of a mile from Kenmure castle, the beautiful baronial residence of the ancient and noble

family of Kenmure. I slept soundly after the fatigue of the preceding evening, and it was almost ten o'clock before I awoke on a bright beautiful Sabbath morning, about the middle of June. The sun was already far up in the heavens, and a number of individuals stood at their doors, in their holiday suits, with their Bibles and Psalm-books in their hands; others were slowly moving towards the church, with a serious composed aspect, as if revolving in their mind, the solemn duties in which they were to be engaged in the course of the day. Ashamed of my indolence I hastily dressed myself, and rung for breakfast. My landlady made her appearance, and I inquired if it could possibly be time for church. "It will soon be time," replied she, "for to-day being our sacrament, public service begins earlier than on ordinary days." "As I do not approve of travelling on Sundays, when it can be avoided, I think I shall remain to-day, and be present at the solemnity. I suppose there will be no difficulty in finding a seat?" "O no, Sir, for the preaching is *without*; however, I suppose this will be the last time, for by next year our new church will be finished, and it will be large enough for all the congregation, and those who join with us from the neighbouring parishes." "I understand it is customary to come from a great distance upon occasions of this kind?" "O yes, twelve or fourteen miles is thought nothing of, and on

the Sunday previous the assistant ministers enjoin it as a duty upon their hearers, to embrace every opportunity of this kind, as the sacrament is dispensed only once a-year in this and the adjoining parishes." "Mr Currie of Carsephairn, Mr M'Gowan of Dalrÿ, and Mr Thomson of Balmaclellan, are your assistant ministers I think—their names are familiar to me, closely associated with those of their respective parishes, and so blended with my earliest recollections that they seem to be old and intimate acquaintances, although I have been in a foreign country the greater part of my life. But in a distant land we cherish all that we can remember of our early youth, and there, even the name of a stranger sounds like music in our ears, if he came from the heath-covered mountains of our own much loved Scotland." After a hurried breakfast, and some slight alteration in my dress, I went to the place of worship, where a large concourse of people had already assembled. I was accommodated with a seat in the manse tent, which I considered as particularly fortunate, the day being very hot and sultry: and about noon there was thunder, accompanied by a smart shower of rain; and but for this arrangement I would have been awkwardly situated, not being provided with an umbrella. After prayer and praise, we had an eloquent and appropriate discourse from Mr Gillespie, (minister of the parish) when the solemn

duty of "serving the tables" commenced, and was conducted in a very becoming manner. I suppose some hundreds must have joined on this occasion, in celebrating the death of our blessed Saviour; and it was really a beautiful and imposing sight to see them seated among the tombs of their ancestors, and partaking of the sacred elements, beneath the canopy of a clear blue sky—the fields clothed with a rich verdure, and enamelled with flowers, and the trees which bounded the lovely landscape on either side of the churchyard, adorned with the gayest foliage of summer, from which a number of little winged songsters poured forth their mellow notes responsive to the vocal harmony of the many human voices that in mingling chorus was borne aloft towards the portals of heaven. It was also very interesting to see the four ministers standing uncovered within the sacred pale, in the discharge of their solemn functions. The heads of Mr M'Gowan and Mr Thomson were whitened o'er by the hand of time, and the locks of Mr Currie were also mingling with the silver gray. Mr Gillespie was much younger than any of his reverend brethren, and his appearance was altogether youthful and very engaging—his countenance though pale was animated and intelligent, and when lighted up by the smile of kindness and benevolence (its usual expression) was singularly prepossessing. Extremely affable and easy of approach, his man-

ners were polished in the highest degree, and his conversation agreeable, and replete with the rich intellectual stores of a highly cultivated mind.

At the conclusion of public worship I received an invitation to spend the evening at the manse, and an introduction to his sisters and the other assistant ministers, followed as a matter of course. Our conversation chiefly turned upon the occurrences of the day, and the solemn duties in which we had severally been engaged, having a tendency to keep alive the salutary impression which these had produced. Though in each of the worthy divines I observed some striking peculiarity that more strongly marked his character and favourite pursuits, yet one characteristic was observable in all, viz. that charity, benevolence, unaffected piety, and simplicity of manner, which generally distinguish the real Christian from those who are merely pretenders to the name. After an evening spent in the most satisfactory manner, we took leave of each other with the hope expressed on all sides that we should meet again at no distant period, and I promised a visit to each of my worthy friends, immediately after my return to my native country. I was then on my way to Liverpool, whence I embarked for North America, where I was stationary upwards of two years. Upon my return I felt a strong wish to revisit the romantic district of the Glenkens, and spend a few days with

the "four ministers," in whose society I had passed so agreeable an evening before my last trip across the Atlantic. I alighted at the Kenmure Arms as formerly, and was instantly recognized by mine host and hostess, from whom I made enquiries respecting Mr Gillespie and his three worthy colleagues, and with melancholy surprise learned that they were all dead! All of them had been swept off in the short period of a year, and within a few months of each other. Mr M'Gowan, the eldest of the three, had survived his brethern only to witness the last duties paid to departed worth, and to mourn the ties of broken friendship which were so soon to be united in the world of spirits, when he dropt into the grave, full of days, yet lamented by a numerous family and a large circle of acquaintances, as if he had fallen in the prime of life—mourned too in a beautiful poetic effusion, from the gifted pen of Miss L. Gillespie. The circumstances attending Mr Gillespie's death were particularly affecting. Long attached to an amiable and accomplished female, he had been united to the object of his early affection only a few months, when he was seized with a malignant fever, which soon put a period to his existence, leaving his young wife, and a family of affectionate brothers and sisters, almost inconsolable for his loss. Those families dispersed and far distant from their peaceful abode, the happy homes of childhood, are now cast upon the wide world without a

parental roof to shelter them, and far removed from each other in the land of strangers. But affection still lingers on the banks of Ken—one social tie remains—the sacred link of kindred feeling that shall long unite these scattered families in bonds of the strictest union; and when time has assuaged the poignancy of anguish, the hallowed remembrance of the past, and of the many virtues which adorned the husbands, fathers, and brothers, whom they now untimely mourn, shall be reviewed with pleasing satisfaction; and when they shall again revisit their native Glenkens, the inhabitants of that peaceful valley shall hail them with the affectionate welcome of long-remembered friendship, and there long, long shall be cherished the memory of the “four Glenkens’ Ministers.”

L I N E S

COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT—SEPTEMBER, 1842.

The antique Bridge* that spans the Dee
 To-night was visited by me;
 A lovelier scene I'll never see
 Than then I saw,
 Before it fades, my friend, for thee
 The scene I'll draw.—

* On the overthrow of the Romish Church Establishment in Scotland, and consequent destruction of all its edifices, the materials of which they were constructed were unscrupulously used in the erection of buildings for common purposes. Many a village alehouse and country smithy have sprung from the gigantic skeleton of a neighbouring monastery; and the walls

The river murmurs like a rill,
 The trees that fringe the linn are still,
 The moon is wandering at her will—
 Some stars among,
 The outline of the tufted hill
 Is clear and strong.

In human, or in heavenly cause
 Most dear to man is man's applause ;

once consecrated to devotion, and sonorous with the strains of holy minstrelsy, now echo the profane jest and coarse tale.— The noble dust of Alexander stopping the bung-hole is mean and ludicrous, compared with this solemn instance of unstable grandeur.

In the advantages of this sacrilege the old bridge of Tongland fully participated, having been in great part constructed of the stones of the old Priory, which was situated hard by.

The old church had been built on part of the site, as a window is still to be seen in the old wall, which evidently had been part of the old Abbey. There is little doubt but that the Manse, the Corn-mill and kiln, the Paper-mill, and the greater part of the houses in and near the Village of Tongland, were constructed from the materials of the Priory. As a proof of which, in all or the greater part of them, pieces of hewn free-stone are to be found, such as were used in buildings of the kind at that time.

The Editor in his boyhood remembers an old woman named Marion Muir of Woodhead, then about ninety years old, who used to tell that part of the tower was standing in her young days, as high as the kirk, and who perfectly remembered the time worn, but still formidable jugs affixed to the old Priory wall.

The same ancient chronicler also told that a tradition of not very distant date bore, that, when some workmen were engaged in clearing away rubbish during their search for large stones, they struck upon a vault, on opening which they found three human skeletons in a sitting posture, with the fragments of stone vessels and three pewter plates lying before them. The outline of a doorway was distinctly traceable; but the passage had been closed up with solid masonry. It may be unnecessary to remind the reader, that the Papal Church sometimes inflicted death on schismatics and unbelievers by immuring them in cells in which were placed bread, a pitcher of water, and a lamp.

How 'rapt the moment when he draws
 The acclamation !
 Be mine the lonely, moonlight pause
 Of meditation.

Sublime the hour, when, undismayed
 By broken rank and shivered blade,
 Heroic bands to conquest wade—
 The silent hour,
 When David sang and Jesus prayed,
 Has greater power.

Its proper course each feeling takes ;
 Love—friendship—piety awakes,
Anticipation, dubious, makes
 The bosom throb ;
 And *memory*, with its thousand aches,
 Evokes the sob.

My mind meanders, like the stream
 I gaze upon, as in a dream,
 Whose mazy tributaries seem,
 Through moor and meadow,
 Now lighted by a passing gleam,
 Now lost in shadow.

Thou waterest many a wild, dark Dee
 And many a garden, fair to see ;
 The castle wall is swept by thee,
 And hamlet lowly :
 Emblem of mirth, alternately,
 And melancholy.

Of myriads who their dwelling make
 On thy sweet banks, by stream and lake,
 How many of the eyes that wake
 In joy to-morrow,
 Before its evening close must take
 A tinge of sorrow ?

To-night my spirit should be gay,
 For night is sweeter far than day,
 And every beam-besprinkled spray.

Betokens gladness,
 Yet like the man in Lillo's* play
 I'm full of sadness,

Intelligence I long to hear
 Of one who is to me most dear,
 The sound of streams is in his ear,
 Laid on his pillow ;
 Bring of him tidings that will cheer
 On thy quick billow.

RUTHERFORD'S THREE WITNESSES.

When the Rev. Samuel Rutherford began his ministerial labours in Galloway, his charge embraced the three parishes of Kirkmabreck, Kirkdale and Anwoth, and he preached alternately at the three places. The inhabitants of his district were far from being distinguished for their piety and virtues ; but were on the contrary, a profane, irreligious set, as very sons of Belial as ever pastor had to deal with. After divine service they were in the habit of meeting in the neighbourhood of the Kirk, for the purpose of enjoying themselves in various amusements, such as shooting the bow, putting the stone, curling, and wrest-

* This alludes to the striking scene in George Barnwell, which immediately precedes the murder of the ' Uncle.'

ling. With a view of stopping these sinful practices, Mr. Rutherford had remonstrated with them in private, and reprimanded them from the pulpit—but all was without effect. At length he fell upon a plan which he trusted would be more successful. One day, on which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been administered in the church of Anwoth, when some men were preparing to proceed to their usual diversions, the minister went up to them and proposed to join the party. To this they readily assented—When they had arrived at the accustomed place of meeting he told them he had a new amusement to shew them. He desired them to search for three large stones. When they were found, he caused them to be set up at regular distances, and then begged them all to attend to what he was about to say. "These stones," said he, "I pronounce emblems of the Holy Trinity, of the *Father*, the *Son*, and the *Holy Ghost*: and when you stand before the awful tribunal of your Creator, they shall be witnesses against you, if you persist in these unholy and soul-destroying practices." This solemn warning had the desired effect—no such desecration of the Sabbath has ever taken place there since, and the stones long continued to be regarded with peculiar veneration.

But about eighty or a hundred years ago, when a number of men were engaged in raising stones with which to build dykes, one of

them more audacious than the rest declared he would raise Rutherford's three witnesses if he once had his breakfast. His fellow-workmen tried to dissuade him : but in vain. He swore a terrible oath that if Rutherford's ghost were to try to prevent him, he should succeed no better than they had. They sat down to breakfast—himself on one of these sacred stones. But as he was swallowing the first morsel, it stuck fast in his throat and choked him.

SONNETS

OCCASIONED BY THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A
BEAUTIFUL AND AMIABLE YOUTH, A
NATIVE OF GALLOWAY.

I.

HAPPINESS.

' Look out and listen—do you hear or see
The steeds that bring from school our darling
boy ?'

So spake the exulting father, in his joy,
To sons and daughters, gazing earnestly
From window, and from hill-top—' Yes, 'tis he,'

No, 'tis not'—thus the fond ones would employ
Hours, and each other lovingly annoy :

At last he comes—and leaping suddenly,—
Blushing with love, and radiant with health—

To their embrace, a kiss he gives to each.
O gentle brother ! O beloved son !

Surrounded by the appliances of wealth,
The fragrant landscape and the sparkling beach ;
Of happy scenes earth holds no happier one.

II.

BEREAVEMENT.

Twelve months have past—the summer's sun is
bright,

And more than summer's glory decks the year;
The very day, the very hour is here—

Be every curtain closed against the light,
Let darkness reign—altho' it is not night,

No blithe and lovely welcomers appear;

The sound is heard of his approaching bier;
Strange steps are shuffling in the Hall, not slight
Yet half-suppress'd—and every chamber holds

A separate mourner: Fatal was the wave
Of Cornwall's shore to him, whose dear remains

The inexorable shell of lead enfolds:

No eye beheld—no hand was near to save;

Life had for him short joys, but shorter pains.

III.

CONSOLATION.

Be comforted; he is not dead but sleepeth:

The words are known, the speaker is believed

Who at the sepulchre untimely grieved
Of one He loved, and watch perpetual keepeth

O'er every eye that with like sorrow weepeth,

Son's, sister's, father's, friend's—let the bereaved

Confide in him—they will not be deceived—

Who sows in tears, of joy a harvest reapeth—

When death has triumphed, *language* must console;

And where are words like His? Search sky and
wild,

Ask questions of the day and of the night,

And wisdom's variegated page unrol;

Then turn to Him who blessed the happy child

And said, 'For such the kingdom is of light.'

A COUNTRY KIRN.

“And aye a rantin kirn we gat.”—BURNS.

To a person brought up in a town, there is something remarkably interesting and amusing in a group of merry rustics assembled at a country kirn. Their manners, though they may appear rude and unpolished, are, nevertheless, artless, innocent, and inoffensive. The peasantry of Scotland are social and friendly to each other, charitable to the poor and civil and obliging to all.—They are sincere in love, faithful in matrimony, undaunted in the field, and calm and resigned in the hour of death. The earliest songs of Caledonia teach us, that her children were simple and unaffected—temperate, constant, and brave: and while they raise in our minds the most pleasing and tender emotions, they recall to our recollections the glorious days of yore, when the clan of the chieftain assembled at the pibroch or the bagpipes, and the bugle on the walls of the Baron's stronghold bade his warriors arise. When we hear one of these songs feelingly sung in a company of honest swains, the mind insensibly wanders back to the feudal, aye, and the golden days of old Scotland, when our forefathers wore plain broad-skirted coats, and blue bonnets, and lived upon kail and brose, knowing no other drink save the crystal fount, or, on joyful occasions, a little unadulterated Ferintosh—days, when peace and plenty smiled upon

hill and dale, and contentment on the peasant's cot ;—when the landlord was kind and liberal to his tenant, and the prosperity of both made the cottager rejoice ; when excisemen were yet unborn, and factors and poachers were unknown in the land.

As I was travelling one afternoon last week, in a certain district in the South of Scotland, I called at a farm-house where I was well acquainted. My name was no sooner announced, than the mistress, with a bread-plate in her hand, came out to receive me, and ordering the kitchen maid to take hold of my horse, I alighted and followed the good matron into the parlour. I was a little surprised to observe the house in some confusion, and the carpet and tables removed from the room to which I had been conducted. But I was scarcely seated, when my hostess began to offer an apology for the state of her house, by telling me that it was their kirk night, and hoping that I had no engagement to prevent me staying over night with them, as the kirk might perhaps afford me some amusement. Having no particular engagement that evening, and as a kirk was altogether new to me, I accepted the kind invitation, and laid aside my great-coat and overalls. Upon enquiring after my worthy friend the farmer, or, as I shall occasionally call him, the goodman, I was informed that he was with his men in the barn ; and knowing that the goodwife would have several prepar-

ations to make for the approaching *fete champêtre*, I left her to her domestic avocations, and sought my way to the barn. There I found the honest farmer, sitting upon a sack about half full of grain, whistling a slow tune, and, with both his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, overlooking his servants, who were employed in sweeping out one end of the barn; and placing planks of wood to serve as seats in the evening. I confess it gave me great pleasure and satisfaction to see the generous-hearted man, so anxious to have his kirk got up in good style; and, after the oppressive toils of harvest, to give his reapers one night of glee and merriment. The operations in the barn being completed, we returned to the house, where we found tea ready in a small bed-room, of which we partook, in company with the farmer's son and daughter, Mr James and Miss Mary, and a Miss Katy M'Bride, a seamstress in the village, who from her being much about farm-houses, was considered very useful on such occasions. The good people told me that it had long been their custom to take tea before the bustle of the evening commenced, both because it was more agreeable, and that it enabled the family to be more attentive to the kirk folks.—When tea was finished, the females retired to the parlour, and a jingling amongst cups and saucers left no doubt in my mind as to what they were busied with. The goodman, Mr James, and

I, had sat nearly half an hour, enjoying our conversation upon various subjects, when we were startled by a loud horse-laugh from the kitchen, which was succeeded by the sound of many different voices, seemingly of people elated with good humour, and bent upon fun and glee. In a short time afterwards, Nell, the dairy maid, entered the room where we were sitting, and giving us to understand that the parlour was nearly filled, began to carry out the chairs. The goodman got up, and putting on his Sunday coat, which was lying ready on the bed, we marched into the parlour. What a rare sight for a citizen! The room was literally crowded with healthy-looking, decently attired men, women, and children, seated on chairs, boards and benches; in the midst of which stood three tables, covered with tea dishes, of all shapes, and sizes, and patterns, with abundance of wheat-en bread, barley bread, and oaten cakes, mutton ham, beef ham, cheese, &c., &c. At the first table sat the goodwife, dressed in a brown coloured cotton gown, overrun with extraordinary large figures of roses, of a lively red, outside of which her pincushion and scissors hung dangling at the end of a brass chain; at the second table sat Miss Katy, prim, and stiff as a poker, and affecting an engaging simper and infantine lisp; at the lowermost table sat Miss Mary, neatly arrayed in a white skirt and black silk spencer (of Miss Katy's making) with a light blue sash and her hair curled and adorned with gum-

flowers, in a style of artless elegance that might have excited admiration even at Almack's; —all actively employed in pouring out tea for the merry guests. The goodman, who was sitting in his old elbow chair on the left side of his spouse, having pronounced a short blessing, Mr James and I set about handing round the tea, bread, &c, an employment which closely engaged our attention upwards of an hour; and in compliment to both parties, I must say, that the entertainment was good and plentiful, and that the guests did it ample justice, by the extraordinary quantity which they consumed — The company being at length fully satisfied, proceeded towards the barn to enjoy the delights of punch and dancing; but James and I remained behind, to render our assistance in waiting upon a second party, who had been later in coming, so that it was about nine o'clock when my companion and I set out for the barn. The dancing was already begun. The barn smelled strongly of whisky toddy; mirth beamed in every eye, and joy and hilarity prevailed throughout. — In a corner, behind a large oaken table, sat the goodman, filling the mirth-inspiring beverage from a jolly looking punch bowl into wine glasses, to be distributed amongst the company by a half-grown lad, who served him in the capacity of herd. So soon as he saw me, he beckoned me to come towards him; and placing me on his left hand, presented

me with a glass of punch, and drank to myself and family, which compliment I returned, wishing him luck and prosperity in his agricultural concerns. On every side of the farmer sat the most respectable of his cottars, many of whom being tradesmen, and having apprentices, came under the denomination of masters, and of course thought themselves entitled to a seat nearer the goodman, than the common labourers. They laughed immoderately at all their host's dull jokes, and uniformly agreed with every thing he said or proposed, while they kept emptying their glasses to "your very good health, master, and mony mae sic merry kirns may ye hae."— They talked of the days of other years, and of old men who had once lived in the barony, but who had been long since gathered unto their fathers. The goodman related many wonderful adventures of his youthful days, which were listened to with the most devout attention; and oftener than once I could perceive a tear steal down the furrowed cheeks of the worthy old man, as the recollections of early life dawned upon his mind, and memory conjured up his chivalric achievements in days gone bye. As their hearts became warmed with the punch, they brought upon the carpet many old legendary tales connected with the place, over some of which it was readily seen "the twilight of uncertainty had cast its shadow, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend for ever."

While these hearty blades were thus sacrificing to the rosy god, and drowning their cares in the bowl, the dance was kept up with great spirit and gaiety by the lads and lasses, and every Jockey had his Jenny, who was his partner in the dance, and the object of his care and attention throughout the evening. I was beginning to grow somewhat tired of my seat at the table, when I chanced to get my eye upon Miss Katy, "all forlorn," on the opposite side of the barn, and mustering up all the little gallantry I possessed, I crossed the floor, and seated myself by her side. I found her very communicative, and both able and willing to give me the history of almost every one present. There was certainly a motely assemblage of people of all ages, amounting, as near as my fair friend and I could calculate, to about 70. In one corner were to be seen a number of married women, who seemed to enjoy a tete-a-tete conversation amongst themselves, and taste the punch as it came round, without paying any regard to the dancing. Near them was a group of buxom wenches, playing off all their barn-door artillery upon some half a dozen young ploughmen, on the other side of the house, whose looks and gestures gave every encouragement to their fair besiegers. And on the lower bench sat two or three elderly maidens, who, having spent the best of their days in fruitless attempts to get yoked to husbands, were on the very point of

resolving to be contented without them, and go down to the worm in the purity of their virginity. In another corner was a dozen ragged, raggamuffin, shirtless sons of Erin, with their breeches unbuttoned at the knees, and their neckerchiefs knotted in the true Tipperary fashion. Some of them having recently left their

“Own native isle of the ocean.

were lodging with one of their countrymen in the neighbouring village, and having assisted my much respected friend towards the conclusion of the harvest, became entitled to an invitation to the kirk, which they had not failed to attend, in company with their landlord, his wife, and son. There were Patrick O’Casey and Patrick O’Leary, Dennis Kildiffeny and Terrence M’Fouster, with Teddy O’Woolaghan and Owen O’Braghlahan, together with Morgan O’Foggarty and Faggerty O’Rafferty, not forgetting Mrs O’Foggarty, and little Master O’Foggerty, with his sandy-coloured hair, potatoe-plastered cheeks, and tattered inexpressibles, scarcely reaching half way down his stockingless little legs. Whilst the spinster was thus amusing me with an account of the principal characters at the kirk, two strangers were introduced in the shape of a dashing young farmer and a schoolmaster, who, ignorant of the kirk, had called to see the family in their way home from a neighbouring farm. This was a fresh subject for Miss Katy, and I was

let into the history of both in a twinkling.— The first of these personages was dressed in a blue coat, white vest, and black trowsers, with a black silk stock, boots and spurs. He entered in a somewhat forward and familiar manner, with a whip in his hand, and a pointer at his heels, and seemed to consider himself vastly superior to all around him.— He was the son of a respectable farmer, and not being destined for any of the learned professions, he was removed from school, when he could read the Bible well, and solve the questions in the Golden Rule of Three, to assist his father in his agricultural concerns. As he grew up, he became a sportsman, a cavalryman, and the darling of his mother.— Like others of our modern young farmers, too, he rode to town every Wednesday—strutted down to the cattle market—struck every beast he passed over the back with his whip—got his boots besmeared with mud—walked up to town again, and, upon meeting a friend, would put the end of his whip in his mouth, and talk mightily about the prices of cattle, and the quality of those in the market. In short, though he was a laughing-stock to every thinking person who knew him, yet in the eyes of his mother and maiden aunts, he was the very quintessence of young farmers—the flower and pink of the whole country side—another Apollo of Belvidere. The schoolmaster was a fat little man, in a threadbare, olive coloured surtout, and white woollen

stockings—a complete pedant, and, to all appearance, labouring under some mental malady. He had lately found that there was

“A charm in woman’s eye.”

But unfortunately he had also discovered that fickleness and instability were the characteristics of the sex, for the lady of his heart had lately ridiculed his passion, and in one short minute had overturned all his plans and ideas of future happiness, which the little man had been assiduously building for more than two years. The young farmer danced several reels with the lasses, and was so particular in his attentions to Miss Mary, that several began to think his coming that night was not altogether accidental. The Dominic, on the other hand, was remarkably demure and reserved, positively refusing to dance, and alleging as an excuse that he had sprained his ankle; but the true reason was, as I afterwards learned, that he wished to preserve his dignity amongst the children.

The dancing was now left off for half an hour, until the company had partaken of a cold collation; after which the punch was again set a circulating, and, to give the fiddler a rest, we had some excellent songs. The first song was “The Harper of Mull,” by an old shepherd: and though he sung it well, yet it lost much of its effect by the manœuvres with which he prefaced it. When asked for a song, he declared that he never

sung, and that it would be needless to press him; but pressing seemed to be just what he required, for at length he gave a loud hem, which was received as a signal for silence by the whole house. He cast his eyes upon the ground, stroked his forehead, drew his hand over his mouth and relieved it of the quid; then hoping that those near him would lend their assistance, he laid his head back against the wall, placed his arms akimbo, crossed his legs, and fixing his eye upon a swallow's nest in the barn roof, commenced.—“Auld Langsyne,” was next sung, and the company joined loudly in the chorus. The goodman gave “Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut,” in which he was joined by his merry companions round the table, who spoke and sung from the very heart, as if, by the punch they had swallowed, their hearts had been buoyed up into their mouths. Miss Mary favoured us with “Coming through the rye,” and “Nid noddin,” which she executed with much good taste and sweetness. As the gentleman of the birch would not condescend to dance, we insisted strongly that he should sing, to which, after sickening us with a long apology interlarded with Latin quotations, he consented. But O, ye Nine! what surprise was ours, when the little Dominie began to sing in a tongue neither Scotch nor English, nor high German, nor low Dutch; but in that same language in which Demosthenes of old addressed the Athenians. In a word, he at-

tempted one of the Odes of Anacreon, to a tune which, as nobody knew, every body was willing to believe to be of his own composition; though no one cared if it had been one of the identical airs to which the jolly poet sung his amorous ditties, or Homer his ballads in the streets of Athens; which might have been dug up with other literary fragments of antiquity, lately discovered amongst the ruins of Herculaneum. Robert Burns! had Heaven but spared thee to have heard a barnfull of “bairdly chieles and clever hizzies” thus insulted with a Greek song, how would the blood have boiled in thy veins, and thy noble heart have beat with indignation, to see “learning, with his Greekish face” slight with lofty disdain the beautiful productions of Scotia’s bards! as if those simple and heartfelt lays, the pride and boast of every true Scotchman, and the delight and admiration of all, were too illiterate or vulgar to pass the lips of a pedagogue, who knew a little more than his neighbours about the languages of ancient Greece and Rome—Italian and Geography.

After a few more songs, the younger part of the company betook themselves to dancing with ten times more spirit than before.—Ceremony was now laid aside, and nothing was to be heard but the sound of the fiddle, and the clattering of iron-shod shoes on the barn floor. The goodman himself, who had by this time forgot both his cares and his

years, sprung up, and making one of his best bows to the dairymaid, prepared for a reel, amidst loud and long continued cheering.—The tune struck up, and away flew the carle, cocking his little old knee before him, and beating one, two, three, and a hop. He set to Nell, and Nell set to him; and Nell took hold of her skirt on each side, with her finger and thumb, and she skipped first to the one side of him, and then to the other, accompanying each hop with a fascinating inclination of the head; the goodman, on the other hand, his skipping days being over, contented himself with raising his hands towards his shoulders, snapping his fingers, and lifting his feet like a maid in a washing pail. The tune changed—*whough*, cried the goodman, and off he ran, keeping his left hand before him, amidst the reiterated acclamations of every one present, and to the amazement of some half a score of little urchins playing at “hide and seek” in the other end of the barn, who stood gaping with wonder to see “the master” footing it so merrily with the byre-woman. The principal dancers of the evening were a young joiner and blacksmith, who took the lead in all the dances, directed the fiddler, and were scarcely ever off the floor.—They kicked, capered, and wheeled—did the treble shuffle, and the double treble; and, by holding out longest, were looked upon as the best dancers in the house. But the kirk was drawing to a close; the effects of the

whisky were becoming gradually more conspicuous—wives began to use their eloquence in persuading their husbands to go home—the fiddler waxed muddy, and was often heard scraping behind the fiddle bridge—the goodwife, Miss Mary, Miss Katy, the two strangers, and Mr James were no more to be seen—the attendants on the punch bowl were singing

“ We are na fou,’ we’re no that fou,” &c.

And an old cobbler, overcome with drink, and unable to rise, lay under one of the seats, happy as a King, and attempting to sing

“ When we fell we aye gat up again,
And sae will be yet.”

Such was the state of things when I left the barn, after having drank a farewell glass to the health and happiness of the farmer and his people, and wishing that they might live to see “ mony mae sic merry kirns.”

A U T U M N .

The bright green robe that summer lately wore
Hath faded into Autumn’s sickly hue ;
Tree, bush, and floweret weep the chilly dew,
And woodland melody is heard no more.
The farmer now has gathered in his store,
And bounteous Heaven hath all his labours
blest :

Oh ! who can hear dread winter’s earliest roar,
Nor think of those whom penury has deprest ?
The dying flowers on Autumn’s checkered vest,—

The sere brown leaves that strew the mountain stream,—
 The orb of day declining in the west,—
 All, all remind us of life's transient dream ;—
 Then let us cultivate the pensive theme,
 And ever on the Rock of Ages rest.

RORIE GILL; OR, THE HUNTER'S MOON.

A BALLAD.

This Ballad, commemorative of the death of the celebrated RORIE GILL, who, from his many depredations, is with great propriety styled the Robin Hood of Galloway, was first suggested to me in the following accidental and rather interesting manner:

Having once occasion to travel from Newton-Stewart to Dalmellington, I resolved, instead of taking the circuitous road by Newgalloway, to pass over the mountains of Minnigaff, and through the savage scenery leading to Loch Doon, which for nearly thirty miles, is the most desolate and unfrequented track in Scotland. But before reaching the Mirrock side, I became enveloped in an exceedingly dense mist, which, as it prevented me from seeing to the distance of even a yard around, would certainly have compelled me to have lodged for the night with the wild birds of some neighbouring rock, had not the barking of a shepherd's dog at length enabled me to reach its master's cot on the farm of ———, where I was kindly received, and hospitably entertained until my departure on the following morning. The family in this place consisted of a very old man and woman, with

their son, who was a widower, and several of his children. During the evening I was much amused by the old people relating wonderful stories of Ghosts and witches, every incident of which they religiously believed, although on other subjects, considering their remote situation, they were possessed of much general knowledge. They both were particularly fond of ancient poetry, and the old man recited the greater part of *the Cherrie and the Slae*, the scene of which is pointed out with great accuracy in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The old woman also sung several old songs; but that which most particularly arrested my attention, was the tradition of *the Hunter's Moon*, as she termed it, the particulars of which, she said, she had been familiar with from her infancy. She informed me also, that several old people of her acquaintance in the vale of Deuch, near to Carsephairn, possessed the very same story, and would confirm her statement should I incline to inquire concerning it. I before had often heard of RORIE GILL as a once famous character in Galloway, but had not, until now, been made acquainted with any particulars of his legendary history. It was therefore with no small pleasure that I listened to my old informant's details, which that they might not in future escape me, I shortly afterwards embodied in the following stanzas:—

R O R I E G I L L.

——— "little villains oft submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

GARTH.

Harvest is come; and the Hunter's Moon
Is rising the highest hills aboon:
Loud is the flap of the eagle's wing
As she starts from her rock by the mountain spring;

While echo carries o'er glen and brake
 The howl of the fox by Naberrie's lake.
 Sluggards are sleeping; but we must ride,
 For winter comes, and it cries—provide!
 Bugleman! sound the rallying call,
 For ready to mount are the troopers all,
 Who, in defiance of danger, still
 Have followed the fortunes of RORIE GILL.

On venison oft do I wish to dine
 And wash it down with the rosy wine.—
 My merry men, too, love wine,—and why?
 Should they not quaff it as well as I!
 Yet break we never the orphan's bread,
 Nor bring down woe on the widow's head;
 We pass without harming the child of care,
 Nor wish we industry's meed to share;
 We only take from the lordly Thane
 What honesty deems ill-gotten gain;
 And even, his foeman's blood to spill
 Was ne'er the desire of RORIE GILL.

By moonlight, amain, the shire of Ayr
 We sacked the fortlet of Fairly fair;
 And whilst the bells of Kilwinning rung,
 And the monks their latest vespers sung,
 We filched the gold of that holy shrine,
 And drunk their health in their sacred wine;
 And piously, too, ere we rode away,
 We forced the Abbot for us to pray;
 'Then, ere the breeze of the morning blew
 From roe, in her lair, the cold clear dew,
 Behind us vanished Terenzean hill,
 And safe in his mountains was RORIE GILL.

Well was our trip to St. Mary's Isle
 Paid with the jewels of Dervorguil;
 Yestreen, from Kenmure merrily, we
 Fast galloped to Castle Kennedy;

The currach we launched, we sailed the pond,
 We pillaged the Castle, and stript the ground,—
 This night from Craggleton we must bring
 The stud of the Gallovidian king.
 This golden spur once glanced on his heel;
 His was this baldric of burnished steel,—
 And long ere morn, my merry men will
 Bring his best gelding to RORIE GILL.

It was not the eagle, nor yet the fox
 That roused that echo among the rocks!
 Oh no! 'twas the searching bloodhound's yell,
 And the tramping of horses adown the dell,
 And the trills of many a forester brave!—
 Ha! now they encircle the robber's cave,
 And ere the guard, with his bugle's sound,
 Can warn his merrymen lurking round,
 Knockman's brave knight, who gallantly sped
 Baldoon's huge adder—his country's dread,—
 Explores with his band the cave of the hill,
 And springs unlooked for on RORIE GILL.—

While now by the string of his bugle horn,
 The guard they hung on a lofty thorn,
 His pitying chieftain's wrath arose—
 He burst his bonds, and he sprung from his foes:
 But again they caught him; and thence away
 They bore him in haste to Kildorean brae.—
 No Justice Ayre was called, to ordain
 If his life should be spared, or straightway ta'en;—
 On earth, to make up his peace with Heaven,
 An hour he asked, but it was not given;
 And long ere his men could rise on the hill,
 Stiff hanged on a wuddy was RORIE GILL.

Thus fell, in his prime, the bravest wight
 That ever gear hunting went by night.
 Lamented he was, though far and near
 The country long he had kept in fear,

And down at night, from the blasted tree
 By his merry men carried away was he,
 And where bridle-roads on the mountains meet,
 They laid him, without a winding-sheet,
 Save the heathery-turf that wrapt his breast,
 And left him, with tears, to his long long rest.
 There oft the wanderer stops to see
 The big cairn raised to his memory ;
 And many bosoms with awe yet thrill
 To hear of the deeds of RORIE GILL.

DEATH OF THE GOOD SIR JAMES, AND EIGHTH LORD OF DOUGLAS.*

It is to be wished that some Spanish antiquary would amuse himself by investigating the circumstances and locality of the death of this renowned warrior. The common Spanish

* The good Sir James Douglas was one of the first that acknowledged the claim of Robert Bruce to the throne of Scotland, after the death of the Red Cuming at Dumfries.

"He meets *Robert Bruce* at *Arick-stone* in the Head of *Annandale*. If he were welcome or not, I leave it to the Consideration of the Reader : he was received as his Cou-in, and used as a Companion, and continued a faithful Friend and loyal Subject, so long as their Days continued, without Variance, Emulation or Jealousy, or Grudge on either Side. A happy King by such a Servant ! A happy Servant by such a Prince ! A happy country by such a Society and pair of worthy Friends ! So it is where virtues encounter, begetting mutual Affection, and produce Notable Effects.* * * * *

historians, Mariana, Rodericus Santius, and Francis Tarapha, give us little information on the subject; but I have met with some passages in the ancient Chronicle of Alfonso XI., ("Cronica del Rey Alfonso El Onceno,") published at Madrid in 1787, which throw a little light on the subject. We find from

"A little before his Death, being at *Cardross*, which stands over against *Dumbarton*, on the other side of the Water of *Leven*, whither he had withdrawn himself, by reason of his Age and Sickness, to live a private and quiet Life: he called his Friends together, and made his last Will and Testament, in which having ordered all his other affairs, he called to mind a vow that he had made to go into *Syria*, and there to fight against the common Enemy of the Christian Name: But because his Wars before, and now his Age and Sickness would not suffer him to perform it in his own Person, he recommended the performing of it to Sir *James Douglas*, requesting him earnestly to go and do it for him; and withal to carry his heart to *Jerusalem*, and there to bury it near the holy Grave. This was esteemed a great Honour in those days, both by Sir *James* himself and others, and withal a clear and honourable Testimony of the King's Affection towards him; and so he interpreted it. King *Robert* died the 7th of *July* 1329."

HUME'S HISTORY OF THE DOUGLASES.

"The family of Douglas were a race of turbulent heroes, celebrated throughout Europe for deeds of arms,—the glory, yet the scourge of their country,—the terror of their Princes,—the pride of the Northern annals of chivalry. They derive their name from *Sholto Du Glasse*, i. e. *The Black and Grey Warrior*, a hero in the reign of SOLVATHIUS,

this source that Alfonso concluded a temporary truce with the Sultan of Grenada, in 1330, and that soon after, in the course of the same year, this Mahometan prince passed over to Africa, and entered into a league with Alboacan, King of Morocco, who promised to assist him in his wars with Alfonso,

King of Scotland, who lived about the year 767. But the family of DOUGLAS first began to rise into power in the days of the *good* Sir JAMES, who died in 1330. During a century and a half, their greatness knew no bounds, and their arrogance was equally unlimited; that high spirit, which was wont to be exerted against the enemies of their country, now degenerated into faction, sedition, and treason: they emulated the Royal authority,—they went abroad with a train of two thousand armed men,—created Knights, had their Counsellors, established Ranks, and constituted a Parliament; and, it is certain, that they might almost have constituted a House of Peers out of their own family, for, at the same time, there were not fewer than *Six Earls* of the name of Douglas.”

CARLISLE'S TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

“The residence of Allan, the last native Prince of Galloway, was built on an islet of twenty statute acres, formed by the Dee, ten miles above the estuary of that river. (Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 175.) On the site of that ancient fortalice, Black Douglas built the stronghold of Threave, which in ancient British signifies the homestead, or dwelling. (Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xii. p. 651.)

“Threave Castle, is yet a stately massive pile, the walls being nearly seventy feet in height, and

and to send over his son with 6000 cavalry to Spain. The title of Alboacan, as we learn by a passage in the same Chronicle, was El Rey Albohacen de Benamarin, and his son was named Abomelique. Now, turning to p. 184 of the same Chronicle, we find that when the two Saracen princes were making these arrangements in Africa, there arrived at the camp of Alfonso, in 1330, a body of French, German, Gascon and English knights, who partook in the tournaments and festivities and received from the king presents of horses and arms, with which they justed. "El Rey," says the Chronicle, "mandaban les dar

in thickness, eight feet, forming an oblong square built of common moor stone, with an admixture of freestone grick, strongly cemented with shell lime. The dungeon, arsenal, and larder occupied the lowest story of the castle. On the second floor was the barrack of the soldiers on duty. The third floor contained the apartments of state, where the Baron lodged his friends, or feasted his vassals. A few loop-holes and arrow slits, only admitted a dim light to the arsenal and barrack, but the upper apartments were lighted by small Gothic windows.

"The castle was surrounded by a barbican, flanked at each angle by a circular tower, secured in front by a deep fosse and vallum. After passing a draw-bridge the only entrance to the castle was by a door, placed so high in the wall, that the threshold is on a level with the second floor. This door was secured by a portcullis, so constructed, as to slide in a groove of solid stone work when moved by the warder under the direction of the castellan, as the safety or convenience of the garrison required."

caballos et armas con que justasen." We know from Barbour, p. 415, that the king Alfonso received Douglas with great distinction, and presented him with "gold and treasure, hors and arming." These, as is already mentioned in the text (vol. ii. p. 206,) Douglas with all due courtesy declined; but he offered to the king his services, and those of the knights, his companions, against the infidels; and "many foreign captains, who had heard of the fame of Douglas, crowded round him." From these passages I conjecture that Sir James Douglas, having landed at Seville, took his journey with the knights and squires who were in his suite, to the court and camp of King Alfonso, which was then at Burgos; and that the Chronicle, when it notices the arrival of a distinguished body of knights from foreign countries, meant to include amongst the English Sir James Douglas and his companions. Now, once more turning to the Chronicle, it appears (p. 196) that not long after this, Abomelique, son of Albohacen of Benamarin, according to his agreement, landed in Spain, at the head of 6000 cavalry, and passed to Algeziras; upon which the Sultan of Grenada again declared war against Alfonso. I entreat the reader to remark how completely this corresponds to the passage in Barbour, where Douglas and his company are described as being inactive, until news came that the "high King of Balmerlyne had entered the land of Spain."

“ Upon this maner still they lay.
 Quhil thro the countrie they hard say
 That the high *King of Balmeryne*,
 With many a moody Sarazine,
 Was entrit intill the land of Spayne.”

In the high King of Balmeryne of Barbour, it is easy to recognize the Sultan Abomelique of Benamarin (thus called from his father Albohacen;) and, indeed, if we look to the Latin historians of Spain, Rodericus Santius, (vol. ii. Wechelii Rer. Hisp. Script. p. 386,) and Marineus Siculus, (vol. ii. p. 820,) we find the kings of Benamarin designated Reges Bellamarini, from which the transition to Balmeryne is still easier. It next appears from the Chronicle, that Abomelique, after concerting measures with the Sultan of Granada, laid siege to Gibraltar; and that Alfonso, having collected a great army, resolved to raise the siege, by attacking the infidels; for which purpose he collected his best captains, and, amongst others, sent for Don Vasco Rodrigues, Master of Santiago. It is shown by the Chronicle that Abomelique laid siege to Gibraltar in the last week of February, 1330, and it was not till the 8th of June, 1331, (the siege having then lasted above three months,) that Alfonso arrived at Seville with the design of concentrating his forces, and attacking the Saracens. It was here that Douglas's ships were laid up; and there can be little doubt that at this time he and his companions were in the Spanish camp. A slight circumstance seems to cor-

roberate this :—On coming to Seville, Alfonso found there the Grand Master of Santiago. Now, it is stated by Barbour, who probably had his information from some of the survivors, that, in the battle which ensued, the king gave the leading of the first battle or vaward to Douglas ; that he intrusted the conduct of the second to the Grand Master of Santiago ;

“ And the great *Master of Saint Jak*
The tothyr battail gert he tak.”

It is necessary to consider for a moment the circumstances under which the battle was fought in which Douglas met his death, as they have not hitherto been explained by any of our historians. After a long and gallant defence. Gibraltar was treacherously betrayed by its governor, Vasco Perez, and delivered to the Sultan Abomelique, (*Chronica del Rey Alonso*, p. 224,) who placed in it a strong garrison. Alfonso, in his turn, laid siege to it ; and the King of Granada, with his African ally, Abomelique, or, as Barbour styles him, the “ high King of Balmeryne,” advanced with their combined forces to its rescue. The Spanish monarch met and defeated these two soldans ; and if the reader will consult Fordun, vol. ii. p. 202, he will find a detailed account of the manner in which the good Sir James was slain. It has been abridged in the text, vol. ii. p. 207, and may be compared with the description of the battle in the “ *Chronicle of Alonso XI.*, pp. 227, 228, 229. Douglas is generally believ-

ed to have been slain on the 25th of August, 1330, according to the tenor of an ancient epitaph, preserved by Fordun, where he is said to have fallen "apud Castrum Tivris." It seems to me almost certain that he was slain in August, 1331, a year later; for in 1330 there was a truce between the Moors and the Spaniards; and the war does not appear to have recommenced till Abomelique landed in Spain with his reinforcement, which happened in 1331. As for the expression, "apud Castrum Tivris," I have in vain attempted to discover its locality, and suspect some false reading of the manuscript.

LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL.

This potent and honourable name is eminent for its heroic attachment to fallen royalty.

The Maxwells distinguished themselves by desperate feats of valour in the cause of the lovely and unfortunate Mary. At the fatal field of Langside they composed part of those gallant spearmen who, unseconded by their flinching countrymen, bore the awful shock of encounter from the furious and veteran phalanx of the Regent. When all was irrecoverably lost, they threw themselves around their beloved Queen, and accomplished the memorable retreat to Dundrennan Abbey, in Galloway.

The Maxwells opposed her rash and misguided resolve of trusting her sister Elizabeth. Not daring to confide in the hope of the returning loyalty and regard of her countrymen, she threw herself

in the arms of England, a royal and lovely supplicant, and alas! a victim. The valour of the Maxwells was again awakened in the cause of her martyred grandson. When the royal standard was raised, Charles numbered among the remains of unshaken loyalty, the Maxwells of Nithsdale. Charles's letter, requesting the aid of the Nithsdale veterans, is preserved in Terreagles House, the seat of Constable Maxwell, Esq.

Good or bad report could not subdue determined loyalty; the sword was again drawn for exiled royalty beneath the standard of Mar—and the punishment due to the movers of such a premature and ill-conducted effort fell upon those who, contrary to their better judgments, upheld the sinking cause even in the front of ruin. The Earl of Nithsdale was taken prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire—tried and sentenced to decapitation;—but by the extraordinary ability and admirable dexterity of his Countess he escaped out of the Tower on the evening before his sentence was to be executed, and died at Rome, Anno 1744.

Make mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the fa',
 'The lealest o' thy bairns are a' drapping awa;
 'The rose i' thy bonnet whilk flourished ay sae braw,
 Is laigh wi' the mools since Lord Maxwell's awa.

O wae be 'mang ye Southron, ye traitor lowns a',
 Ye haud him ay down wha's back's at the wa',
 I' the eerie field o' Preston yere swords ye wadna
 draw,

O he lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
 And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave,

To hae thri'en 'mang the Southron as Scotsmen
ay thrave,

Or ta'en a bluidy niev'ou o' fame to the grave.

The glaive for my countrie I doughtna then wauld,
Or I'd cocked up my bonnet wi' the best o' the
bauld,

The crousest sud been cowpit owre i' death's gory
fauld,

Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird sud been
cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
To the saddle laps in blude i' the battle hae I been;
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen,
O that I were laid whare the sods are growing
green!

I tint half my sel' whan my gude Lord I did tine,
A heart half sae brave a brade belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom sae kin',
He's a drap o' dearest blude in this auld heart o'
mine.

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
They danced i' the parlour and sang i' the ha',
'O Charlie he's come owre an' he'll put the
Whigs awa',

But they canna dight their tears now sae fast do
they fa'!

Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe ay her een,
Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown,
She has busked on her gay cleeding an's aff for
Lon'on town,

An' has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf—by the rising o' the flower,
'Side the sang o' the birds whare some burn
tottles owre,

I'll wander awa there an' big a wee bit bower,
 For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the
 shower.

An' ay I'll sit an' mane till my blude stops wi' eild,
 For Nithsdale's bonnie lord, wha was bauldest o'
 the bauld,

O that I were wi' him in death's gory fauld,
 O had I but the iron on, whilk hauds him sae
 cauld

THE HILLS OF GALLOWAY.

Farewell, ye Hills of Galloway,
 Where I've been wont to stray,—
 Farewell, ye Hills of Galloway,
 My home of childhood's day.
 A distant land now claims me,
 But thither though I roam,
 My throbbing heart will beat with joy
 For thee my hilly home !

Ye heathery Hills of Galloway—
 Ye woods of oak and pine—
 Ye little foaming cataracts,
 Ye all are friends of mine :
 The eagle haunts your highest peak—
 The swan your lake below ;
 And herds of stately deer are fed
 Where Fleet's dark waters flow !

Ye cloud-capt Hills of Galloway,
 Where wildest breezes blow,
 The mists of Heaven that rest on you,
 A weather-beacon show.

The peasant dwelling in the vale,
 Reads in each rock and dell
 Aerial lore—vicissitudes
 That coming change fortell,

Ye ancient Hills of Galloway,
 How changed your aspect now,
 From what it was in former times—
 When round your rugged brow
 One universal forest waved—
 The native moose-deer's home,
 And where the hardy wild Scot loved
 In liberty to roam !

Ye ancient Hills of Galloway,
 How proudly now ye rise
 Above the rude and lonely graves
 Of former enemies !
 How proudly now your bosoms swell,
 In freedom's present hour—
 Though studded close with remnants still
 Of what *was* Roman power.

Ye sea-girt Hills of Galloway,
 How nobly forth ye stand—
 As if defying every foe
 To gain your ancient strand.
 There's liberty in every breath
 That stirs your forest tree !
 There's liberty in every wave
 That greets you from the sea.

Then farewell ! farewell ! Galloway,
 My blessing with thee rest,—
 I go to visit other climes—
 I go to be their guest.

For not another spot shall claim
 A dearer name from me,
 My only true—my native home,
 Sweet Galloway—is thee.

THE MARTYRS OF KIRKCONNEL.

A TRADITION.

Confident that an affectionate regard to the memory of our Presbyterian martyrs is still warm in the bosom of their descendants, the Editor has been encouraged to draw up the following narrative of a transaction which occurred in Tongland, his native parish, in the humble hope that it will be found not altogether destitute of interest.

In February 1685 Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, attended by Colonel Douglas in command of detachments of Claverhouse's troop of horse and Strachan's dragoons, after having levied heavy contributions in Wigtownshire, left the County-town early on the morning of the 20th of that month to proceed to Dumfries. The party having reached Gatehouse of Fleet, then a lone public-house, in the afternoon, halted to bait their horses and refresh themselves. Some hours were consumed in supplying the wants of so unusual an influx of guests; so that, before orders were given to remount, the night was fast closing in. Their route lay across a dreary tract of country, which appeared to

them still more desolate through the gloom of night. But the horses being much invigorated by their recent halt pushed steadily forward; and their riders having liberally patronized mine host's brandy, trolled a song or cracked a joke to enliven them on the way. They passed the Cairns of Enrick, and had entered on the Irelandton moor, where a dense fog rolling upwards from the Borgue shore deprived them of the little twilight which remained. Slackening their speed, they threw the reins on their horses' necks, and trusted to their sagacity to carry them through the mosses and hags which obstructed their progress through the moor. After proceeding some time in this cautious way, they found the difficulties of the road increase: and at last the leaders became apprehensive that they had wandered from the track. Lagg was consulting one of his officers on the expediency of sending back some of the men to Gatehouse for a guide, when a trooper rode up and reported that he saw a light a little to the left. Cheered by this intelligence, they spurred briskly on and soon arrived at the house from which the light proceeded.

The house belonged to a small mailen or farm, called the Gordon-Cairn, and was tenanted by Gabriel Rain. The only inmates on that night were Gabriel and his wife, an aged and frail couple. As soon as the old man heard the tramp of the horses,

he told his wife to stir up the fire, that a strong light might be thrown from the window, while he himself went to the door. Before he had recovered from his surprise at seeing so many horsemen, Lagg demanded with a gruff voice, if they were on the right road for Dumfries. "Na, gentlemen," said the old man, "ye're clean aff the road for Dumfries, but ye'll get on't again, if ye haud weel to the knowe-tap down by, and then turn to yer——" "We want something else than directions;" said Lagg impatiently, "we have wasted too much time already on your cursed moor. You must come with us and point out the road." Gabriel tried to excuse himself on account of his age and infirmities. "Pull the old carle up behind you," cried Lagg to one of the troopers; "if he will not walk, he shall ride." Gabriel begged to be allowed to walk, and offered to go with them till they came within sight of Calfarran, where they would find some body more able than he was to guide them. Lagg assented to this, they again moved on, and in a short time the old man pointed out the lights of Calfarran. On taking his leave of them he bade them "haud straight for the lights, an' five minutes wad bring them to the farm house."

Without ceremony the officers of the party entered the house, which was a small thatched cottage, when they found the gudeman Thomas Clinton, seated in the midst of his family.

Being made acquainted with the purport of their visit, "Atweel," said Thomas, "ye're no aboon a bowshot aff the road. I'll put ye on 't, but ye'll have to gang doon the spoot o' Auchentalloch—a road I'm no unco fond o' mysel' in the clud o' nicht. But you sodgers hae nae fear o' God or deevil." Thomas was a shrewd fellow, but this ambiguous compliment was ill-timed, and was far from being relished by his visitors. Whatever were his reasons, Lagg seems to have altered his intention of proceeding direct to Dumfries, and began to question Clinton closely about his neighbours. Among other interrogatories he asked him if he knew Mayfield. "O aye," said Thomas, whose suspicions were now fully aroused by the drift of the questions, "I ken Mayfield and the man that's in't too: but ye're far frae it, and a coarse road it's tae't. Ye canna gang there the nicht."—"Be the way as rough and crooked as the Covenanter's road to heaven," said Lagg, "I go there to-night, and you shall guide us." Looking around, he continued: "Whose blue bonnet is that?—And what old book is that?—your family Bible!—I have heard enough of the disaffection in this quarter; so clap that rebel bonnet on your head, and instantly accompany us to the Whigamoor at Mayfield, and," added he, pointing significantly to his pistol belt,—"beware lest ye trifle with me."

Thomas Clinton was a Covenanter, but none of the strictest of that sect, having no ex-

tra zeal for the honours of martyrdom. Thinking it excusable to temporize with the ministers of Satan, he shewed much alacrity in complying with the demands of Lagg: and in a short time the whole party set forward on their way to Mayfield, a distance of about two miles. On passing the Birkford moss one of the officers proposed that their guide should give them a song. Thomas declared he could not sing, but volunteered a tale to amuse them on the way. The other, however, insisted on his singing. "Weel," said Thomas, "I'll e'en do the best I can; but ye maun tell me what kin' o' sang to gie—whether it maun be a Whig or a Tory ane,"—"O d—n your whig songs," replied the officer, "give us 'Awa, Whigs, awa.'" This was just what Thomas wanted; so he began as follows, some of the soldiers joining in chorus.

Cur thistles flourished fresh and fair,
 An' bonnie bloom'd our roses,
 But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
 An' wither'd a' our posies.
 Awa, Whigs, awa, awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye're but a pack o' lousie dogs,
 Ye'll ne'er do gude ava'.

Our sad decay in kirk and state,
 Surpasses my describing;
 The Whigs cam' 'mang us for a curse,
 An' we hae dune wi' thriving.
 Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

* * * * *

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
 Thrang bundling brunstane matches;
 An' croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches!
 Awa, Whigs, awa, awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
 Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

As they drew near Mayfield he raised his voice to its highest pitch, in hopes that the Hallidays might receive warning of their approach. Nor was he disappointed. For, on entering the house, the door of which was open, they found it deserted. A large peat fire was blazing on the floor, several dishes of oat meal brose smoking on a table; and sticks, bonnets, and chairs in confusion about the apartment. Lagg seeing the house in that condition, exclaimed, "damn the dogs! they have been here, but were alarmed by the singing of that old rebel." One of the troopers drew his sword, and would have run him through, but Lagg interfered and said, "no, be he loyal or rebel he was compelled to sing."

Considering a successful pursuit impracticable in the dark, Lagg resolved to remain all night at Mayfield, and search for the fugitives in the morning. He therefore gave orders to provide for the horses and men in the best way circumstances would admit: and then, being considerably fatigued took a seat by the fire. In the meantime Thomas Clinton displayed the utmost readiness in pointing out the different out-houses, suggesting

how the horses should be disposed of, and in short doing every thing in his power for the accommodation of all. Thrown completely off their guard by the apparent fidelity of their guide, no one thought it necessary to watch his motions. Thomas had anticipated this result, and now taking advantage of their remissness made his escape out of the hands of the Philistines.

By day-break on the following morning Lagg and his party were in their saddles. Their line of march was for Dumfries; but the troopers were ordered to disperse, to question whomsoever they met, and examine all houses and other probable places of concealment. In going over Kirkconnel Moor, under the shelter of a rock, the main body came upon the unfortunate men who had fled from Mayfield on the preceding night. They were five in number, and consisted of David Halliday, portioner of Mayfield. John Bell of Whiteside, step-son of the then Lord Kenmure, Robert Lennox, tenant of Irelandton, James Clement, and Andrew M·Robert.

On this occasion Grierson of Lagg seems to have been animated with even more than his wonted ferocity. No resistance had been offered by the unfortunate men now in his power: but their submission only provoked him to add insult to cruelty. When John Bell begged him to allow them a short time for prayer, Lagg unfeelingly answered, "What the devil have you been doing so

many years among the hills that you now pray for time to shrive yourselves? And thereupon discharged his pistol at his breast—a signal which was instantly followed by the massacre of his companions.

David Halliday was interred in Balmaghie churchyard, John Bell in Anwoth churchyard, and Robert Lennox in the churchyard of Girthon, Andrew M'Robert in Twynholm churchyard, and James Clement was buried in Kirkconnel moor near the spot where they fell.

To fortifie the faithe thay tuke na feir,
 Afoir princes acting right prudently;
 Of dolorous deith they doutit not the deir,
 The veritie declaring fervently.
 And martyrdome thay sufferit paciently;
 Thay tuke na cure of lands, riches, nor rent,
 Doctrine and deith war bath aquivalent.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin!—'twas a skull
 Once of etherial spirit full!
 'This narrow space was life's retreat,
 'That cell was thought's mysterious seat.
 What glorious visions filled this spot!
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
 Nor love, nor joy, nor grief, nor fear,
 Has left one trace or record here.

Within this hollow canopy,
 Once shone the bright and busy eye;

But start not at the dismal void !—
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dew of kindness beamed,
 That eye shall be for ever bright
 When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue !
 If in the cause of truth it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke ;
 If s'ander's venom it disdained,
 And when it could not praise was chain'd,
 That tongue shall plead in heaven for thee
 When Death unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers dig the mine,
 Or with its envied rubies shine ?
 To hew the rock or wear the gem
 Can nothing now avail to them !
 But if instruction's page they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer prize shall claim
 Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the path of duty trod ?
 If from the proud man's feast they fled
 To cheer a dying sinner's bed ;
 If falsehood's gilded bribe they spurn'd,
 And home to virtue's path returned,
 Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the Palace of the Sky.

The four following extracts from the REGIAM MAJESTATEM, or ancient code of Scotch laws, will give the reader some idea of the state of Society and of the country in general, from the reign of David I., in 1124, to that of James I., in 1406.

The Breive of Bondage.

James be the grace of God, &c. To our Justitiar, &c greeting. We charge and command zou, quherever the bondmen of *A.* bearer of thir presents may be fund, or apprehended (*except in our domanes, and our burghs*) quhilks bondmen (*and villans*) are fugitives fra him, and be law, and reason perteines to him, within his lands, and villages; that ze cause them to be justlie delivered to him: that they may inhabite his saids lands. And we straitlie discharges all men, that nane of them, presume to deteine, or withhald them from him, vnder the greatest paine or vnlaw they may incurre. *Teste me ipso.*

2. This breive is persewed before the Justitiar, or the Schiref; in the quhilk, command is given to the Justitiar, or to the Schiref, and their substitutes, to restore and deliver to sic ane Lord or his actornayes, his natieue bond-men, quherever they can be found, without the Kings burghs or domanics.

3. Gif the natieues bond-men deny to their Lord. their nativitie or bondage, they sall be attached be the Kings officiars. or be the crouner, be sicker pledges, to answeare to their Lord, before ane Justice at ane lawfull day.

4. And after their cssonzies, quhen they

compeir, the Lord may challenge them according to the qualitie of their nativitie.

5 Because there is sundrie kinds of nativitie, or bondage; for some are born bondmen, or natiues of their gudsher, and grandsher, quhom the Lord may challenge to be his naturall natiues, he names of their progenitours gif they be knawin: sic as the names of the father, gudsher, and grandsher, of them quha are challenged; affirmed them all to be his villans in sic ane village, and in ane certaine place, and servile land within the said village, and be the space of many zears, and dayes, to have done to him, and his predicesours, servile service. And this kinde of nativitie may be proven be the parents of him quha is challenged, or be ane gude assise.

6. *Item*, there is ane other kinde of bondage like vnto the former: quhen ane stranger receaves servile land fra ane Lord, and does servile service for that land, and deceisses dwelland vpon that land; and his sone likewise deceisses in the samine land; and after him his sone liues and dwels in the land, and there deceisses; al his posteritie till the fourt degrie, sall be of servile condition to the Lord. And his posteritie may be proven, as said is.

7. The thrid kinde of nativitie, or bondage, is when ane frie man, to the end he may haue the menteinance of ane great and potent man; randers himselfe to be his bond-man in his court, be the haire of his forehead; and gif he thereafter withdrawes himselfe, and

flees away fra his maister, or denyes to him his nativitie; his maister may proue him to be his bond-man, be anc assise, before the Justice; challengand him, that he, sic ane day, sic ane zear, compeired in his court, and there zeilded himself to him to be his slaue and bond man. And when any man is adjudged and decerned to be natie or bond-man to any maister; the maister may take him be the nose, and reduce him to his former slaverie; And take fra him all his gudes and geir, vntill the valour of foure pennies.

The Emends for Swine.

Gif swine work vp ane other mans medow: the awner or maister of them sould fill with quhecat, all the holes wrocht be them.

The law of Waters.

The assise and constitution, made be King *Alexander* at *Perth*, vpon Thursday before the feast of *S. Margarett*, and the Earles, Barones, and Judges of this Realme, that the streame of the water sal be in all parts swa free, that ane swine of the age of three zears, well feed, may turne himself within the streame, round about: swa that his snowt nor taill, sall not touch the bank of the water.

2. And the water sould be free, that na man sall take fisch in it, fra Saturday after the Euening song. untill Munday after the sunne rising.

*Of ane Horse cariand twa Scheip, and
burning of ane Miln.*

Ane man passand be the kings hie way, callis before him twa scheip, bound together with ane tow, and with the twa ends thereof: and be chance ane horse haueand ane sair back, is lyand in the samine hie way: swa the ane of the scheip passes be the richt side, and the other scheip, by the other side of the horse: And the tow quherewith they are bound tuiches his sair back: quhere throw he is moved to rise up; and caries the scheip hingand the ane vpon his ane side, and the other vpon the other side, here and there in sundrie places, and throw the feildis: vntill he comes to ane open miln without ane keeper, haueand ane fire in the midde flure: and the fire being skattered, the miln is brunt with the twa scheip, and the horse. It is demanded quha sall answer for this skeath and damage?

2. It is answered, the awner of the horse sall pay for the twa scheip: because the kings hie way sould not be occupied be the horse.

3. And the miller sall answer for burning of the miln for the horse and for the scheip, and for all other skeath and damage done in the miln. Because he left the miln open, and fire in it without ane keeper

4. And it is to wit, that the kings way, or get. sould contain in brede fourtene foote; in the quhilk na damage or violence sould be done to any man.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

Supposed to be written by G. BUCHANAN, in the appendix
to Black letter edition of BLIND HARRY'S ACTS AND
DEEDS OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TRANSLATED.

Pale Death, which smites the coward and the brave,
Has struck down Wallace 'midst a nation's wail:
Dust is the patriot,—his bound'ry the grave,—
And clay enwraps the breast that wore a mail.

Not on the battle's per'lous edge he fell,
His blood-red falchion reeking in his hand;—
In fetters bound, he heard the craven yell.
Which hailed the headsman as he raised his
brand.

Tho' parted from our nether world in woe,
His deeds have made him soar above his fate;
His better part survives above,—below
Tongues yet unborn his name shall celebrate.

Relentless Southron, had thy breast e'er throbb'd
With gen'rous ardour for a fallen foe,
Thou wouldst have scorned ignobly to have robb'd
Of life the warrior whom treachery laid low;—

Thou wouldst not cowardly his blood have shed,
And hung his members o'er the Castle gate;
Thou wouldst not have exulted o'er him dead,
Who living had defied thy utmost hate.

But count thy gains; against thee is unroll'd
A crime no deeds of knighthood can efface;
While nations yet unnam'd, and times untold
Shall spread his fame, and publish thy disgrace.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

25TH JANUARY, 1823.

While the goblet we press, let us think of his merit,
 And pay every honour that's due to his name ;
 For nothing whate'er could subdue his high spirit,
 Or bar his bright path to the temple of fame.

He rose like a star in the greyness of even,
 But brighten'd and shone till his journey was
 done ;
 Then his harp he exchanged for a nobler in heaven,
 And Scotia deplored o'er the dust of her son.

Oh ! who can review, without tears of emotion,
 The brief, but the brilliant career of the bard,
 Whose breast ever glowed with the patriot's
 devotion,
 Whose memory is dear, though his fortune was
 hard ?

And whether he met with affliction or pleasure
 On life's heaving ocean, so dangerous and wide,
 Still fame, honest fame, was his heart's dearest
 treasure,
 And the beacon of honour was ever his guide.

He knew how to touch every chord of the bosom,
 As care, mirth, or sorrow, gave tone to his lyre ;
 His tenderness charms, like the spring's sweetest
 blossom,
 And strong is his satire, and dreadful his ire.

In far distant regions, where summer is beaming,
 Or nature in winter's obscurity mourns,
 The Scotsman, who loves of his home to be dream-
 ing,
 Beguiles the lone hours with the lyrics of Burns.

The strong hardy peasant, who traces the furrow,—
 The maiden, who seeks the cool shade of the
 grove,—

The sailor, who casts to the winds every sorrow,—
 All, all chaunt the strains of the bard that we love.

While Scotsmen delight in their mountains and
 vallies,—

While the Ayr, Nith, and Devon, roll proudly
 along,—

While Freedom prevails from the cot to the palace,—
 We'll cherish the fame of the Master of song.

EXTRACTS FROM "THREE YEARS IN CANADA."

"Wandering through the woods in the winter of 1827, we came upon the track of a sleigh; and as we believed ourselves far from the abode of settlers, we were almost as much surprised as Robinson Crusoe was with the print of a man's foot on the sandy shore of his lonely isle. We followed the track for a mile or two, and at length came upon a clearing of about seven acres in extent, near the middle of which a neat little log hut sat smoking. About fifty yards farther on, there were a few small houses huddled on each other; but these did not seem to be human dwellings—the grunt of a hog and the crow of a cock proclaimed their purpose. We were met at the door by a man about the age of forty: he was clean dressed and healthy looking; in one of his hands was

a child about five years old, and in the other a hatchet; he asked us with a tremulous, yet kind voice, to "*come ben.*" This emotion arose from his not being in the habit of seeing company, as Almack's has it. We all marched in, and there was a snug little cabin, with a wife, two more children, some sleek grey cats, and a very respectable-looking dog. Having broached the rum-keg, we sat down by the fire, and enjoyed the man's narrative over a glass and a pipe. His name was Pêter Armstrong, from the town of Hawick, in Scotland. He had been fifteen years in Canada, was just a plain working man, saved as much as paid for his passage out, and fought up the water St. Lawrence to a place they ca'ed Perth, and there finding nought ado—*nae country wark*—he just went afar into the heart of the wild woods with his axe, dog, and gun, and after looking about him, fixed on the place where we found him for his abode in this world. There he built a little hut, not the one he then was in, but the one the *pet-deer* had; for he had tamed many deer. Year after year he wrought away all by himself, read the Bible every Sabbath-day, made a journey to Perth twice every year, and bought wee needfuls; at length got a horse and sleigh, and cleared about four acres of the woods; this was five years after he had come to the place. He had but few wants, his health was aye good; there was spring-water plenty just aside him, and enough to make a good fire in winter, while with what he caught, shot, gathered, and grew in the yard, he lived well

enough. All at once, on one of his visits to Perth, whom should he meet but Tibby Patterson, *who was the byrewoman at the Laird of Branksome's*, where he was once a herd-lad: it is needless to add, that they had met far frae hame in a wild land—they had few friends—so 'Tibby just came awa' with me to the woods, and we just took *ane anither's word* on't:—that's the way we were married, and here we are, and have been for the last nine years. We are contented, and that is enough; we are not much bothered, and 'Tibby likes to live in this kind o' way as weel as mysel'.

I own this information gave me much pleasure. There was no melancholy, but a cheerful resignation apparent throughout; they were christians of a very high character—both originals in their way. It was with difficulty we could prevail on ourselves to leave them; the same feeling that they had, was beginning to be felt by the whole party."

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Scotia! farewell, yon mildly radiant ray,
Will send its soothing influence swift and bright,
Upon your dark'ning summits bleak and gray,
Soon to be veil'd within the cloud of night.

An exile's prayer is wafted to your shore,
An exile's hymn ascends your vaulted sky,
And as it mixes with wild ocean's roar,
The howling winds in accents rude reply.

Farewell my father, I mnst leave you now,
For distant climes another home to seek;
Let not your heart sink down in hopeless woe,
O let me kiss that tear from off thy cheek.

Farewell my mother, in whose aged eye
 I see the dim soft tear of misery shine ;
 O let those brooding sorrows from thee fly—
 I yet may come again to thee and thine.
 Farewell my brother, in whose youthful games
 I bore a willing, and a gladsome part ;
 The world may soon forget our lowly names,
 But still they'll live within each kindred heart.
 Farewell my sister, in whose every grace
 I see what other hearts may one day feel ;
 And while each opening charm I fondly trace,
 Upon thy lips a brother's love I seal.
 The ship drove off, no more the exile spoke,
 But held his mourning mantle to his face ;
 With eager eyes his weeping friends still look
 Till night veil'd all, then left the shore in peace.

THE PRESS.

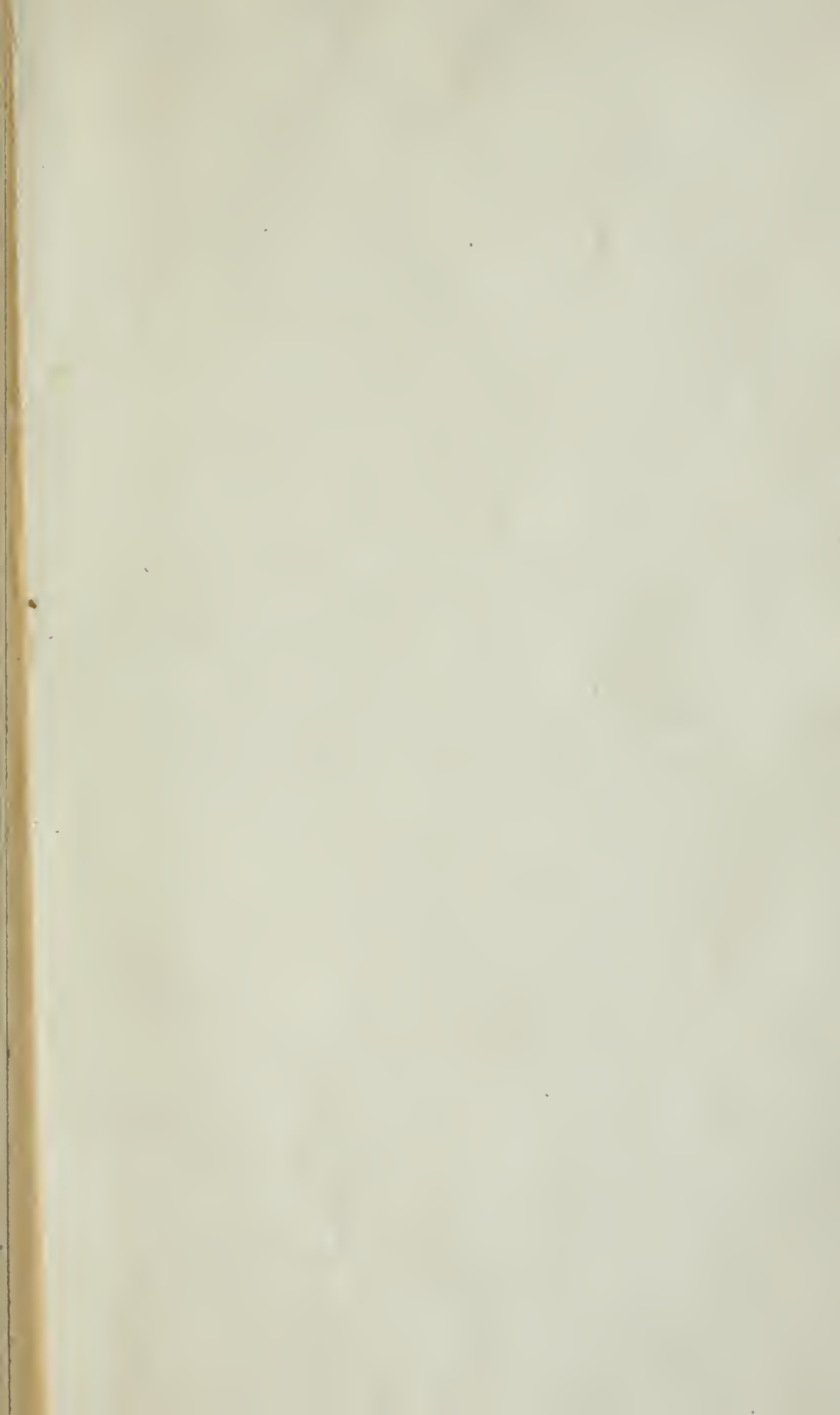
Think me not the lifeless frame
 Which bears my honourable name :
 Nor dwell I in the arm, whose swing
 Intelligence from blocks can wring ;
 Nor in the hand, whose fingers fine
 The cunning characters combine ;
 Nor yet the cogitative brain,
 Whose cells the germ of thought contain ;
 Which that quick hand in letter sows,
 Like dibbled wheat, in lineal rows ;
 And that strong arm, like autumn sheaves,
 Reaps and binds up in gathered leaves.
 The harvest home of learned toil
 From that dead frame's well cultured soil.
 I am not one nor all of these ;
 They are my types and images,
 The instruments with which I work ;
 In them no secret virtues lurk.

—I am an omnipresent soul;
 I live and move throughout the whole,
 And thence, with freedom unconfin'd,
 And universal as the wind
 Whose source and issues are unknown,
 Felt on its airy flight alone,
 All life supplying with its breath,
 And when 'tis gone, involving death;
 I quicken souls from Nature's sloth,
 Fashion their forms, sustain their growth;
 And, when my influence fails or flies,
 Matter may live, but spirit dies.

Myself withdrawn from mortal sight,
 I am invisible as light—
 Light which revealing all beside,
 Itself within itself can hide;
 The things of darkness I make bare,
 And nowhere seen am everywhere.

All that philosophy has sought,
 Science discovered, genius wrought;
 All that reflective memory stores,
 Or rich imagination pours;
 All that the wit of man conceives;
 All that he wishes, hopes, believes;
 All that he loves, or fears, or hates;
 All that to heaven and earth relates;
 —These are the lessons that I teach
 By speaking silence, silent speech.

THE END.



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